

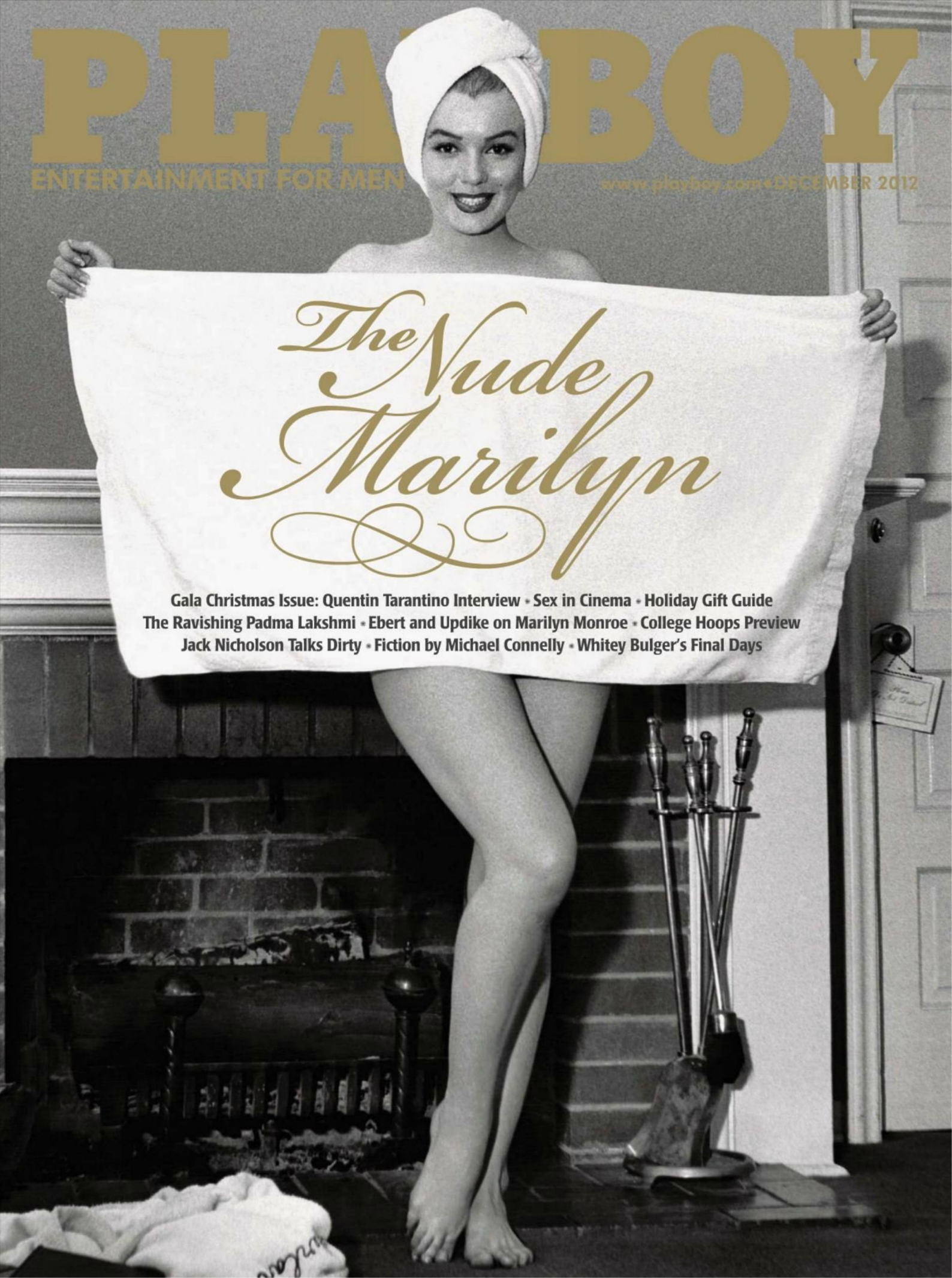
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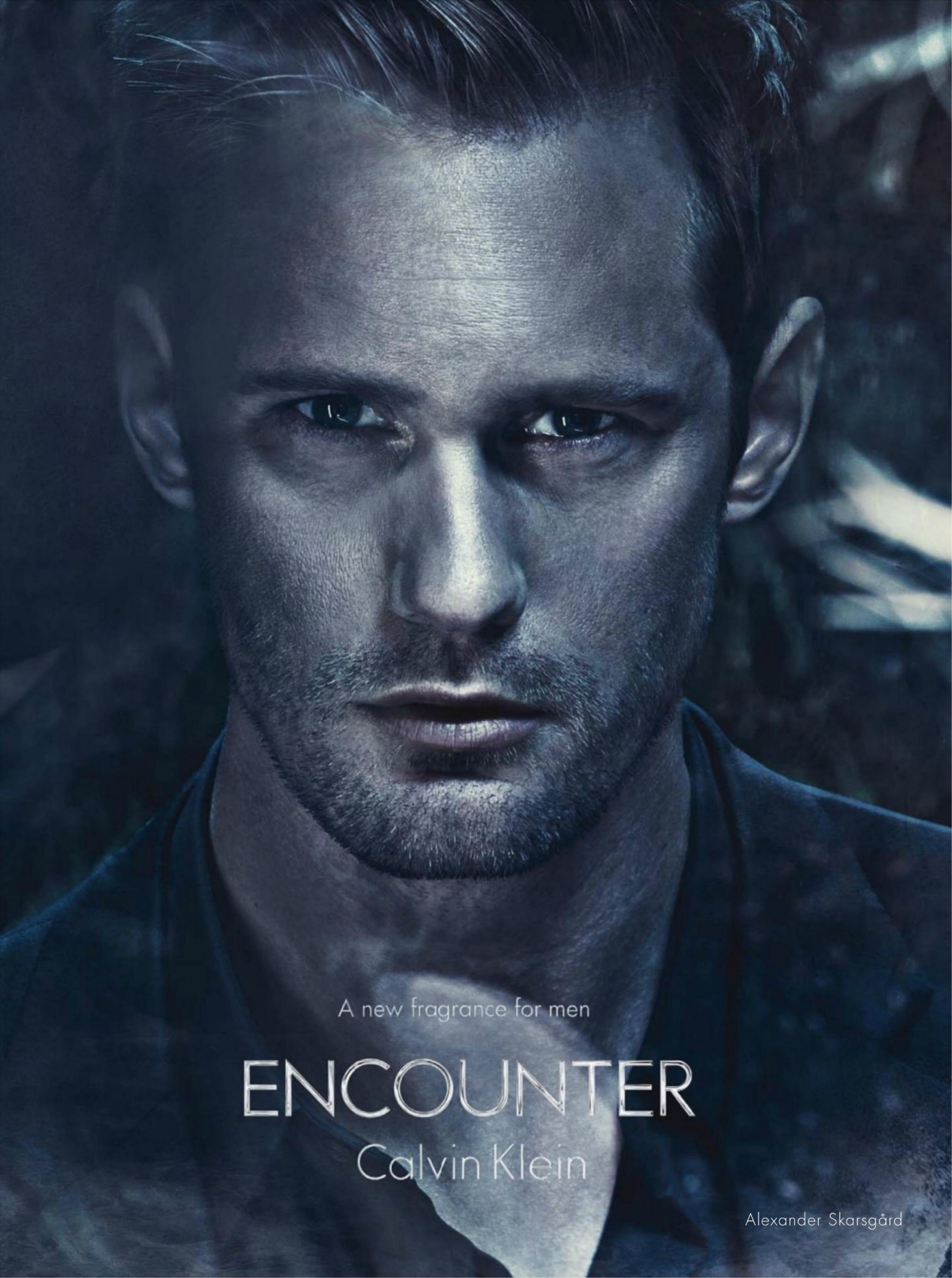
The Nude Marilyn

Gala Christmas Issue: Quentin Tarantino Interview • Sex in Cinema • Holiday Gift Guide
The Ravishing Padma Lakshmi • Ebert and Updike on Marilyn Monroe • College Hoops Preview
Jack Nicholson Talks Dirty • Fiction by Michael Connelly • Whitey Bulger's Final Days



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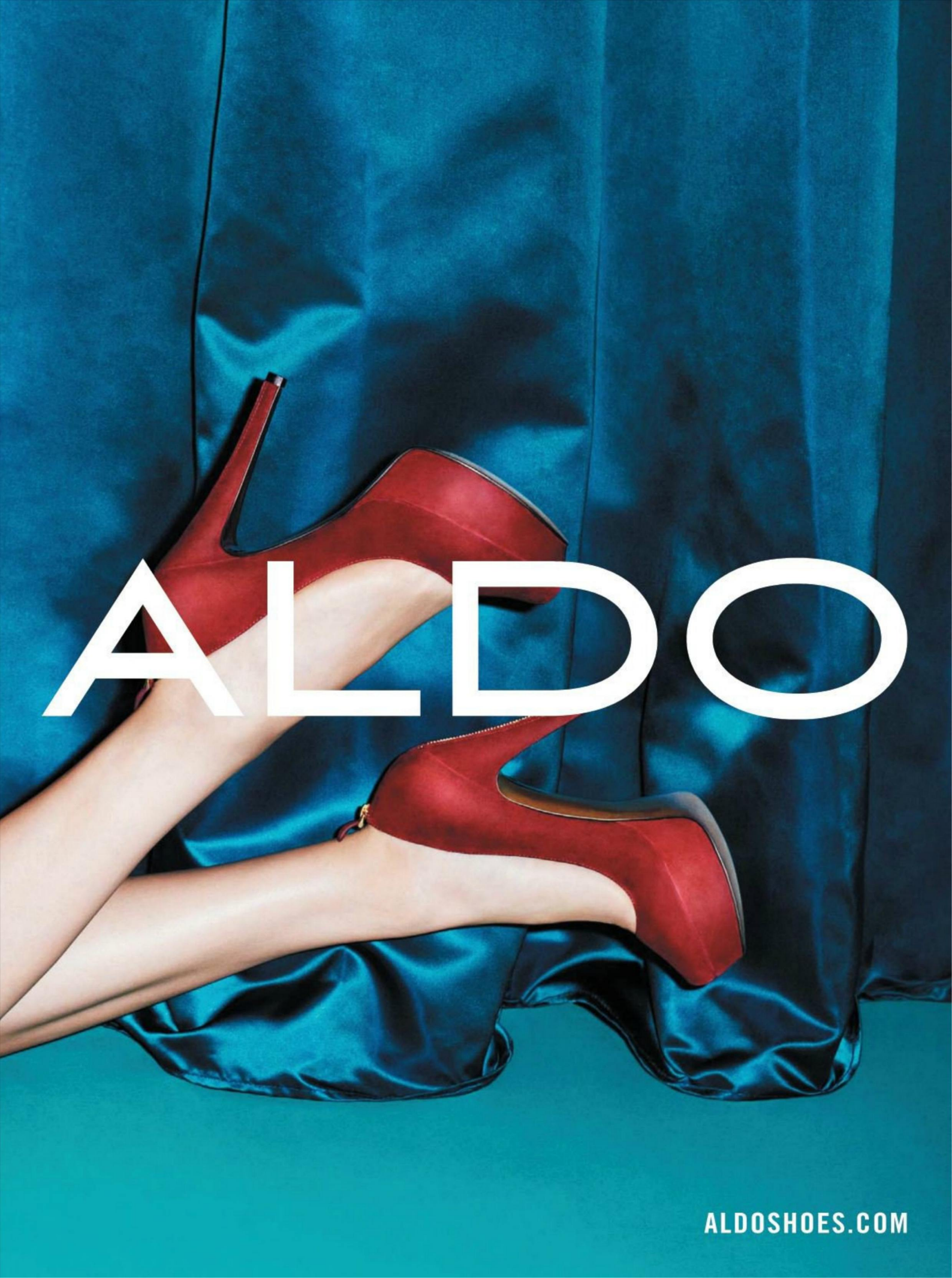


A new fragrance for men

ENCOUNTER

Calvin Klein

Alexander Skarsgård

A woman's legs are shown wearing red high-heeled shoes, positioned against a teal background. The shoes are a vibrant red color with a smooth, possibly patent leather finish. The woman's legs are crossed at the ankles, with the right leg in front of the left. The background is a deep teal color with a subtle, draped fabric texture. The overall composition is elegant and sophisticated.

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Mazda Makes History In Stunning Upset

Becomes first Asian automaker to win 24 Hours of Le Mans



LE MANS, FRANCE. June 24 —After a record 362 laps covering more than 3,000 miles, Mazda's #55 car screamed across the finish line of the 24 Hours of Le Mans in first place yesterday, making the small carmaker from Hiroshima the first ever Japanese manufacturer to seize the checkered flag at this prestigious

Gachot, the Mazda 787B averaged 127 mph during the race. Even

**Rotary engine
likely to be
banned from
Le Mans**

before taking the lead the car was impossible to ignore thanks to an outrageous orange-and-green livery and an ear-splitting wail—produced by a 700-horsepower, four-rotor rotary engine.

endurance

That powerplant's durability set the

HERE WE GO AGAIN.

What choice did they have? In powering the Mazda 787B to its historic triumph in 1991, the rotary engine had proven itself such a threat to the racing establishment that it was banned from the 24 Hours of Le Mans shortly afterward. Steadfast, durable and capable of tremendous speed, the rotary was a literal game changer.

For Mazda, the game was about one thing: finishing. From the very start we set out to prove and improve the rotary engine's quality, durability and reliability by pushing it to its limits in the longest and most grueling endurance races throughout the world.

Beginning with a major 84-hour endurance competition at the Nürburgring in 1968, the rotary would demonstrate its amazing stamina for more than four decades. The lessons

learned in countless races and victories, including 23 class wins at the 24 Hours of Daytona, have made their way into many of our street engines and back again into our race engines on the track today.



SKYACTIV-D

Now we're changing the game yet again with the Mazda 2.2-liter SKYACTIV[®]-D clean diesel engine. This time we'll capitalize on the new engine's fuel efficiency and asphalt-ripping torque. But our goal remains the same: to develop the SKYACTIV[®]-D into an undefeatable powerplant.

That's why we're debuting the SKYACTIV[®]-D in the 2013 Rolex 24 Hours of Daytona. Just like with the rotary, we're looking forward to a long, exciting victory-filled journey as we make our diesel engine the next Mazda race winner. So put the rule-writers on speed dial-the playing field just became uneven again.

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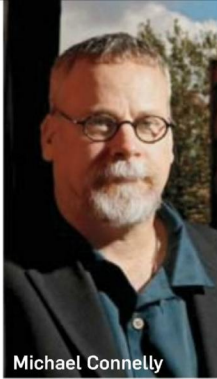
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SINCE 1955



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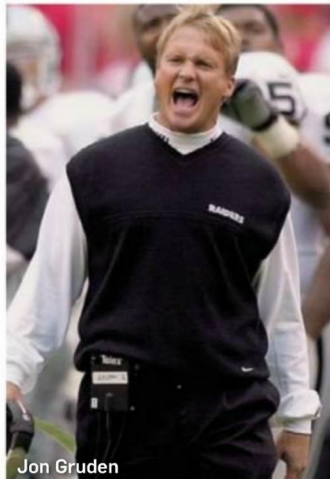
The holidays are here again. Time to work less, imbibe more and take this issue of your favorite magazine under some mistletoe so you can smooch Miss December Amanda Streich (pronounced “streak”—we can’t make this stuff up). We get the fun rolling with master crime scribe **Michael Connelly**. *Blind Call*—an excerpt from the author’s new novel, *The Black Box*, published this month by Little, Brown—finds LAPD detective Hieronymus Bosch working on a murder from the Open-Unsolved Unit’s file. Will Bosch bust the case wide open? Whether yes or no, in Connelly’s seedy City of Angels, you know it won’t be boring. In *Elegantly Wasted* we bring you wild winter stylings worn by even wilder rock-folk star **Rufus Wainwright**. A holiday celebration indeed. Fifty years after **Marilyn Monroe**’s death, the world is still in awe of her. *The Nude Marilyn* presents a portfolio of photographs snapped at both the beginning and end of her career. One common thread: nudity, of course. In *Inside the Head of Football’s Greatest Nerd*, Karl Taro Greenfeld shows us why Super Bowl champion coach turned *Monday Night Football* announcer **Jon Gruden** is America’s coolest football geek. Where do pro coaches go for counseling when the game (their life’s work) has passed them by? To Gruden’s office, naturally. The holiday season is also a time to travel. In *Adopting Africa*, America’s preeminent travel writer, **Paul Theroux**, revisits the continent he captured so vividly in *Dark Star Safari* to see how the best of intentions have changed Africa. All this talk is making us hungry. On our menu this month: a **Padma Lakshmi** 20Q. The model, cookbook author and *Top Chef* host is an enchantress of both the mind and the belly. Dig in on page 102. For the *Playboy* Interview, **Quentin Tarantino** mouths off in his usual spectacular fashion on the durability of his career and some surprising behind-the-scenes juice on his latest film, *Django Unchained*, set to hit theaters on Christmas Day. Adam Reposa of Austin, Texas is a true-life Tarantino character if there ever were one. He’s “a defense attorney in an already peculiar city’s atavistic underbelly,” reports **Bob Drury** in *Law and Disorder*. Reposa is a whiskey-swilling legal mastermind, the Lone Star State’s wildest attorney (and that’s saying something). You’ll find him in his underwear beginning on page 126. Finally, this issue has a special holiday gift: a smoking (literally) essay from former poet laureate **Donald Hall**. (Check out his latest tome, *Christmas at Eagle Pond*.) At 84, Hall still has TNT in his inkwell. In *Forum*’s “No Smoking,” he explores his obsession with tobacco. So enjoy a dish of Padma, a smoke with Mr. Hall and a kiss with Miss December Amanda Streich. As we said, we can’t make this stuff up.



Michael Connelly



Rufus Wainwright



Jon Gruden



Paul Theroux



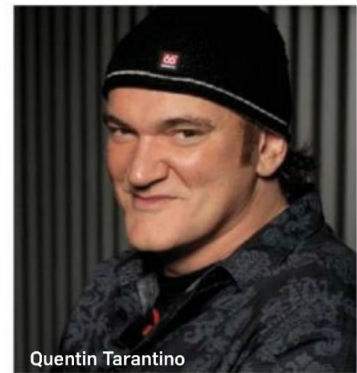
Bob Drury



Marilyn Monroe



Padma Lakshmi



Quentin Tarantino



Donald Hall



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PLAYBOY

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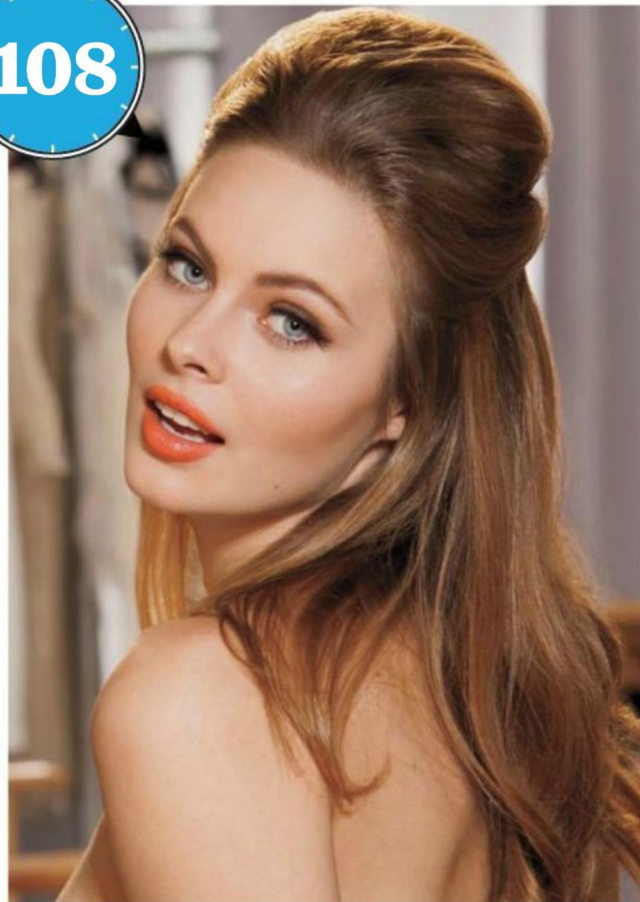
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MARILYN MONROE



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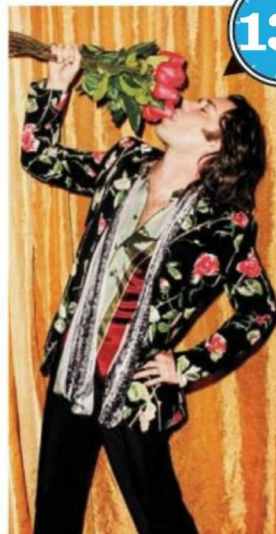
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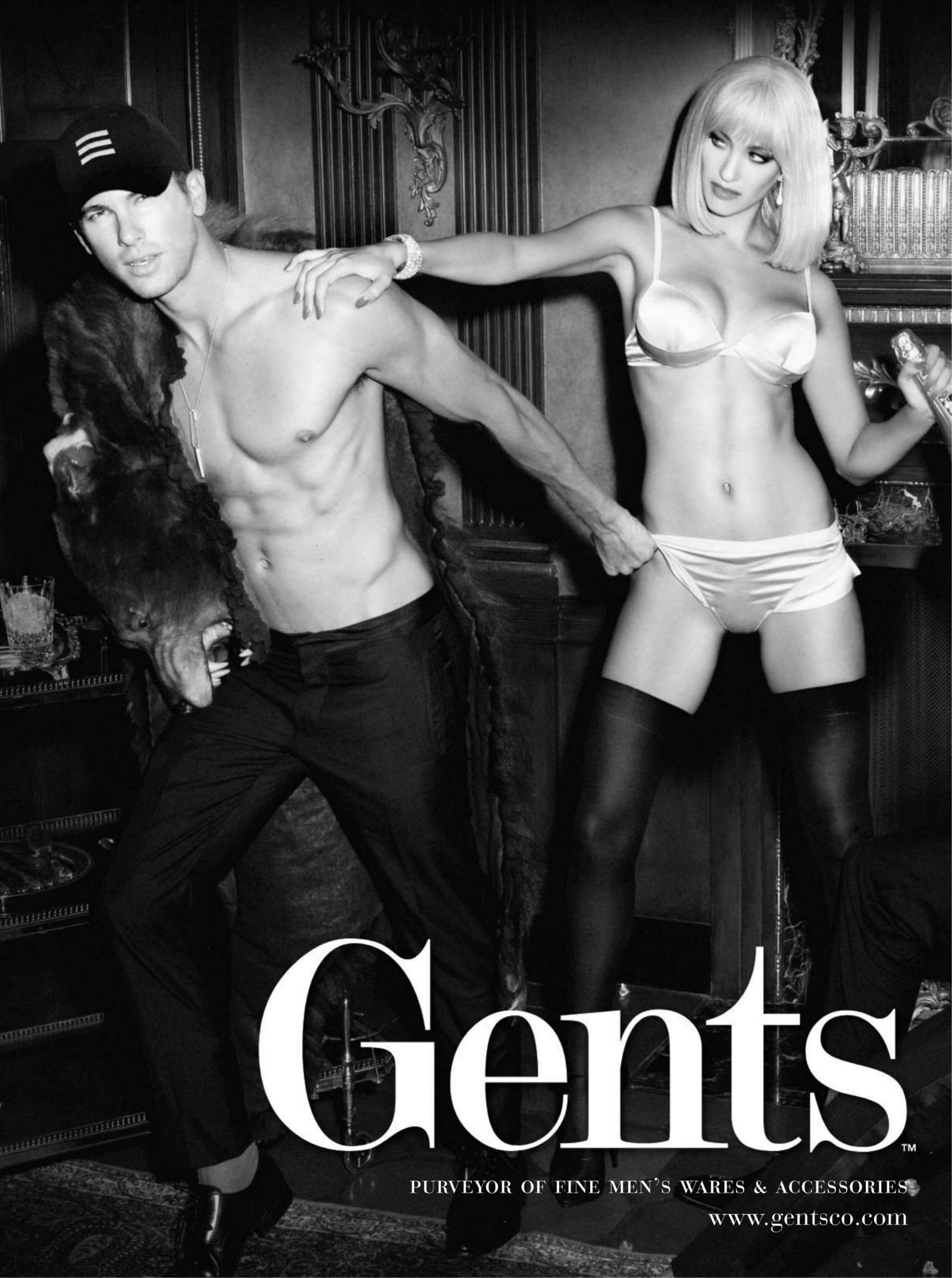
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THE WORLD OF PLAYBOY

HEF SIGHTINGS,
MANSION FROLICS
AND NIGHTLIFE NOTES



THE MANSION ON 90210

For its 100th episode, the CW drama *90210* crossed over zip codes to neighboring Holmby Hills, where the cast and crew met three-time *PLAYBOY* cover girl Carmen Electra and a bunch of Bunnies.



PLAYBOY INTERNATIONAL SUMMIT

The Playboy international editors' meeting was held in our backyard, where we celebrated new editions from Austria, Portugal and Thailand. Our reach now covers more than 50 countries; between print and online, the gospel of *PLAYBOY* is read by more than 12 million people each month.

HOW *PLAYBOY* CHANGED THE WORLD

Featuring interviews with Jesse Jackson, Donald Trump and Hef, of course, the History Channel's *How Playboy Changed the World* shows how "PLAYBOY challenged social conventions about men, women, sex and nudity, and helped galvanize attitudes about civil liberties and civil rights."



CELEBRATIONS AT THE MANSION

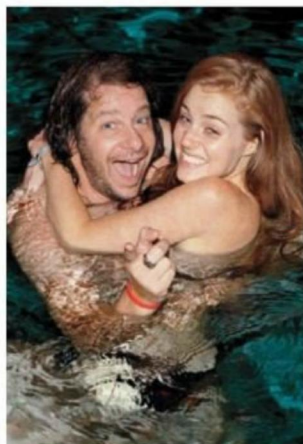
HEF'S BROTHER KEITH GETS MARRIED

Everyone knows the Grotto, but the wishing well is perhaps the most romantic place on Mansion grounds. It has seen Hef marry Kimberly Conrad, as well as Kendra Wilkinson wed Hank Baskett. This fall, Keith Hefner said "I do" to Caya Ukkas at the intimate spot. The couple tied the knot in a ceremony presided over by Chris Robinson. Witnesses included Ashley Matthau, Trisha Frick, Crystal Harris, Keith's son Morgan Farrington and Hef, who was deeply moved by the expression of true love.



COOPER'S 21ST BIRTHDAY

Remember your 21st birthday party? Cooper Hefner's was an all-day (and all-night) affair thrown at the Mansion that started with a waterslide and ended with a large late-night pizza order. Friends and family who came by to toast Cooper at the pool bar included Playmates, Nick Simmons, Jeffrey Ross, Joel Berliner, Diablo Cody, Dan Mauro, Miss February 1990 Pamela Anderson and Cooper's proud papa, Hef.



TWO STEPS FORWARD

This is a personal thank-you to Hugh Herr and to PLAYBOY for telling the world about biomechatronics (*Bionic Man*, June). Our son lost both legs below the knee while serving in Iraq as a Marine staff sergeant and tank commander. Thanks to Herr's work, Chad recently received prosthetics from the Veterans Administration that have made his life much more comfortable. He is able to walk and run on uneven ground, go up and down stairs and ride a motorcycle and bicycle. When he wears pants you don't even notice his bionics.

Bob and Ginny Brumpton
Eagle, Idaho

LASTING IMPRESSIONS

In *Girls of the Big Ten* (October), it's hard to miss the tattoo of Cinderella on Marie Dawson of Northwestern University. Was this approved by Walt Disney Studios? Does Disney ever authorize the use of its characters as tattoos?

Thomas Inge
Richmond, Virginia

No, it was not approved. But Marie already has Disney on her back.

I have been reading PLAYBOY for almost 40 years. Can you imagine all the beautiful women I have looked at in your magazine? Sasha Camille of Indiana University, one of the sexiest women I have ever seen, inspired me to finally put pen to paper.

Deno Lorenzo
Akron, Ohio

CLASSIC INTERVIEWS

I don't know if I'm unique among your subscribers, but I'm a 62-year-old college-educated African American woman who has been married for nearly 40 years and has four grown children. Why do I read PLAYBOY? You have the best in-depth and candid interviews of any publication. There is no way to get to the heart and soul of an artist, politician or athlete without asking tons of questions, including unexpected ones, and your interviewers do that well. Over the years I have torn out my favorites and filed them away. Recently I reread the interviews with Paul and Linda McCartney, Whoopi Goldberg, John Travolta, Joan Collins and Arnold Schwarzenegger. I had never heard of Lee Child (October) before seeing the ads for the film *Jack Reacher* based on his novel *One Shot*. Is there a book that contains all the interviews, perhaps grouped by decade?

Bellah James
Los Angeles, California

To mark the 50th anniversary of the *Playboy Interview*, we have begun to reissue classics with notables such as Miles Davis, Stanley Kubrick, Martin Luther King Jr., Bob Dylan, Matt Groening, Keith Richards and many others as Amazon Kindle e-books for 99 cents each.

DEAR PLAYBOY

An Affair to Remember

The September issue impressed me in a big way—Hugh Hefner's insightful editorial (*Sexual Freedom*) and the *Playboy Interview* with Richard Dawkins are notable, but top billing must go to Miss September Alana Campos (*Thrill of Brazil*), by far the most desirable Playmate in the incredible run that began in 2004. Kudos on being the only men's magazine still worth reading.

Michael Escritt
Leeds, England



POST-PRESEASON BLUES

After lowly, Andrew Luck-less Stanford took advantage of a sleepwalking USC in the first week of the college football season, *Playboy's Pigskin Preview 2012* (September) immediately resembled fantasy more than prophecy. Hindsight may be 20-20 for Bruce Feldman, who ranks USC number one, but the story remains the same year after year. The PAC-12 apologists make excuses for a league full of gimmick offenses that inflate their stats against half-baked defenses; meanwhile, the SEC goes about the business of winning

with Richard Dawkins have been read several times over and are dotted with food stains and heavily underlined or highlighted. Chip Rowe does an excellent job giving readers insight into a brilliant mind. Dawkins has held my fascination and respect ever since I read *The God Delusion*. He has the soundest answers and beliefs regarding the lunacy and egotistical fanaticism that is religion. "God" bless him.

Stephen Saunders
Camillus, New York



Damn it, Stanford, didn't you get our memo?

yet another crystal football in January. Don't be shocked when Alabama and LSU meet again in the title game.

Sean Rothrock
Houston, Texas

DEBATING DAWKINS

All my issues of PLAYBOY are in pristine condition and neatly stacked in my home library on the top shelf—except September's. The pages of the *Playboy Interview*

Dawkins claims that the evidence for the existence of Jesus is "surprisingly shaky" and that the authors of the earliest New Testament writings, such as the Epistles of Paul, do not seem interested in whether Jesus was real. As an agnostic biblical scholar, I support Dawkins's message and mission. But he misses the boat here. Paul speaks of Jesus as a real person throughout his epistles, noting his birth, his disciples and ministry and the Last Supper. Paul personally knew Jesus's brother, James, and closest disciple, Peter. Jesus's existence is also documented in a large number of other first century sources. All told, for an ancient person, Jesus and his existence are unusually well attested to. He may not have been the miracle-working and resurrected son of God that Christians believe in, but he did exist. The bigger question is how he measures up to what people claim about him today.

Bart Ehrman
Chapel Hill, North Carolina
Ehrman, a University of North Carolina professor, is author of Did Jesus Exist? The Historical Argument for Jesus of Nazareth.

Your interview with our ubiquitous atheist had me holding my breath anticipating questions that nobody else would ask. I exhaled in disappointment. Reading

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The God Delusion had me thinking Dawkins doth protest too much. It is glaringly obvious he could never have looked squarely into the eyes of Edgar Cayce, a psychic who attributed his 14,000-plus readings to Christ—events that even Cayce's staunchest critics could not disprove.

John Whitaker
Tavares, Florida

Cayce never provided anything close to scientific evidence of supernatural abilities. No one has. In fact, the James Randi Educational Foundation offers \$1 million to anyone who can demonstrate such abilities under controlled circumstances.

Despite his reservations, Dawkins should debate creationists. We ignore dogmatic, superstitious beliefs at our peril.

John Barlow
Norfolk, Virginia

You pitched Dawkins softballs. Does he dismiss all evidence of a collective unconscious? How can Dawkins explain the countless people who tell of synchronistic experiences involving personal and startling presentations as anything but messages from the dead? God has an eternity—he doesn't need to zap things into existence. Could Dawkins support the notion that God "created" evolution? Deepak Chopra once noted that scientists exploring the brain have found everything that does everything except for the "central command," i.e., a higher power. Does Dawkins refute this? You did not ask any questions that invited him out of his box.

Brad Keene

Redondo Beach, California

Your questions presume the existence of God; Dawkins is clearly not convinced of that. You also rely on a logical fallacy—just because a phenomenon can't be explained doesn't mean it must be attributed to a supreme being. That's like arguing any noise you hear in the night that you can't identify must be a ghost.

INFOMERCIAL KING

Don Lapre had a rare passion for motivating and inspiring others (*Death of a Salesman*, September). Hearing one of his pitches in the middle of the night always pushed me to close more business deals the next day.

Tom Crabb
Tallahassee, Florida

STALLIONS OR GELDINGS?

Joel Stein claims horse racing is easier to understand than football ("I Hate Football," *Men*, October). As a fan of both, I disagree. There are different classifications of races, races for males and females, races restricted by age, as well as races with different distances and surfaces. This is without even getting into the nuances of wagering and the sport's unique catchphrases, such as *maiden claimer*, *morning glory* and *bullets all over the tab*.

Stuart Ray
Glendale, California

During the many years that Asa Baber wrote the *Men* column, his message was "Be strong, my brothers, and fuck all these assholes who say otherwise." It was beautiful and, for me, a much-needed positive voice at that time in my life. Now, instead of no apologies, we hear from the clearly emasculated Richard Lewis and Joel Stein. That James Franco kid does a fine job in his interviews (*Francofile*). Why not give him a shot?

Todd Rayburn
Phoenix, Arizona

COVER ART

Typically when a magazine puts a naked celebrity on its cover, that photo is the best you're going to see. PLAYBOY is different. Case in point: I was overjoyed to see the terrific photo of Playmate Pamela Horton on the cover of the October issue because I knew I would find more great shots inside.

Michael Plourde
Edmundston, New Brunswick



If you're lucky, Pamela will call your number.

Thank you for the best cover photo in years. It is smart, sexy and simple.

Matt Gunderson
West Lafayette, Indiana

BACK TO BASICS

A dark and stormy should be made with Gosling's Black Seal rum, Barritts ginger beer and a slice of lime. Your addition of ginger liqueur ("The New Highball," *After Hours*, September) is a disservice to your readers and an insult to all the bartenders who have been working to reintroduce traditional cocktails. You want to make a dark and stormy better? Serve it to friends while you all listen to Harry Belafonte and Howard Livingston.

Wayne Sickels
Boise, Idaho





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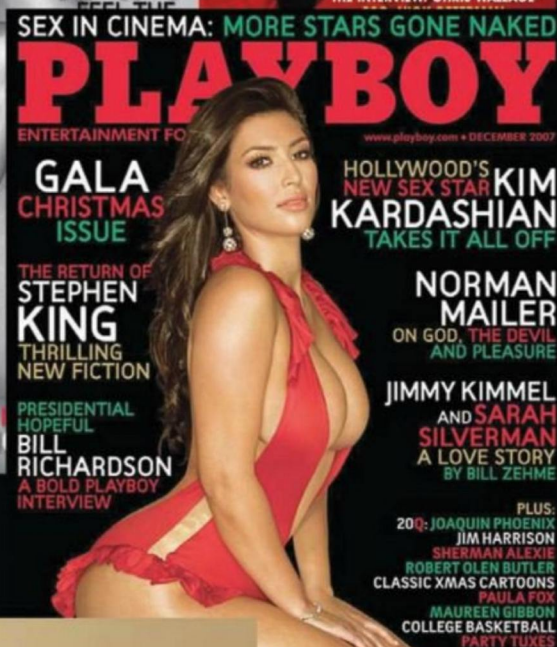
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Afterhours

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BECOMING ATTRACTION

BETH RIESGRAF

• **OUR ADRENALINE** gets pumping from Beth Riesgraf's looks alone; as Parker on TNT's *Leverage*, this actress should come with a heart-attack warning. Playing a master thief and "sweet sociopath," Beth performs her own stunts, from dodging explosions to dangling off skyscrapers. The "tomboy meets girl next door" grew up horseback riding in Minnesota and later found her place at punk shows in Las Vegas. "I was a bit of a rebel but the baby of the family," she says. "I'm a good girl, but I love being wild." Consider our hearts her latest heist.

Photography by **CHRIS FORTUNA**



LABOR OF LUST

A METHODIST MINISTER, A FILM ARCHIVIST AND THE MISSION TO RESCUE PORN'S LOST CLASSICS

• Joe Rubin knew the importance of *Black Love* long before he saw it. The film—a rare dip into X-rated work by exploitation director Herschell Gordon Lewis—disappeared immediately after its brief 1971 theatrical run. With high production values and a rare all-black cast, it's a significant document in smut history. As far as Rubin knew, no copies remained; even Lewis didn't have one. Then Rubin uncovered a print of *Black Love* in the dusty basement of an old film lab and unlocked a piece of cinematic history he thought was lost forever.

With the exception of blockbusters such as *Deep Throat* and *Debbie Does Dallas*, erotic film prints from the 1960s, 1970s and 1980s were often thrown away or seized from fly-by-night studios by law enforcement agents. Those that survive in musty basements and storage units are degrading by the day. Now a community of preservationists is fighting to save this record of the earliest days of modern pornography before it's too late. Call them the Smut Crusaders: the last line standing between history and lost celluloid.

"Next to silent movies, sexploitation and X-rated films are the biggest missing body of work in archives today," says Rubin, an archivist specializing in adult films for close to a decade. "Of the thousands

of sex films made between the late 1960s and early 1980s, only about half exist as complete prints. Most have degraded to the point where they're unusable or lost entirely."

The Reverend Ted McIlvenna is another such pornography preservationist. A Methodist minister from San Francisco, he calls these films "the single most important item of the sexual revolution." His nonprofit Exodus Trust holds more than 400,000 reels in some 25 warehouses across the country, at a cost of more than \$100,000 a year for storage alone.

Archivists like Rubin and McIlvenna track down erotic prints from wealthy collectors, defunct movie theaters and old film labs, and work to restore them to their full glory. Rubin is in the midst of preparing *Black Love* for rerelease, a process that takes hundreds of hours and thousands of dollars. He hopes his restorations will ignite a renewed interest in erotic-film history and that both the free market and film-preservation institutes will come to see value in what has been, until now, a punch line in film history.

"The reason people are so dismissive of these films is that the only option for viewing them is terribly edited junk," Rubin says. "These films are our legacy, our artistic heritage. This is something we need to do to maintain it."—Michael Stabile

"Next to silent movies, sexploitation and X-rated films are the biggest missing body of work in archives today," says Joe Rubin, an archivist who specializes in adult films.



Illustration by
DAVE NESTLER

THE GOOD REVEREND'S BEST BETS

Reverend McIlvenna is truly a man of his X-rated word. In addition to his nonprofit Exodus Trust, he founded Las Vegas's Erotic Heritage Museum, where he curates the pornographic screenings. Here's a deeper look at three of his favorite classics.



RESURRECTION OF EVE (1973)

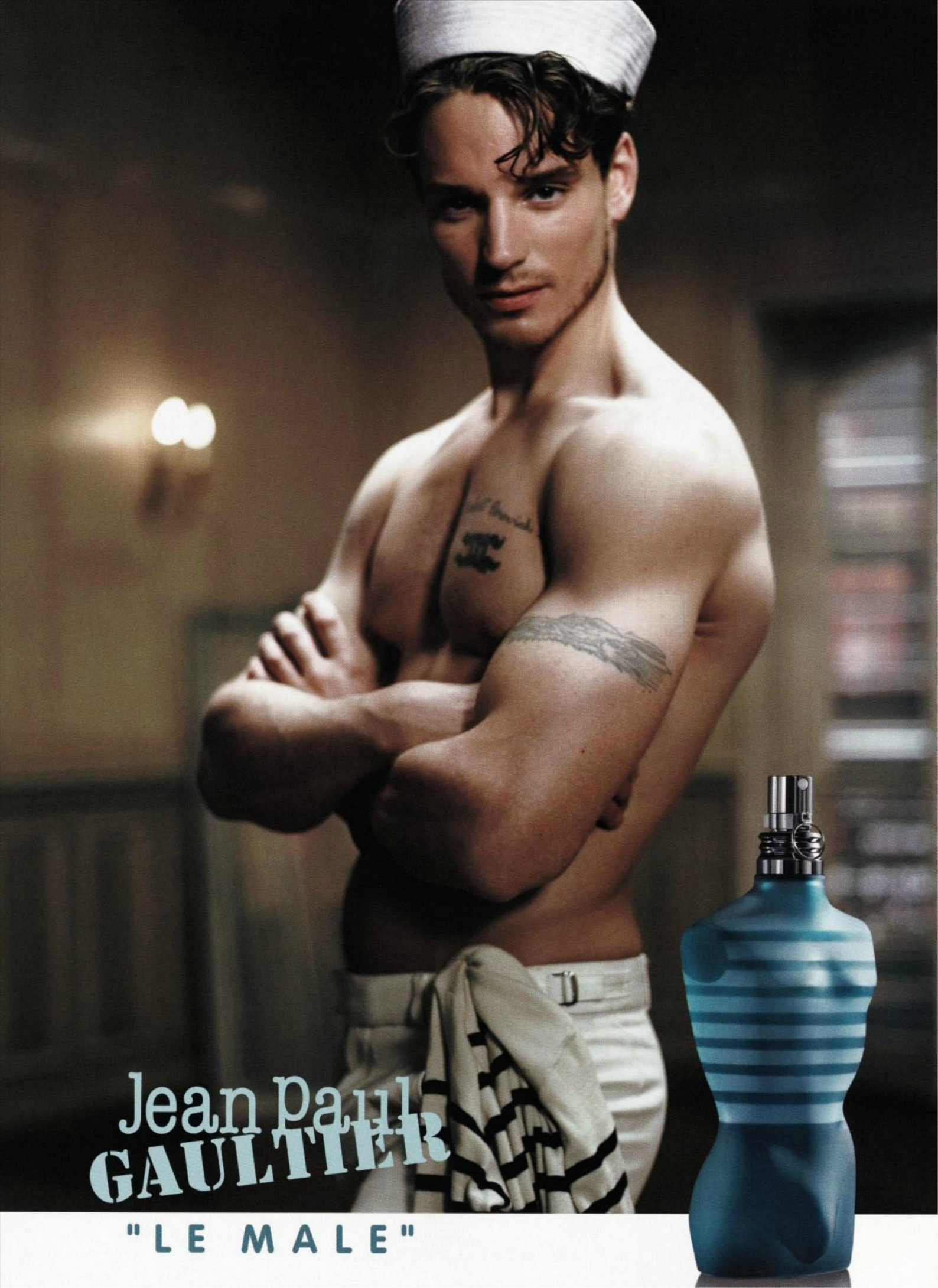
→ In this melodramatic tale, a woman (played by three different actresses) survives a mutilating car crash and finds herself—and sexual satisfaction—through swinger parties. "There's a lot of jealousy and disfigurement, and of course it's Marilyn Chambers"—a favorite of McIlvenna's—"who gets resurrected."

THE STORY OF JOANNA (1975)

→ Although McIlvenna dislikes director Gerard Damiano, he calls *The Story of Joanna* "a fascinating piece of work." Damiano had previously helmed the hard-core classics *Deep Throat* and *The Devil in Miss Jones*, but *Joanna* raised the bar for eroticism, production quality and Damiano's head-turning approach to filming S&M.

PRETTY PEACHES (1978)

→ "Alex deRenzy is the number one filmmaker of the era," says McIlvenna, and *Pretty Peaches*, about an amnesiac girl who arrives in San Francisco, ranks among his best. The film even earned sex star Desiree Cousteau a "best actress" award. "DeRenzy's a great cameraman, a great shooter of film, and it shows."



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TOO BIG TO FAIL

AN OLD-SCHOOL STREET ART TEAM'S NEWFOUND FAME

• Banksy, that shrewd British subversive extraordinaire, turned guerrilla street art into something extremely bankable. Now street art has moved far beyond spray paint on a city wall toward more complex articulations and more socially accepted venues, namely the museum and the gallery. But the art form still resides somewhere between legitimacy and lawlessness, and a select few gracefully walk the line between gallery sales and streetwise actions.

Enter Faile (pronounced "fail"), the Brooklyn duo of Patrick McNeil and Patrick Miller, who have been making their speculative and rakish work since 1999 and recently expanded their aesthetic internationally. Faile started as many street artists do, with a surplus of wheat paste and a burning desire to present their patchwork iconography to the masses. They began with a series of photographic halftone nudes, bringing a touch of feminine presence to the macho aesthetic of the street.

Since then Faile has mounted large-scale multimedia installations, including a 2010 collaboration with fellow artist Bäst in which they fabricated a whacked-out but functional psychedelic arcade in both London and New York City. The same year, they erected



a full-scale shrine in Lisbon that drew from Catholic, Native American and pop cultural iconographies (to name a few). "I think a huge thing we have always been drawn to is a boiling down of cultures," Miller reflects, "including all the things we have been fed over the years. We find meaning in this vast sea of ephemera." Their latest work includes a 16-foot sculpture titled *Eat With the Wolf*, erected this fall in Mon-

golia, and a collaboration with the New York City Ballet in the form of a graphic installation at Lincoln Center.

The work of Faile engages on the high and low levels of culture with dips into traditional beauty and manic bits of pop culture. While McNeil and Miller now reside within the international art world, if you keep a watchful eye, you can still find the work of Faile on the street level.—Eric Steinman



DRONE NATION

THE FUTURE EYE ON SPORTS, NEWS AND YOU

They're not just for spying anymore. Drones will soon be used for everything from TV news to NFL games. They'll track ivory poachers and scour the borders for incoming drugs. University of Leeds researchers say drones will be well-suited for dispersing hurricanes and diminishing dangerous winds. Drones

without bombs may soon become big with civilians. Schiebel's CamCopter S-100 will be used to gather news—an eye in the sky recording weather crises, hostage situations and more. When Boeing's hydrogen-powered Phantom Eye hits 65,000 feet, it can become an elite communications satellite. The newest trend is the microdrone, which weighs less than two pounds, looks like a UFO and is controlled via a laptop. Want your own?

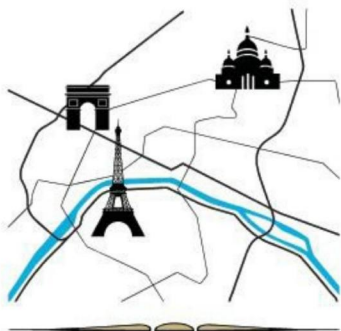
At DIYDrones.com you can construct one yourself or pick up the web-community-created ArduCopter, which has four propellers and comes fully assembled for less than \$900. (Check with the FAA first.) Over time drones will become even more affordable. Of course there's a seamy side to Drone Nation. Imagine drone-wielding paparazzi crashing Brangelina's honeymoon suite. Or your neighbor crashing yours.—Harold Goldberg



MIDNIGHT IN PARIS

THE INSIDER'S GUIDE
TO NEW YEAR'S EVE IN
THE CITY OF LIGHTS

* Paris is at its most convivial on the last night of the year, when the famously prickly locals make merry on the chilly streets. Taxis will be impossible, and Métro trains, which run all night on December 31, will be packed after midnight strikes. The best recipe for an evening to enjoy: Dress warmly and stick to one easily walkable neighborhood. Here are three of the best.—*Alexandra Marshall*



— EIFFEL TOWER —

REVELERS crowd the Champ de Mars, the park bordering the Eiffel Tower, for views of the light show. For fireworks, you'll have to wait till Bastille Day. Never mind—the symbolic center of town is still spectacular. **EAT:** *Jean-François Piège* at Hôtel Thoumieux. Piège is happy to chat when he pops out of the kitchen (even after three seasons of running France's version of *Top Chef*). Dishes change according to season and whim but have included pan-seared langoustine

with black currant leaves. **DO:** *Showcase*. If it's booming bass you want, hit this multiroom dance club situated in an old stone warren underneath the Pont Alexandre III, between Les Invalides and the Champs-Élysées. **SLEEP:** *Hôtel Thoumieux*. In Thoumieux's 15 rooms, Farrow & Ball wallpaper clashes tastefully with graphic carpets and leopard-print throws. Aesop products, Samsung flat-screens and retro Illy espresso machines round out the amenities.



— MONTMARTRE —

FORMERLY a self-contained village north of the red-light district of Pigalle, Montmartre was home to a who's who of Postimpressionists. Now the artists are priced out, but the neighborhood's curving streets and steep hills remain among the city's most picturesque. **EAT:** *Le Miroir*. This bistro serves

unpretentious, inventive dishes made with the best seasonal ingredients. Standouts include half-cooked foie gras with spiced quince and *quenelles au chocolat*. **DO:** *Bistro 82*. The strength of this dive bar has always been the crowd—part boho, part expat, part freak. **SLEEP:**

Hôtel Amour. Thierry Costes and graffitiist turned artist and nightlife impresario Mr. André have skimped on nonessentials (TVs, phones) to give you what you need without breaking the bank (beds from the supplier to the Ritz, Kiehl's products, attractive customers and staff).



— CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES —

THE MASSIVE boulevard running from the Arc de Triomphe to the Place de la Concorde is Paris's answer to Times Square. It's traditionally the most festive (read: packed) place to ring in *le nouvel an*. **EAT:** *L'Atelier de Joël Robuchon*. Robuchon has 26 Michelin stars spread across his global empire. His newest in town is in the shadow of the Arc de Triomphe, with sushi-bar-style seating for making friends and

lounge tables for keeping them. **DO:** *Le Crazy Horse*. It's the chicest of Paris's legendary burlesque venues, and its dancers (above) have been muses to David Lynch and Christian Louboutin. When Dita Von Teese comes to town, this is where she performs. **SLEEP:** *Le Royal Monceau*. The spacious rooms at this elegant yet comfy Philippe Starck property are done up with pale colors and cushy furniture.

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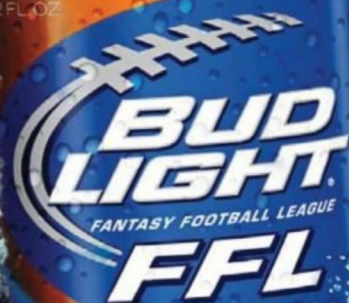


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RAW POWER

SKIP THE SUSHI AND CEVICHE; IT'S TIME TO GET CRUDO

With sushi a supermarket staple and South American ceviche making inroads on restaurant menus, things piscine and raw are all the rage. This winter we're celebrating crudo, the Italian take on raw fish (it translates as "raw" in Italian). Crudo offers a middle path between sushi and ceviche, neither doctored and vanquished by soy and wasabi nor overpowered and cooked by acidic citrus. "It is a whole different ball game than sushi. For me it's far more refreshing and light," says Mike Selvera, co-owner with

his brother Tim of Bar Crudo in San Francisco. (Mike shared the easy recipe below.) With crudo the freshness of the fish is everything. Beyond that it's simply chopping and assembling, effectively making crudo a *Top Chef*-quality convenience food worthy of a holiday party. —*Eric Steinman*



YELLOWTAIL WITH JALAPEÑO, GREEN APPLE AND LIME

Makes 4 appetizer portions

6 oz. sashimi-grade yellowtail (*hamachi*) or ahi tuna

1 green apple, julienned

1 large radish, julienned

1 jalapeño, thinly sliced

1 tbsp. micro arugula

Juice of half a lime

Extra virgin olive oil

Coarse sea salt

Slice the fish thinly and arrange on four plates. Sprinkle with apple, jalapeño, radish and arugula. Drizzle with lime juice and olive oil. Sprinkle with salt.

CRUDO TO-DO

IF YOU DON'T BUY THE RIGHT FISH AND CUT IT CORRECTLY, YOU MAY AS WELL PANFRY THAT THING. HERE'S HOW TO TAKE FISH FROM FILLET TO FANTASTIC



1

EXQUISITE FISH

Use only sushi- or sashimi-grade fish, available at better supermarkets. Sushi grade means the fish has been frozen to minus 31 degrees Fahrenheit, which kills bacteria and parasites.



2

THE SHARPEST KNIFE

Use a knife at least eight inches long and hone it just before using. Anything less than razor-sharp will mangle the flesh and make for messy presentation.



3

SMART SEASONING

Feel free to improvise: Olive oil, lemon, *sriracha* or a sprinkling of good sea salt is all you need to take a piece of fish from simple to sublime.

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FIZZ ED

EXPAND YOUR BUBBLY VOCABULARY WITH SPARKLING WINES FROM AROUND THE WORLD

• This holiday season, revelers from Australia to Spain will be popping a cork. Yes, there will be French champagne, but every other great winemaking country in the world has its own signature sparkling wine that's just as celebratory (and often more affordable). Here's a global tour of what to pour at your next party.



SOMMELIER SECRET

Adding water and copious salt to a champagne bucket full of ice can chill a bottle in 15 minutes flat. Here's how it works: Salt can lower the freezing point of water to 10 degrees, while ice cubes on their own are a comparatively balmy 32 degrees. So give that bottle a briny bath.



CAVA ▶

Elyssia Gran Cuvée Brut (\$18)

→ This refined Spanish sparkler from the people behind Freixenet (the ubiquitous black bottle in liquor stores) is simultaneously earthy and citrusy, with grapefruit flavors.

SPARKLING ROSÉ ▶

Domaine Carneros Brut Rosé (\$36)

→ Rich, with floral and berry flavors, this elegant wine is made with a French technique (by Taittinger, no less) in California.

SPARKLING SHIRAZ ▶

The Chook (\$20)

→ Leave it to the Australians to inject their national grape with carbonation. Hearty and almost sweet, it's like grown-up Cherry Coke.

PROSECCO

Ruggeri Gold Label (\$21)

→ In the crowded world of Italian prosecco, this is a standout. It's rich and complex, with notes of white pepper, citrus and bubble gum. And we mean that in the best way.

GROWER CHAMPAGNE

Gimonnet-Gonet Brut Tradition (\$40)

→ Crisp, floral and fresh, this French "grower" champagne (made by the farmers who grow the grapes) is sourced from a mere 32 acres just up the road from Krug and sells for a third of the price.

How to Outsmart a Millionaire

Only the "Robin Hood of Watchmakers" can steal the spotlight from a luxury legend for under \$200!

I wasn't looking for trouble. I sat in a café, sipping my espresso and enjoying the quiet. Then it got noisy. Mr. Bigshot rolled up in a roaring high-performance Italian sports car, dropping attitude like his \$22,000 watch made it okay for him to be rude. That's when I decided to roll up my sleeves and teach him a lesson.

"Nice watch," I said, pointing to his and holding up mine. He nodded like we belonged to the same club. We did, but he literally paid 100 times more for his membership. Bigshot bragged about his five-figure purchase, a luxury heavyweight from the titan of high-priced timepieces. I told him that mine was the *Stauer Corso*, a 27-jewel automatic classic now available for only \$179. And just like that, the man was at a loss for words.

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• Brogues (also known as wingtips) abound in every style, from Wall Street proper to dandified suede. Just because winter's inclement challenges are in full effect doesn't mean you have to shelve the style until spring thaw. Designers from John Varvatos to Grenson to Frye (the Frye James Lug wingtip, \$248, is pictured above) are putting the bro in brogues,

with rugged but stylish boot versions that can kick the slush out of winter. This is a return to the brogue's roots as the chosen footwear of hardy Scottish Highlanders, who depended on them for protection and comfort while hiking the blustery heath. We're going to pair ours with wool pants or denim this season, but you're free to wear them with a kilt.

SAVE YOUR SKIN

WINTER IS YOUR SKIN'S WORST ENEMY. HERE'S OUR THREE-STEP PLAN TO WIN THE BATTLE AGAINST FREEZING TEMPERATURES, SKI-SLOPE SUNBURN AND THE MORNING COMMUTE



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HYDRATE

• Dove Men + Care soap (\$3.79) is one quarter moisturizing cream. Yes, you'll need that much to fight the thermal whiplash of going from dry, freezing air to a well-heated office.



STEP 2. SHAVE

FOAM SWEET FOAM

• Lather up with Malin + Goetz vitamin E shaving cream (\$22), which not only softens stubble but also moisturizes.

GET CLOSE

• John Allan's Shorty razor (part of a compact four-piece shaving set, \$118) is tricked out with a five-blade cartridge, but its coolest feature is the easy-to-grip handle, formed from a solid aluminum blank.



STEP 3. SURVIVE

GIVE 'EM LIP

• Blistex Lip Medex (\$2.19) can both prevent and heal chapped lips. It's priced low enough that you can keep containers in your car, your desk and your jacket pocket.

HYDRATE AGAIN

• If you work outdoors, your hands can have it even tougher than your face. Jack Black Industrial Strength Hand Healer (\$45) is loaded with moisturizing macadamia nut oil.

BLOCK PARTY

• In the snow you'll be blasted with UV rays from both above and below. Cover up with Kiehl's SPF 50+ Facial Fuel (\$36).

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1. Splash 2-4 dashes vermouth on ice & strain
2. Pour 1.25 oz Tanqueray® London Dry Gin onto ice
3. Stir and drain to glass
4. Deck with olive

Alcohol content: 0.6 fl oz



TANQUERAY SNAPPER

1. Shake 1.25 oz of Tanqueray® London Dry Gin, 2 large dashes of worstershire sauce. A dot of tabasco spice
2. Wreck a few lemons and splash 3.5 oz of tomato juice in
3. A dash of salt and pepper and top the rest up with rocks
4. A gentle stir then pour it up in a highball and live a little

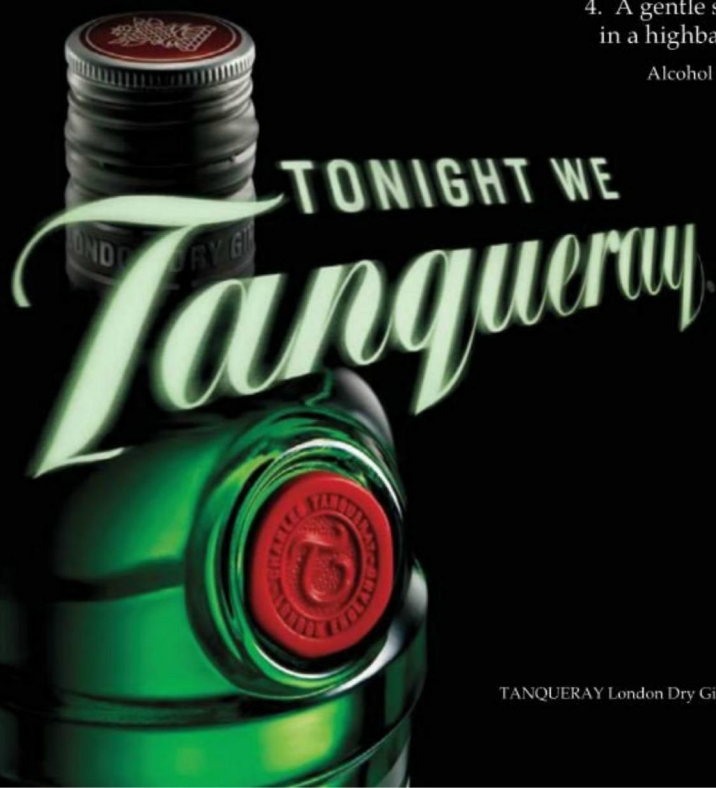
Alcohol content: 0.5 fl oz



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1. Throw some rocks in a highball
2. Slice a lime & place on top
3. 1.25 oz of Tanqueray® London Dry Gin
4. 3 oz of tonic

Alcohol content: 0.5 fl oz



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MOVIE OF THE MONTH

THE HOBBIT: AN UNEXPECTED JOURNEY

By Stephen Rebello

A fire-breathing dragon, a scene-grabbing Gollum and massive hype fuel director Peter Jackson's new \$250 million 3-D epic. The *Lord of the Rings* maestro's latest film series based on a J.R.R. Tolkien book features *Rings* returnees Ian McKellen, Cate Blanchett, Hugo Weaving and others. Martin Freeman (above) stars as the young hobbit hero Bilbo Baggins. "Bilbo's like a meerkat complacently foraging and occasionally

popping up his head to check the terrain," says Freeman. "He's thrown into a world in which he faces danger on a regular basis, and it was my and Peter's job to see the audience is scared along with the character and proud of him when he's brave." Is Freeman ready for international fandom? "We'll see. You'd have to be a lunatic to want your personal privacy compromised. But the film and the character are bigger than me."

ALSO SHOWING IN THEATERS



LINCOLN

Daniel Day-Lewis did extensive research, got extremely thin and remained in character on and off the set to prepare himself to star in director Steven Spielberg's history lesson set during the 16th U.S. president's last four months on earth. It sounds worth it.



SILVER LININGS PLAYBOOK

Director David O. Russell finds tragicomedy in this quirky family tale. Bradley Cooper stars as a bipolar former teacher fresh out of a mental institution who thinks his life is a movie made by God and that he and his estranged wife will reunite.



DJANGO UNCHAINED

In Quentin Tarantino's bloody, weirdly funny pre-Civil War spaghetti Western, Christoph Waltz trains newly freed slave Jamie Foxx so he can rescue his beautiful wife from slavery and take down vicious plantation boss Leonardo DiCaprio.

HOOKED ON HITCHCOCK

By Robert B. DeSalvo

PLAYBOY Contributing Editor and resident film expert Stephen Rebello wrote the book on the master of suspense, *Alfred Hitchcock and the Making of Psycho*, which was adapted for the upcoming film *Hitchcock*.

Q: When did you become interested in Hitchcock?

A: Seeing *Psycho* the first time knocked me for a loop. I realized only a great artist—let alone a great showman—could create something powerful out of what snobs originally dismissed as just a genre movie.

Q: What's it like seeing your work transformed into a movie?

A: I'm honored to say I'm a part of it. It has become rare for Hollywood to turn a nonfiction book into a film. It's even more unusual for that book's writer to contribute to the film's early development process. Hundreds of gifted people poured so much love into *Hitchcock*, and seeing the movie was almost an out-of-body experience.

Q: As a movie critic, how will you deal with your reviews?

A: I'll leave the last word to the master himself. When a man told Hitchcock how much the man's wife hated *Psycho*, Hitch asked him, "Have you considered having her exterminated?"



Anthony Hopkins as Hitch.



12 MEDIA MUST-HAVES

By Greg Fagan

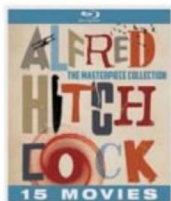


UNIVERSAL CLASSIC MONSTERS

\$160
Frank, Drac, the Mummy and more are together in HD in this eight-film set, plus *Creature From the Black Lagoon* in its original 3-D.

BOND 50

\$299
If you've been waiting to give your 007 shelf the royal Blu treatment, this is it—all 22 films, a new *World of Bond* documentary and an elegant box. Nine of the films, including *A View to a Kill*, make their Blu-ray debuts here.



ALFRED HITCHCOCK: THE MASTERPIECE COLLECTION

\$299
Of the 15 films assembled here, 13 premiere on Blu-ray and include new and vintage extras—most of which appeared in 2005, but they're still great.

ENTOURAGE: THE COMPLETE SERIES

\$250
All eight seasons are included, as well as 22 commentaries, a mockumentary, "The Mark Wahlberg Sessions" and more.



UNIVERSAL 100TH ANNIVERSARY COLLECTION

\$299
From *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1930) to *Despicable Me* (2010), it's 25 films, a book and a soundtrack CD.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN 3-D

\$96
This swag-tastic box celebrates the rebooted franchise starring Andrew Garfield with Blu-ray 3-D, Blu-ray, DVD and UltraViolet digital copies—plus Spider-Man and the Lizard figurines.



TARANTINO XX: EIGHT-FILM COLLECTION

\$120
Along with Quentin Tarantino's finest, this set includes two meaty retrospective documentaries on his 20-year career.

FILM NOIR COLLECTION: VOLUME ONE

\$90
High-def versions of early-1950s film noir thrillers *Appointment With Danger*, *Dark City*, *Rope of Sand* and *Union Station*—each worth discovering.



WATCHMEN: COLLECTOR'S EDITION

\$75
In addition to all previous cuts of the film, the highlight here is the original DC Comics *Watchmen* series in hardcover for the first time.

GAME OF THRONES: THE COMPLETE FIRST SEASON COLLECTOR'S EDITION

\$100
This box contains Blu-ray and digital sets of the first season, plus season two's premiere episode—and a dragon-egg paperweight.

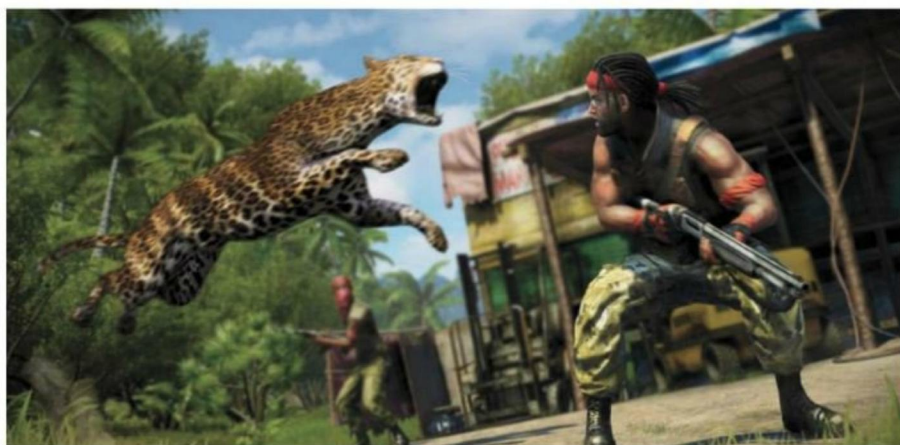


FORBIDDEN HOLLYWOOD: VOLUME FOUR

\$49
Kay Francis co-stars in three of these four pre-Code comedies, including *Jewel Robbery* with William Powell.

INDIANA JONES: THE COMPLETE ADVENTURES

\$100
Museum-quality restorations of the first three films—especially *Raiders of the Lost Ark*—make up for mostly recycled extras.



GAME OF THE MONTH

FAR CRY 3

By Jason Buhrmester

• Now this is *Survivor*: Wash ashore on a tropical island and find yourself in the middle of an uprising by the indigenous population against the well-armed and drugged-up pirates who terrorize them.

To survive *Far Cry 3* (360, PC, PS3) you'll crawl through dense jungle, fend off wild beasts and take out pirates with a recurve bow or a quick knife to the throat. Not your style? Go big and blow up their camp with a grenade launcher, or take them out with a sniper rifle. Then grab a getaway vehicle such as a hang glider or Jet Ski and disappear into the foliage until your next chance to strike. 🙌🙌🙌

SYSTEM UPGRADE

NINTENDO ISN'T AFRAID to sacrifice graphics muscle in favor of ingenuity. It worked for the Wii, and the company's latest system, the Wii U (\$300 with 8GB memory, \$350 with 32GB), uses the same strategy. The biggest leap is the GamePad, a controller with a built-in 6.2-inch touchscreen capable of displaying a football playbook and other content. New TV functionality searches across Hulu, Netflix and other providers and even links to your TiVo.





MUSIC

GARY CLARK JR.

By Rob Tannenbaum

Now and then a young singer-guitarist comes along who is declared to be “the future of the blues.” In the 1970s it was Son Seals; in the 1980s it was Robert Cray and Stevie Ray Vaughan. (Cray was better than Vaughan.) But for nearly 30 years there has been no one, unless you’ve been desperate enough to fall for Jonny Lang or Keb’ Mo’. The blues have been kept alive by old musicians, who have an unfortunate habit of dying and therefore no longer

recording or touring.

Gary Clark Jr., who is 28 years old, played Bonnaroo and Lollapalooza this summer on the strength of only a



BLAK AND BLU
Gary Clark Jr.

few recorded songs. His full debut, *Blak and Blu*, earns the hype, with raucous songs about women,

booze and other kinds

of danger, plus a Jimi Hendrix cover and lots of distorted, aggressive guitar. Careful: Clark’s solo on the last three minutes of “When My Train Pulls In” could stab your eye out.

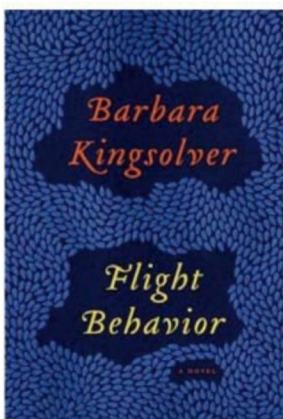
★★★★

BOOK

FLIGHT BEHAVIOR

By Leopold Froehlich

With her 14th book, Barbara Kingsolver returns to the hills of Appalachia to tell the tale of Dellarobia Turnbow, a 29-year-old mother of two who deserves a better life than the one she has been granted. Dellarobia is at the end of her tether when she one day discovers millions of monarch butterflies wintering on her in-laws’ property. The butterflies, driven from their Mexican home by climate change, face extinction in the Tennessee winter. Dellarobia rises to the challenge, and the ensuing drama is presented with all the élan we have come to expect from the author of *The Poisonwood Bible*. Kingsolver deserves credit for writing about how we are destroying our natural world. She occasionally resorts to the soapbox, and her characters lose



credibility when they exhort the reader. Some of the didacticism is misdirected, as Kingsolver is clearly preaching to the converted. One doubts the chairman of Consol Energy would be swayed by her characters’ arguments. What’s more effective is Kingsolver’s sympathetic defense of Appalachians and their way of life. Like Richard Powers’s National Book Award–winning *The Echo Maker*, this is a novel about the confusions of migration—both human and otherwise. It’s an important book and also a compelling one. ★★★



TV

WEDDING BAND

By Josef Adalian

Don’t be fooled by the title: The TBS comedy *Wedding Band* shares precious little DNA with the far superior nuptials-inspired likes of *Wedding Crashers*. The show chronicles the adventures of four 30-ish dudes (led by 90210 alum Brian Austin Green)

who have day jobs but spend most of their time playing the Seattle events circuit as Mother of the Bride. Producers seem to think that by simply putting the guys into wacky situations, hilarity will ensue. It never does. The cover songs are pretty good, though. ♫



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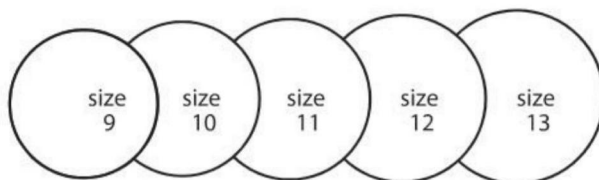
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Number of golf balls Alan Shepard hit on the surface of the moon during the 1971 *Apollo 14* mission:

2



Club he used:

6-IRON

Distance Shepard estimated the ball traveled:

400 YARDS



SUGAR FIX

More soda is consumed in the U.S. than in any other country, at a rate of 50 gallons per person annually. Second place: Ireland, at 33 gallons.

TUNE UP



Number of songs available on iTunes:

26 MILLION

EYES WIDE SHUT



We lose up to 6 seconds of visual information every minute from blinking.

During a 150-minute film, your eyes are shut for up to

15 MINUTES

According to scientists, a recently announced 62-mile-wide crater in Siberia holds enough diamonds to supply the world's needs for

3,000 YEARS



The 17-minute battle sequence in *Matrix Reloaded* cost an estimated

\$40 million to produce, or roughly

\$2.3 million per minute.



Worldwide, the film earned more than

\$740 MILLION



There are 5 million miles of Street View roads available on Google Maps. The data include

21.5 BILLION megabytes of imagery.



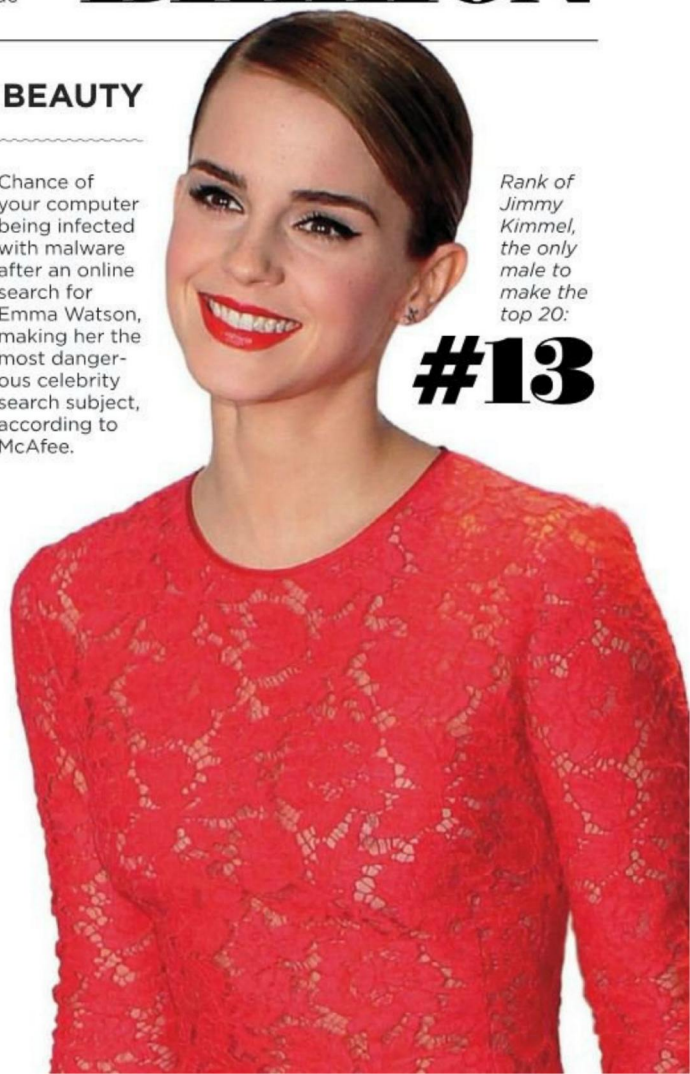
INFECTIOUS BEAUTY

12.6%

Chance of your computer being infected with malware after an online search for Emma Watson, making her the most dangerous celebrity search subject, according to McAfee.

Rank of Jimmy Kimmel, the only male to make the top 20:

#13





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ONE COOL CAT

JAGUAR UNVEILS ITS FIRST NEW TWO-SEAT SPORTS CAR IN 50 YEARS

• This year's Paris Motor Show felt like NFL draft day. Hugely hyped mechanical athletes were unveiled with fanfare, and an exciting new future of motoring came into focus. Rather than quarterbacks Andrew Luck and RG3, we saw a

Bentley racing car, a new Lamborghini and impressive new machinery from Porsche. But for us, one car stole the show: Jaguar's F-Type, the British firm's first all-new two-seat sports car in 50 years, going back to the E-Type of the 1960s. Jag held the global unveiling at the Musée Rodin, and we were there, as was the marque's now-legendary design

chief Ian Callum, whom we can thank for this ride's shapely and aggressive figure. "What is a sports car?" Jaguar global brand chief Adrian Hallmark asked. "It's a race car you can drive on the road. With the F-Type we tried to keep it pure." What you're buying: an aluminum-bodied little rocket with a choice of three engines—a three-liter V6 (340 hp, 5.1-second zero to 60), a supercharged three-liter V6 version (380 hp, 4.8-second zero to 60)

and a fat five-liter V8 (495 hp, 4.2-second zero to 60). Slip into the cockpit and you'll find old-school knobs on the instrument panel, sophisticated yet analog. The stitched leather smells like a cologne Jag should bottle. The tag will range from \$69,000 to \$92,000, a few bucks more than the Porsche Boxster. Now owned by Indian auto behemoth Tata, Jaguar is putting out the best machinery in its 77-year history. Expect to see the new all-star at your local dealership in early spring.



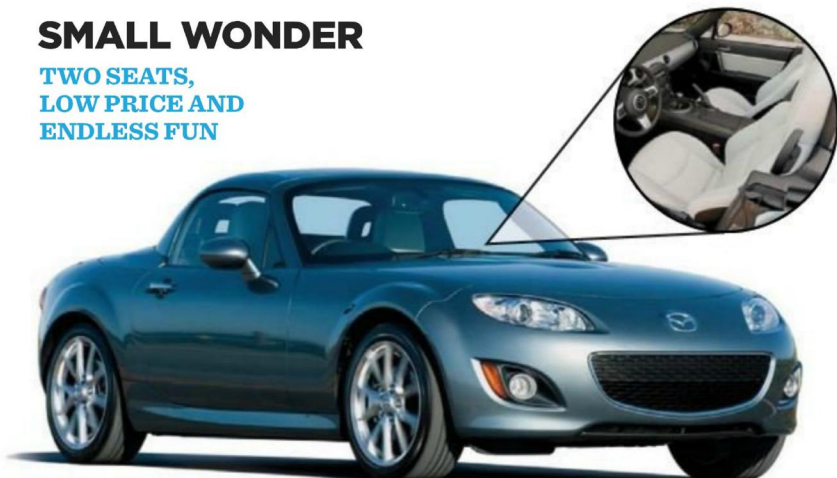
TOP MODEL:

FIVE-LITER V8,
495 HP,
4.2-SECOND
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SMALL WONDER

TWO SEATS, LOW PRICE AND ENDLESS FUN



THERE'S A reason Mazda's MX-5 Miata is the worldwide best-selling two-seat sports car of all time, with nearly a million cars produced since its 1989 debut. It's sleek and quick, and for the millions who desire a roadster but can't afford the new Jaguar above, the MX-5 clocks in at a cool \$24,000 base.

Older models are remembered for their front end, which included a curved grille that appeared to be smiling, as if the car were fueled by Prozac. For 2013, a freshly designed front fascia (its "chin") gives the MX-5 a bolder appearance, and Mazda added new color options such as liquid silver and crystal white

pearl. Go for the Club version, which comes with cool gunmetal-alloy wheels and a front air dam. To see one go, tune in to the Playboy Mazda MX-5 Cup racing series (MX-5cup.com). Or better yet, get into a spec MX-5 and go racing. There's no cheaper or easier way to begin your competition career.

RACE AROUND THE WORLD

THE THREE BEST MOTORING ADVENTURES ON EARTH



1

THE RIDE

Competing in Mexico's Baja 1000, one of the toughest off-road races around, isn't for everyone. But you can still enjoy a wild adventure on the course in the rough-and-rugged car pictured above.

BUCKLE UP

Wide Open Excursions (wideopenbaja.com) runs multiday trips along the Baja Peninsula. A four-day ride from Cabo to La Paz and back goes for \$5,495. Burritos not included.

THE COCKPIT

A real Baja Challenge race car, with a Subaru four cylinder and GPS—capable of 90 mph in the dirt.



2

THE RIDE

Germany's Nürburgring Nordschleife (also called "Green Hell") is the most dangerous racetrack in the world: 12.9 miles of madness curling through the mountains around the ancient castle of Nürburg—and around 73 tricky corners.

BUCKLE UP

Formula One races were held here until 1976, when the track was deemed too dangerous. Don't let that stop you from driving it. Dig into the famous Caracciola-Karussell corner and Flugplatz bend, but take it easy: Drivers die on the Ring every year.

THE COCKPIT

First, let a pro take you around the track in the BMW Ring Taxi, an ass-kicking M5 (\$279, bmw-motorsport.com). Then rent a race-prepared Suzuki Swift (about \$390 a day, rent4ring.de). Trust us, it's all the power you'll need.



3

THE RIDE

Road-trip through Italy's Motor Valley (Bologna, Modena and the villages in between), home of the legends: Ferrari, Maserati, Lamborghini, Ducati et al.

BUCKLE UP

Don't miss the Ferruccio Lamborghini Museum, with its Lambo choppers and pope-mobiles (museo.lamborghini.it); the Ducati Museum at the motorcycle maker's Bologna plant (ducati.com); the Panini Museum, home of the Maserati collection that originally belonged to the Maserati brothers (paninimotormuseum.it); and the Ferrari Museum, across from the auto factory (museo.ferrari.com).

THE COCKPIT

Book a tour guide and a vintage Fiat 500 (about \$650 a day) or a new Ferrari (about \$650 for one hour) through modenatur.it.

BANG FOR THE BUCK

HOW TO BULLET-PROOF YOUR CAR

THE ECONOMY is still low on gas, but one business that's booming is the armored-automobile industry. Credit the Mexican drug war for the uptick in demand. If you're in the market, or just want to see the product in action, visit Texas Armoring Corporation's website (texasarmoring.com). "Today I will redefine what it means to stand behind my product," says CEO Trent Kimball in a video on the site's home page. He then steps behind a windshield, and an employee fires three shots at his face with an AK-47. Get a quote on your ride, customize your own limo or shop for a ready-made vehicle—a 2011 Cadillac Escalade (\$350,000) or a 2002 VW Passat (\$37,500). Then take a leisurely road trip into the heart of the Mexican war zone.



HIGH-OCTANE FUEL

NASCAR LEGEND JUNIOR JOHNSON BOTTLES LIGHTNING

ROBERT GLEN

"Junior" Johnson (pictured at right) learned how to go fast while running moonshine in rural

North Carolina in the 1940s. "You had to be a good driver and have a fast car to outrun the law," the 81-year-old remembers. After a 1956 arrest, he quit moonshining and joined the fledgling NASCAR series, racing more than 38,000 miles and winning 50 races. In his old age the speed legend has returned to his roots, partnering with a liquor company to produce

his own moonshine. "We found a still close to where we live that a guy built in 1930," he says. "We cranked it up and started making whiskey according to my daddy's recipe. That's where Midnight Moon came

from." Try the triple-distilled corn moonshine—or any of the five fruit-flavored varieties—over ice with soda or tonic. Just not behind the wheel. (\$20, juniors midnightmoon.com)



COLD SNAP

RUGGED TOOLS FOR TACKLING WINTER'S WORST

• The human body is good at many things, but handling extreme cold isn't one of them. When your body temperature dips to 93 degrees with hypothermia, you can experience amnesia; at 86 degrees, unconsciousness. Let it drop to 70 degrees and death looms around the corner. Battling extreme cold requires equally extreme gear. Top left: Upgrade K2's PhotoKinetic goggles (\$110 to \$125, k2skis.com) with an Octic Mirror lens, which incorporates eight-layer mirror technology to reduce glare and repel water. Left: Ice climbing is surging in popularity thanks to the growth in indoor facilities. Hit the wall with Black Diamond's Fusion ice tool (\$280, blackdiamondequipment.com). The hydroformed shaft is lightweight, with a built-in spike for breaking up snow and an interchangeable pick that can be swapped out for ice or rock climbing. The grip adjusts to three different positions to keep you as comfortable as possible on the edge of an ice cliff.

1. BOOT UP

Here's something that can pull double duty in your winter arsenal: the Ful SPDL boots by Ride (\$270, ridesnowboards.com). Built for snowboarding, with foam liners and cushioned insoles, the boots also work with most snowshoes for frozen hikes or treks to snowboard runs off the trail.

2. GET A GRIP

Backcountry hiking requires snowshoes with teeth. The saw-toothed perimeters of Atlas's Aspect snowshoes (\$280, atlassnowshoe.com) give good "purchase" (snowshoe talk for grip) in steep or sloppy snow, and the spring-loaded suspension keeps the shoes tight to your feet so they don't drag. Collapsible bindings lie flat for easy packing.

3. HAND IT OVER

Fingers and toes are prone to frostbite, which can set in after as little as five minutes in subzero temperatures. Black Diamond's Legend gloves (\$120, blackdiamondequipment.com) include a Gore-Tex insert and plenty of insulation wrapped inside a goat-leather outer liner, enough to keep your digits safe in temperatures as low as 15 below zero.





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LEVEL UP

AN ARSENAL
OF GAMING
TECHNOLOGY AT
YOUR FINGERTIPS

1

Headphones modeled after those worn by attack helicopter pilots can easily handle your virtual battles. Razer's BlackShark stereo headset (\$120, razerzone.com) uses deep ear cups, a detachable mike and booming bass to put you in the cockpit.

2

The Wikipad (\$500, wikipad.com) packs a powerful Android tablet into a removable gaming rig, perfect for playing games downloaded from Google Play and PlayStation Mobile on a screen that rivals the iPad's. It's the best mix of work and play.

3

Small laptops can pack serious gaming muscle. Cram an Nvidia GeForce GT 650M graphics card and an Intel Core i7 processor into Origin's customizable EON11-S (\$1,272, originpc.com), then fire up *Warcraft* and forget about going outside for a while.



SHATTERED WINDOWS

EVERYTHING YOU KNEW ABOUT MICROSOFT IS DEAD

* Someone killed the "Start" menu. Turn on a PC running the new Windows 8 operating system and the familiar menu in the bottom-left corner that has welcomed PC users since Windows 95 is gone. Based on user studies, engineers decided the button had outlived its usefulness

and replaced the Windows you knew with a radical mosaic of colorful tiles that can be dragged, dropped and grouped together to your liking. Originally dubbed Metro (a name abandoned after worries over legal action from German company Metro AG), this new graphic approach has

worked its way onto all Microsoft devices, including the Xbox 360 and the latest Windows Phones such as the Nokia Lumia 820 (pictured). It works best on the Microsoft Surface, a touchscreen tablet that lets you flick through the brightly hued tiles. Who knew Bill Gates could be so bold?

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The Boss



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ROCKS
BY ORIGINAL PENGUIN
SINCE 1955





FRANCOFILE

Talking With Gus Van Sant

by James Franco

*Gus Van Sant is the rare director who has found success both at the art house and at the multiplex. His works have screened at nearly every major film festival and taken top honors at Cannes, but he is also responsible for mainstream hits such as *Good Will Hunting*, *Finding Forrester* and *Milk*, his biopic about gay trailblazer Harvey Milk, which earned Van Sant an Academy Award nomination for best director. One of the stars of *Milk*, PLAYBOY Contributing Editor James Franco, won an Independent Spirit Award for best supporting male actor in the film. The two friends sat down to discuss how Van Sant navigates the fuzzy line between independent and commercial filmmaking, his latest work and where his career is headed next.*

FRANCO: It seems your career has phases of commercial, studio-based films, and then you'll take a huge swing in the other direction, with smaller, independent films. Do you ever have a sense of what will be commercially successful and what won't?

VAN SANT: Well, you just don't know. You have ideas about it. You always figure it can break out, and sometimes it does. But how can you tell? I'm never able to think commercially. When I'm interested in a project, I always figure other people will be interested too; I just don't know how many. The budget for *Finding Forrester* was the biggest I've ever worked with, but it was still a human story between a couple of characters. It wasn't much different from, say, *Good Will Hunting*, and that was a smaller film that broke out and made a lot of money. I didn't know whether that would happen or not; I just liked the story. I can never guess.

FRANCO: Tell me about *Promised Land*, your new film. It's about fracking, right?

VAN SANT: That's right. Matt Damon co-wrote it with John Krasinski, based on a story by Dave Eggers about fracking in Alaska. It then became a story set in the Northeast, about a natural gas salesman who leases land from farmers. He's from Iowa, working in New York City, and it's about him embracing his own business practices and his New York business sensibility in the face of adverse conditions.

FRANCO: Can you break down fracking for me? Why is it so bad?

VAN SANT: It's a way to get natural gas from shale below the earth's surface, sometimes very far below. It's not necessarily bad as a practice. What's bad is the way the U.S. can make plans and rush in without adhering to clean-air codes. But our film isn't really about that. It's more about general business practices and the underhanded nature of these things than specifically about oil and gas companies.

FRANCO: When we were working on *Milk*, we were shooting in San Francisco, in the actual locations and storefronts where Harvey Milk ran his campaign. Harvey was a hero in San Francisco, and I felt that city had a vested interest in what we were doing. Did you?

VAN SANT: I guess there was a lot of pressure, but I was surprised the city was so open and happy to have us. They were proud of their history, they were proud of Harvey and they were proud of their politics. Even though it's a political story, anyone who may have opposed Harvey seemed to uniformly support what we were doing. From the extras to City Hall, everybody was really happy to be part of it. I think it was because we were making a story about their city, above all. Another thing about that particular story is that Harvey flies under the biographical radar; it's not a story about JFK or Lincoln. When people have a wide knowledge of the visuals and of

the story, it makes doing a biography daunting, but Harvey's story was less known, so it was going to be new.

FRANCO: Besides directing, you also paint, you're a photographer and you've written a book. You even have an album called *18 Songs About Golf*, right?

VAN SANT: Yeah. I was actually playing golf at the time. I was 29, working in New York, and my father would have me play on Saturday mornings in his foursome. It was three guys and myself, and we would go to the Darien, Connecticut country club and play 18 holes of golf. Each Saturday afternoon I would write a song. And since I was playing golf, the song was about golf. I was just learning how to make a song, and after a couple of golf songs, I realized, Oh, there should be 18, because there are 18 holes. So I wrote 18 songs and made a little album that I gave to my friends.

FRANCO: But now people can buy it. Do you think it's weird? Directing is your livelihood, but now this humorous album you made is out there.

VAN SANT: I don't know if there's a difference. It doesn't seem as though there would be. You're making a piece of work, of art or whatever it is, and then you're evaluating it. Maybe you're not marketing it, but you are playing it for people.

FRANCO: Where do you think you'll go next? Is it harder now to make small independent films?

VAN SANT: It's harder because the marketplace is getting cheaper and cheaper. With financing you can get only half the amount for a film now that you could get before. Ten years ago it was easier. But I've always made them for so little that I have a long way to go before I start hurting.

FRANCO: So you're returning to your indie roots?

VAN SANT: Not necessarily. I've been trying to write an action film, one of those tent-pole movies. Why not? I've never done it before.

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Why Women Watch Such Crap

By Joel Stein



she's keeping up with the Kardashians, she'll freely admit the show is fake and stupid, but she needs to know what happens anyway. Which means women are having premeditated moronic experiences. When men do something stupid, we are tricked into it, usually late at night, usually when we're drunk. We wouldn't decide a week in advance to program a DVR to record "\$1,000 withdrawal from the ATM at Spearmint Rhino."

I know guys aren't watching astrophysicist Brian Greene explain the origins of the universe on *Nova*. But actually they are. Sure, they're also watching *Monday Night Football* and *Ice Road Truckers*, but that's *Masterpiece Theatre* compared with *Mob Wives* and *Bridalplasty*.

These shows aren't just dumb, they're sexist. Vapid, slutty women either compete for men's affection or compete to see who can spend their husband's money fastest. Porn actresses are better role models. At least they don't constantly complain about not getting what they want. And when they do, the men around them seem very, very happy to give it to them.

I shouldn't even know how bad these shows are, but like all men, I've been needled into watching *The Bachelor*, *Gossip Girl*, *Jersey Shore*, *The Real Housewives of Every City Bravo Could Find* and *America's Next Top Model*. Women who would never watch five minutes of *Deadliest Catch* have no problem insisting that men give *Here Comes Honey Boo Boo* a chance. And we do it. Because unlike with crustaceans, a prolonged fight with women involves talking.

That's why, when my wife and I visited my mom this summer, I watched a show called *Bachelor Pad*. The game show took place in a house inhabited by a bunch of young white women I couldn't tell apart and a bunch of young white guys who all seemed gay. They had contests and voted one another out and gave roses

to people they wanted to keep around. Things that took 20 seconds in real time took six minutes in *Bachelor Pad* time. About halfway through I had a familiar annoyed, disgusted reaction to the entitled, narcissistic people on the show. For a day I couldn't figure out when I'd had that feeling before. Then I remembered: reading Jane Austen.

But through years and years of remedial English literature majoring and mastering, I was able to figure out that what annoyed me about *Pride and Prejudice* is also what makes it great. There's a secret world of feminine semaphore that Austen—and these awful reality shows—amplifies and slows down in order to elucidate. That way you can see the unnecessary secrets to test alliances, the insults carefully designed to look like compliments to everyone except the person at whom they're directed, the lies to break up friendships. Machinations worthy of a medieval court are used by reality-show cast members to get a guy to kiss them a little longer than he kissed some other girl. The amount of strategy used by a coach to determine whether to go on fourth down is the same amount of strategy Brittnee uses to decide whether to tell Madison that Michael told her that he liked—I can't even stay interested enough to finish this hypothetical situation.

But as ridiculous as all that is, it's how women see everything—all the time. Which must be exhausting. You buy her flowers because they're on sale at Trader Joe's. Three hours after getting the gerbera daisies, she's yelling at you about what you posted on your ex-girlfriend's Facebook page. To explain the psychological jujitsu she did to get from the daisies to your assumed guilt about the Facebook posting would take about 44 minutes of boring exposition spoken slowly into a camera. Which is why they have to make those reality stars so hot. ■

Anybody who has spent any time around children knows they are incredibly stupid. Many cannot even read. So it's not surprising that they watch TV shows made for stupid people: *You say it's a country with 1.3 billion people who use chopsticks and speak Chinese? I don't know this country of which you want to explore, Dora!* But women, in the vast majority of my experiences, are not stupid. They say smart things, run smart companies, trick me into buying things I would never, ever want to buy. Yet women watch TV shows that are even dumber than the ones children like. The average Bravo viewer is college educated, wealthy, traveled and needs to know why Teresa Giudice called Danielle Staub a "prostitution whore." Worse, women admit to watching horrifying shows as a pleasure they claim to feel guilty about but clearly do not feel nearly guilty enough about. When you actually feel guilty about a pleasure, you don't talk about it all the time. Trust me.

Smart women watching dumb shows makes no sense. The only explanation is that the TV sends out waves that travel to the vagina and up to the brain, where they temporarily reduce IQ. I suggest this rationale not because I believe it but to demonstrate the kind of idiotic things people say on TV shows women watch.

And these aren't accidental indulgences that happen when women are flipping channels. When you ask a woman why

know that you, my loyal *PLAYBOY* readers, think of me as an old married beyotch, but that wasn't always my status. When I was a young single beyotch, my dating life was more active than Ann Coulter's thyroid. While I don't miss them in the least, I remember those times well. I especially enjoyed that point in a relationship when I was ready to go all the way, prepared to throw down the old dirty-dirty for the first time as a couple. For me, this was sometimes the third or fourth date in. Other times, it was the third or fourth drink in. And if the lucky guy supersized my meal, well, let's just say he could definitely count on boarding the train to Poontown by the time the check arrived.

Guys, it's pretty simple. If she's into you, it's like you're the U.S. Olympic basketball team and she's the Nigerian team: It's not going to be hard to shoot and score. Even if the path to a woman's vagina is as confusing as her Facebook time line, when she's willing and able to do the deed, only you can cock-block yourself. So here are some helpful tips to guide you on your journey to the place between her thighs.

Let's start with the basics. Preparation for a night of new nookie should begin with the big H, and by that I mean hygiene. Before going to meet up with your sweetie, take a nice hot shower, scrub, soak, floss, shave, pluck, exfoliate, sandblast—whatever you need to do. You don't have to be the best-looking guy or the smartest or the wealthiest. But if you smell vaguely like an onion stuffed with Limburger cheese spritzed with Axe body spray, you'll be touching yourself more than a third-base coach with chicken pox.

They say clothes make the man. Clothes can also make that man make a woman. So if you're dating a normal girl, there are a few fashion choices to avoid. These include Crocs, dreadlocks, ascots, argyle socks, suspenders, jackets with epaulettes, capes, thongs, spats, knickers, Hello Kitty fanny packs, monocles, stovepipe hats and hand-knitted mittens. And while you're at it, leave your Darth Vader helmet at home.

So now you're ready to get your girl and begin your special night. To help you in your Indiana Jones-like trek to the ark of your lady friend's covenant, follow the three rules of real estate: location, location, location. A seven-course meal is going to stuff her (and not in the good way), an amusement park will exhaust her too much to take a ride on your Tilt-a-Whirl, and if the movie you watch together is sad, forget about it. Your cry-

CLOSING the DEAL the OLD-FASHIONED WAY



by
Lisa
Lampanelli

ing at the end of *The Notebook* is not an aphrodisiac—that sappy ending will cost you a happy ending.

Wherever you end up taking her, keep the boozing to a minimum. You need to avoid the most dreaded social disease of all: whiskey dick. Nothing ruins a first time like your going from Peter North to Peter South in 30 seconds flat.

Okay, now you look good, you smell good, you've treated her to a magical night on the town. But wait! Where do you plan on bringing her to consummate this union? Your place? If the answer is yes, you'd better do some cleaning in that hellhole of yours—and by "cleaning" I don't mean spraying Febreze and making sure the toilet's flushed. You've got to make that place look more like a scene from inside *The Bachelor's* house and less like a crime scene from *Law & Order: SVU*. I don't care how cute and charming you are, she's not going to stay in your bed if she feels a half-eaten pizza crust wedged between her butt cheeks. On the other hand, don't clean up so much that it looks premeditated.

If she walks into a dimly lit bedroom with mood music already playing and a bottle of champagne chilling, she's going to feel as if she walked onto the set of *Extreme Makeover: Desperate-to-Get-Laid Edition*.

Once she's in and she's comfortable, the next step is to grab her and throw her onto the bed, right? *Wrong*. Slow down, Mike Tyson! Patience is a virtue. No woman, no matter how horny, wants a guy to attack her like Kobe Bryant in a Cialis factory. It's your first time together. Make it last. Chances are you're both nervous, and even the slightest bit of aggression could have her blowing her rape whistle like an over-bribed NBA referee.

While you're at it, keep the chatter, especially dirty talk, to a minimum. Even worse than saying something overly sexual is saying something downright stupid. Some women may actually forgive you for channeling your inner Ron Jeremy, but saying idiotic things like "Nice rack! Who's your surgeon?" or "What's the matter, don't you own a razor?" or "Hey, I'm a Republican" doesn't work for anybody.

As for me, when I was dating, it all came down to one word: *romance*. Candlelit dinners, flowers, soft music. Does that make me cheesy? Sure it does. Remember, guys: Women are like pizza—cheese works well on both of them. Make a woman feel that being alone with her is more important to you than beating your buddy in *Call of Duty*, and your call of duty will be to her bedroom—every night.

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Are women more likely to be attracted to a man if his penis is tattooed and/or pierced? What about if it's circumcised? And does skin tone matter?—J.R., Seattle, Washington

We assume that, in most cases, by the time a woman sees a man's genitals she has already decided she finds him attractive, regardless of his skin color or the status of his foreskin. It also stands to reason that a man who has tattooed or pierced his penis has ink and holes elsewhere; in fact, a woman may hesitate if a partner's penis is the only part he's modified. (Who starts there?) Can you make assumptions about the sexuality of a person who has tats or piercings? That's a continuing debate. Numerous studies suggest that adults who get tattoos or piercings start having sex sooner and are more sexually active than those who remain unadorned. The presumption is that modern primitives are sensualists and therefore more likely to engage in risky sexual behavior; however, a study released this year found no evidence for that. Another report from 2005 concluded that among college students, 96 percent of men and 94 percent of women with tattoos have had intercourse, compared with 72 percent of men and 68 percent of women without. So if you're in college, look for ink.

How do you get the ball rolling when you have an idea for a new product? Do you make a prototype? Do you need an attorney? I've seen the commercials and websites that claim to help inventors, but I have no confidence in them.—M.L., Grand Rapids, Michigan

You're right to be skeptical. Before you devote any cash to your idea, find out if it's original, patentable and marketable. Louis Foreman, creator of the PBS reality show *Everyday Edisons*, founder of EdisonNation.com and co-author of *The Independent Inventor's Handbook*, points out that you can do much of the initial work on your own, including conducting free searches of the more than 8 million patents on file at uspto.gov. Foreman recommends you rely on fellow inventors, either online or through a local inventors' club, for guidance on the process. Before you spend thousands of dollars to create a working model and hire an attorney or agent, identify your customer ("Americans" or "men" doesn't cut it), figure out if there's demand (i.e., does it make life easier?) and make sure the cost of bringing the product to market isn't more than you could charge for it. At that point, "if it's unique, feasible and will make money, you'll always find investors," Foreman says.

PLAYBOY ADVISOR



I had an interior designer renovate my bachelor pad. He bought \$10,000 worth of contemporary furniture and had it upholstered. The problem is, I don't like it. The pieces seem too expensive to resell on Craigslist. What's the best way to find a buyer?—D.C., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Your first call should be to the designer. Many designers encounter buyer's remorse, and yours may have resources to help you change out the furniture. It sounds as though he pushed the pieces because he felt they looked good in the space, and they might, but his job is to help you realize your vision. That said, you have responsibilities too. If you don't express reservations until after a purchase, how is he to know? If the designer isn't helpful, you may be able to recover some of the cost with a consignment shop—in Philly, try Phantastic Phinds—or by listing them on a site such as Lushpad.com, which specializes in modern furniture.

Finally, don't talk about the specifics of your idea with anyone until you have a patent in hand. We learned that the hard way with our juicer-vibrator-doorbell.

I've hit it off online with a 28-year-old woman who lives in Mexico. If we get serious, would I have to marry her to bring her to the U.S., or could we live together first?—D.R., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Slow down, hombre. It's far too early to arrange a threesome with the State Department. Besides, with some exceptions, the government requires that you meet your partner in person

before it will recognize the marriage. So your new friend should visit you, or you her, as a tourist. Assuming the relationship progresses according to (your) plan, you could marry in Mexico and apply to bring her to the U.S. as a relative, or she could apply for a fiancée visa and you could marry within 90 days of her entry. Be wary if she asks you to send money for her travel expenses. We've heard that story too many times. In fact, be wary generally. Anything can happen, but long-distance relationships usually start up close.

I have a crush on one of my husband's friends. I wouldn't pursue this, but my marriage is essentially over. My husband's friend used to call or text me every day. But over the summer, after I hadn't spoken to him for a while, I deleted him as a Facebook friend. A month later he e-mailed to ask why I had done that. We exchanged instant messages, and I friended him again. I happened to look at his page, and he had posted that he was "just not happy." For whatever reason, he doesn't talk or text unless I hit him up first. Should I delete him again?—T.W., New Castle, Delaware

You're asking the wrong question. Do you want to delete the friend you're living with? Once you figure that out, the status of your virtual flirtations will become clearer.

My first long road trip will take me from the Midwest to the Pacific Northwest. Besides checking the air pressure and wear on the tires and getting an oil change, what should I do to maximize fuel economy and ensure a safe trip?—R.E., Parkville, Missouri

You're on the right track. It never hurts to have a trusted mechanic give the vehicle a once-over. Because you can't predict what you might encounter, have reliable roadside service in place with your auto insurer, AAA (aaa.com) or both.

Since we tend not to venture more than 10 miles from the Mansion, we e-mailed road warrior Davy Rothbart, co-creator and editor of *Found* magazine. He's taken eight cross-country road trips in the past 10 years with his brother, Peter. They're in the midst of a 75-city, 37-state tour to promote the magazine and Davy's new book, *My Heart Is an Idiot*. He offers this: "Remove unnecessary items to maximize fuel efficiency—a lot of people keep way too much stuff in their trunk. As for safety, we've learned not to play with fatigue. If you're tired, pull off at the next exit for a nap. We plan night drives only in the flatlands; mountain curves in the dark can be

tricky. Finally, be sure to stop in smaller, forgotten towns along the way and have a beer at a local bar. That's the best way to explore the country." Happy driving, and stopping.

Does a woman who has never had an orgasm during intercourse enjoy sex as much as one who does reach climax?—D.W., Lincoln, New Hampshire

Of course she does—assuming her partner knows that many women don't come consistently, if ever, during intercourse because a thrusting erection doesn't provide direct stimulation of the clitoris. That's why a conscientious lover makes sure his partner comes first, whether by tongue, vibrator or finger. If the stars align and she comes again during intercourse, that's great. If you climax first, make sure she comes after you (see above).

Which cigars are best for a novice?—S.L., Lafayette, Louisiana

*Tough question. We are limited in the same way we would be if you asked for the best wine or the best cut of steak. Aaron Sigmond, co-author of *Playboy: The Book of Cigars*, has always told us to instruct new cigar aficionados to try as many brands and blends as they can, "not to discover what they like but what they don't." Novices typically gravitate toward light-body and mild-blend tobacco. "With that in mind, the best 'starters' are usually those with a Connecticut shade USA, Ecuadorian Connecticut shade or Cameroon wrapper leaf," Sigmond says. "Those are among the lightest, and in the case of Cameroon, slightly sweet, wrappers. For the binder and filler leaves look for either Dominican or Honduran tobacco." Those criteria provide for many opportunities, but a few good bets are Arturo Fuente (the classic line), Partagas 1845, Alec Bradley Connecticut, Macanudo Vintage and, if you're feeling flush, Davidoff of Geneva classic white label.*

My girlfriend, who is highly educated and into fitness, told me she had read an article that said swallowing while giving head can improve a woman's weight-loss efficiency by 37 percent. Apparently semen works like caffeine but is all natural and protein-rich. Have you heard of such a diet? By the way, she has lost six pounds in two weeks.—L.F., Atlanta, Georgia

That's all the evidence we need.

I am in college and for the past year have been dating a great girl. Things were fine until I discovered she was already in a relationship with another woman. At first it bothered me, but I felt better after we started having threesomes. The only problem is that whenever the three of us have sex, the two girls are usually so focused on each other, I feel left out. What can I do to get more attention?—T.G., San Francisco, California

Even if you're left sitting in a corner stroking yourself while two hot women pleasure each other, you won't get much sympathy around these parts. Any MFF threesome is orchestrated by the Fs, and if you have a testosterone tan-

trum or pull out a stopwatch, it will become a twosome fast. When your girlfriend—or whatever she is—stops having sex with you, you'll know the dream is over.

I met my husband when I was working as a stripper and he was a customer. Now I'm pregnant. How will I explain to my child how we met?—P.R., Arlington, Virginia

You have about 10 years to think about it, but when the time comes, say your husband spotted you in a crowded club and asked you to dance. That might work on the in-laws too. If and when your teenager wants more details, tell him or her the truth. It's nothing to be ashamed of, but at that point it can be part of a more substantial discussion.

Last year I attended the Formula One race in Monaco, and now I'm hooked. However, I was disappointed to learn after the fact that I'd paid too much for my ticket. There were plenty available from the ticket office, but I bought mine from an online broker. I am planning to return in 2014 and am hoping to get tickets from the source. Is it possible to buy tickets two years in advance?—G.R., Atlanta, Georgia

You can probably find a broker who will allow you to buy the promise of a ticket, but the official channels don't open until about a year before each race. You can check Formula1.com or phone 888-205-3315, though you'll likely find tickets earlier if you visit the websites of local organizers. For instance, for Monte Carlo, order directly from the Automobile Club of Monaco (formula1monaco.com) for the May 23–26, 2013 event. (The 2014 season will be notable for two reasons: It will introduce the Russian Grand Prix in Sochi, as well as turbocharged, 1.6-liter V6 engines with eight-speed gearboxes.) As you know, the most important accessory when attending a race is earplugs, especially for street circuits such as Monaco where the noise bounces off buildings. Ed Murdoch of the travel agency Fugare1.com, which specializes in Formula One, says the best place to watch the race in Monte Carlo is from a yacht—you'll see a limited amount of the track, but you'll be close. If you buy a spot on a balcony, go high enough to clear the trees.

Do you know how to prevent ingrown hairs on the neck? I've tried tweezing, exfoliating with scrubs, shaving with hot and cold water and replacing my blade every two or three uses.—J.R., Manalapan, New Jersey

You mean pseudofolliculitis barbae? We're good friends. Razor bumps are called that because they appear to be infections of the gland or follicle. What actually happens is the razor irritates the skin to the point that the hairs start to curl inward and pierce it. If you have a steady hand, carefully lift the hairs with a straight pin or tweezers. Or take a weekend off from shaving to give your skin a break. To prevent ingrown hairs, always shave in the direction of growth, which on the lower neck means upward. Make sure your

beard is warm and wet. Try shaving twice a day, but use a lighter touch. And switch to a single-blade or safety razor.

My boyfriend likes me to talk dirty, but I always feel like such a nerd. I never know what to say. It's almost as though I need a flowchart. I feel the same way when I sext or have phone sex. Could you give me any tips?—B.W., Omaha, Nebraska

Your boyfriend isn't looking for poetry—not much rhymes with "lick my pussy" anyway. Just describe what he's doing to you or what you're doing to him and how much you enjoy it. And use the slang everyone uses when they're so turned on their frontal lobes turn off—pussy, cock, fucking, licking, sucking. For most guys, simply hearing a woman say "I can't wait to suck your cock" or "That feels so fucking good" will make him 22.5 percent harder.

I am not sure what to do in this situation so thought I would ask the Rabbit man. I am a guy who has a childhood friend who married another of our childhood friends. I do a lot with her (running, talking on the phone), as well as him. But I have developed a strong sexual desire for her and suspect she would not turn me away. How do I tell her about this without jeopardizing my lifelong relationships with both of them? I know she loves her husband, but she has made comments about his lack of size and quality in the bedroom. What should I do?—D.B., Evansville, Indiana

Masturbate. It will be less of a mess. Every fantasy need not become reality.

My brother is engaged, and our mother informs me he plans to ask me to be a groomsman. I am happy to attend the wedding, but I don't want to participate. My brother and I are not close, and I dislike his fiancée. In fact, I doubt he wants me in the wedding party. Under what circumstances may I decline?—P.R., Summit, New Jersey

It would be unseemly to decline. Accept graciously, then be quiet. No one cares what you think of your brother or his fiancée; this isn't an episode of Dr. Phil. All you're going to do is stand there, and though your brother may be indifferent to your presence, your mother will not be. She's being smart about this. The wedding isn't about you, but refusing to participate will put the focus there.

All reasonable questions—from fashion, food and drink, stereos and sports cars to dating dilemmas, taste and etiquette—will be personally answered if the writer includes a self-addressed, stamped envelope. The most interesting, pertinent questions will be presented in these pages. Write the Playboy Advisor, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or e-mail advisor@playboy.com. For updates, follow @playboyadvisor on Twitter.





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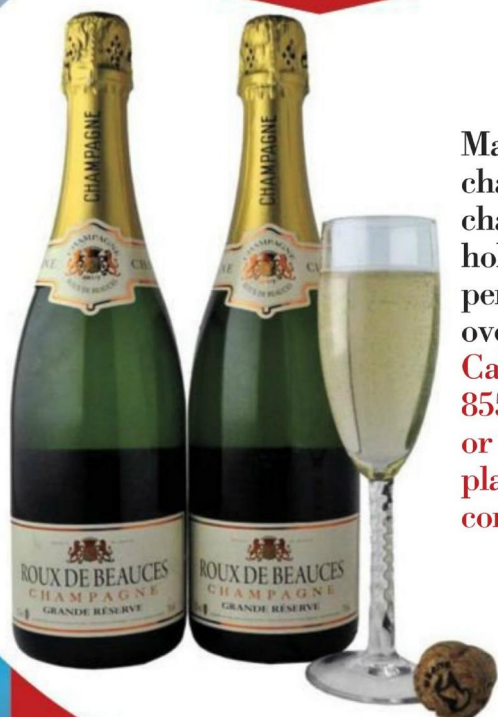


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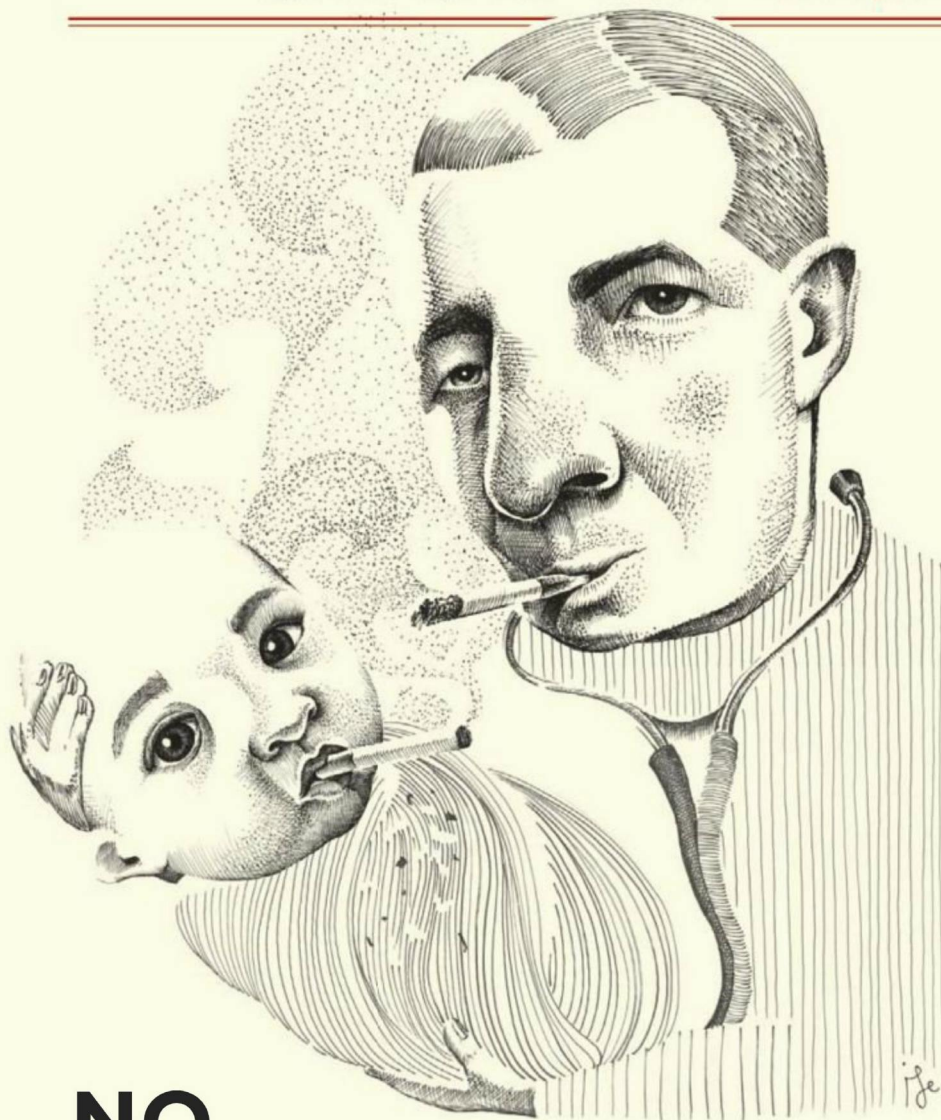
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Cigarettes before we knew better *Tax the poor* Playboy has wings



NO SMOKING

A poet laureate defends his nasty, filthy, thoroughly enjoyable habit

BY DONALD HALL

As I look at the barn in my ninth decade, I see the NO SMOKING sign, rusted and tilting on the unpainted gray clapboard. My grandfather, born in 1875, milked his cattle there a century ago. Neither of my grandparents smoked. I don't know when my grandfather nailed up the sign, but I

know why. Sometimes a tramp would dodge inside the barn after dark to sleep on a bed of hay, and once my grandfather found cigarette ash when he climbed to the tie-up in the morning. It doesn't take much to burn down a barn. Whenever I focus on the sign, white letters against red, I pull a cigarette from the pack beside me, flick my Bic and take a drag.

When my parents and I visited the farm way back, my father was required to do his smoking outside. My mother, who learned to smoke at college, pretended to her parents that she never touched the stuff. (My grandmother lived to be 97, and her sense of smell diminished. My elderly mother sneaked upstairs and puffed on a cigarette.) My father was a gentle and supportive man, but he was tense, shaky—and could not

READER RESPONSE

THE GOOD FIGHT

In *Sexual Freedom* (September), Hugh Hefner writes, "The fight for gay marriage is, in reality, a fight for all of our rights." He is correct. For religious conservatives, gay marriage is the thin edge of the political wedge because they think it's the easiest one to get past the rest of America. If they succeed, they'll be emboldened to go after contraception, abortion, anything they can label as pornography and whatever else offends their personal sensibilities—probably including things you enjoy. Americans worry about sharia law but are ignorant about the religious radicals already operating here. Religion-based discrimination must not be allowed to become law. It is bigotry parading under the guise of religious freedom.

Jim Morris
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania



I grew up in the Bible Belt. It was oppressive, to say the least. Superficial religious fanatics such as Billy Graham and Pat Boone were held up as role



READER RESPONSE

models. I remember reading about Charles Cotner in *PLAYBOY* and feeling outraged that a person could be imprisoned for a victimless crime. *PLAYBOY* was the first publication I was exposed to that argued homosexuals deserve the same legal protections as heterosexuals. Hef, the world is a better place for you and your creation. Thank you for your editorial and for more than half a century of fighting for sexual freedom.

Jim Adams
Columbus, Georgia

PLAYBOY ON THE PLANE

On a Southwest Airlines flight between Houston and Harlingen, Texas I decided to discreetly read the new issue of *PLAYBOY*. No one was sitting next to me. However, as I was reading, a flight attendant stopped in the aisle and said in a tense voice, "Please put that away, sir." I looked up, surprised. "Are you kidding me?" I asked. She replied, "Put it away. That isn't *National Geographic*." I sat in disbelief



for the remainder of the flight. Do any airlines have a policy that forbids passengers from reading *PLAYBOY*?

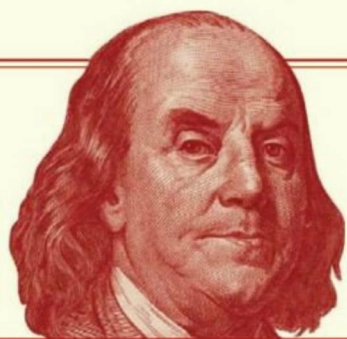
Richard Cardoza
San Ramon, California

According to the airlines, including Southwest, they do not. But it is wise to comply with flight attendants, as they have broad discretion and there is no reason to delay yourself and other passengers with this nonsense.

do without his Chesterfields. He walked up and down the driveway, dodging horse manure, to work on his four-pack-a-day habit. He started smoking when he was 14 and wasn't diagnosed with lung cancer until 1955, when he was 51.

Every time I write, say or think "lung cancer," I pick up a Pall Mall to calm myself.

In 1955 I lived with my wife and baby son about two hours away from my parents. In May I drove down for my father's exploratory



ILLEGAL TENDER

Greenbacks, as we know, are legal tender for all debts, public and private. But that's not the case with electronic currency. Earlier this year a federal lawsuit was filed in the Northern District of California against PayPal, the "faster, safer way to pay and get paid online." The plaintiff is InfoStream Group, a company that runs various dating websites. The suit accuses the online payment service of breach of contract, bad faith and unfair business practices. PayPal is notoriously inconsistent when it comes to who and what can receive money over its wires. It seems to abide by its own ethical framework, leaving users clueless as to permissible uses. WikiLeaks is the most prominent example. At the height of its popularity, it received more than \$800,000 in donations in one year via PayPal. In December 2010, PayPal froze \$80,000 in the WikiLeaks account, citing violations of the acceptable-use policy. That six-point policy prohibits transactions that "instruct others to engage in illegal activity." The business of releasing government documents can be messy, of course, but WikiLeaks had been instructing others to engage in illegal activity for some time before PayPal froze its account—which happened during its high-profile releases of U.S. government documents. At the same time, PayPal allowed the English Defence League, an Islamophobic movement that Anders Breivik boasted of joining, to receive donations. (Breivik killed 77 people in Norway in 2011.) The federal court case may strip the website of the legal privileges it thinks handling your money bestows. As one disgruntled user puts it, "PayPal has all the power of a bank and yet none of the responsibility." Another reason to stick with the benjamins.—Tyler Trykowski

operation and pushed his gurney into the elevator. My mother and I drove home to wait for the telephone call. If the phone did not ring for half a day, it could mean that the cancerous lung had been removed. The telephone rang too soon. When we arrived at the surgeon's office, Dr. Appel told us that he could not extract the tumor without killing my father. He said the short-term prospects were fine, but the long term.... (First my father would have radiation, which gave him two good months. He played golf and didn't die until December.) As my mother realized what Dr. Appel was telling us, her fingers twitched at her purse. For her convenience, the thoracic surgeon pushed his ashtray to the edge of the desk.

Everyone smoked in 1955. When adults had a party, they set out cigarettes in leather boxes on every table, every mantelpiece, every flat surface, beside silver Ronson lighters among myriad ashtrays. There were round crystal ashtrays and square ones with deep receptacles over ceramic bottoms; there were ashtrays that sprouted from the floor on black steel stems; there were ashtrays with cork humps in the middle, for knocking cinders out of a pipe. In Durham, North Carolina there is the Duke Homestead and Tobacco Museum. I imagine multiple busy artifacts overcrowding its showcases. There are museums elsewhere, but it would be tedious to visit them all. In Shanghai there's the China Tobacco Museum with a cigarette exhibition, and there's another in Indonesia.

In her attic, my friend Carole Colburn found a large volume. The American Tobacco Company published "*Sold American!*"—*The First 50 Years* to celebrate its birthday, 1904 to 1954. In 144 pages, nine by 12 inches and bound in bright red, the industry illustrates its development from the 16th century, when explorers and colonists first enjoyed the leaf proffered by generous Indians. Many companies were founded to cure tobacco, and there were three means of induction. You could sniff it, chew it or burn it. It wasn't until the Great War that cigarettes conquered both sides of the trenches. From the American Revolution through World War II, tobacco enhanced and facilitated slaughter.

Nowhere can I find the American Tobacco Company's centennial sequel, "*Harmful to Your Health!*"—*The First 100 Years*. I tried Amazon.

For 50 years, all American living rooms turned dense with smoke, as did bars, restaurants, hardware stores, hotel lobbies, cabins, business offices,

factory floors, sedans, hospital rooms, pizzerias, sweatshops, town meetings, laboratories, palaces, department stores, supermarkets, barbershops, McDonald's, beauty parlors, art galleries, bookstores, pharmacies, men's rooms, corner groceries, women's rooms, barns except for my grandfather's, movie houses, dairies, airports, offices of thoracic surgeons, depots, tearooms, Automats, cafeterias, town halls, Macy's, gymnasiums, igloos, waiting rooms, museums, newsrooms, classrooms, steel mills, libraries, lecture halls, emergency rooms, auditoriums, parks, Mongolian yurts and beaches—not to mention funeral parlors.

Tidying up living rooms after parties, host and hostess filled garbage cans with a thousand cigarette butts. Ashes and ground-out cigarettes outweighed burned toast, eggshells, paper towels, tin cans, hypodermic needles and kitty litter. In 1954, 23 cents bought a pack of cigarettes, which has come to cost maybe \$6 to \$8, depending on state taxes. Hotels didn't need to designate smoking rooms, because people smoked in all the rooms. The back page of every magazine—*Time*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *U.S. News*, *Life*—carried a full-color ad for cigarettes. Even today, retir-

ing boomers remember the Marlboro Man, who suggested that cigarettes enlarged one's penis. Virginia Slims deepened one's cleavage. A prominent advertising theme was medical. A solemn man looked us straight in the eye and pointed his finger at us, the way Uncle Sam recruited us during World War I. The man wore a

white coat with a head mirror and a stethoscope draped around his shoulders. "Old Gold," he told us firmly, "is good for you!"

Then the surgeon general put terrifying labels on each pack, and by the millennium everyone decent knew that smoking was unforgivable, like mass murder or Rush Limbaugh. My dear friend Alice Mattison twice bopped me on the face to dis-

lodge a Kent. At first there were smoking areas in bars and restaurants and smoking rooms in hotels, but soon all smoking was forbidden in all public places. Guilty, grubby men and women gathered on sidewalks in front of buildings. Despite blizzards and record heat, people in johnnies stood outside hospitals, a cigarette in one hand and an IV pole in the other. Everyone huddled in shame, bending heads to conceal identity, and took deep drags of emphysema, congestive heart, high blood pressure, heart dis-

*Hotels
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READER RESPONSE

I was flying on Southwest from New Orleans to Houston and took along an issue of *PLAYBOY*. I was reading the article about Jean Harlow (*The Original Blonde*, December 2011) as we prepared for takeoff, and a flight attendant leaned over to say something to me. I lost my right ear and most of my hearing flying 200 bombing missions for the Air Force, so



I had trouble understanding her. Finally she pointed to the magazine, and I got it—she was telling me I shouldn't be looking at Hollywood blondes. I was taken aback but said okay and turned to the college basketball preview. She shook her head no; I had to put the magazine away. After we deplaned in Houston, I informed the attendant that I was offended by her telling me what to read. A busybody behind me huffed in response, "PLAYBOY!" I told her she could get her own copy in the terminal.

Don Phillips
San Antonio, Texas

PLAYBOY BEHIND BARS

Like many prisoners, I subscribe to *PLAYBOY*. However, the Connecticut Department of Correction now bans inmates from receiving material depicting sexual activity or nudity unless it has "literary, artistic, educational or scientific" value. The commissioner claims this is necessary to aid in our "rehabilitation" and to prevent harassment of female guards. I do not believe the department has a legal right to ban *PLAYBOY*, but I don't have the resources to challenge it.

Wayne Radney
Newtown, Connecticut

I am incarcerated at the Stateville Correctional Center. Last year



READER RESPONSE

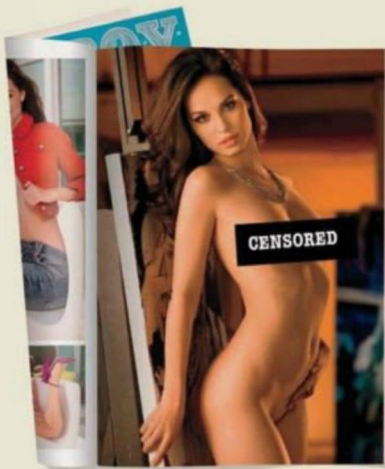
the new head of the mail room deemed photos of actresses in lingerie too explicit to distribute. I fear PLAYBOY will be next. Can you stop this madwoman?

Rolando Vargas
Joliet, Illinois

PLAYBOY has never been shy about speaking up for prisoners' rights, so I find it odd that you refuse to send special editions and calendars to inmates. Why the double standard?

Matthew Harper
Jarratt, Virginia

We'd love to take your money, but when we send anything besides the magazine to prisons it is almost always refused. The U.S. Supreme Court has said wardens can ban certain magazines and books for a "legitimate penological interest," which is vague enough to be hard to challenge unless the censorship is extreme, such as when the Berkeley County, South Carolina jail withheld all printed material except the Bible. Lawyers for the jail argued that staples and clips



used to bind paper could be turned into weapons and that sexual content causes masturbation, which might prompt a sex-crazed inmate to rape a guard or be assaulted himself by grossed-out cell mates. The ACLU sued, calling the policy far too broad, and the jail rescinded the ban.

E-mail letters@playboy.com.
Or write 9346 Civic Center Drive,
Beverly Hills, California 90210.

ease, COPD (whatever that is) and cancer of the mouth, esophagus and lung.

For a moment I interrupt myself. Ah, that's better.

My friend Carole smokes cigarettes, the only friend who does. When she visits we sit opposite each other smoking and talking about death. We speak of how, when we're driving or watching a game on TV or reading, we pick up a cigarette, light it and inhale—in order to have *something to do*. Is it a masturbation substitution? There's one advantage to smoking, about which we agree. When we turn blue, we will not need to ask, "Why me?"

Sentient, sensible human beings flee into the bushes when we exhale. When Linda Kunhardt stays with me, I step outside on the porch to smoke. (From cars passing at night I feel the horror and rage of motorists who witness the red tip of my culpability.) It puts off for a moment the agony of deprived addiction. Depraved. Something I haven't mentioned about the benefit of cigarettes. When I am twisted by a hacking cough—which interrupts me as I read obituaries or Ira Byock on palliative care—guess what stops my coughing.

Linda praises, with reluctance, another result of my smoking. She accompanies me on poetry readings and says my ravaged throat keeps my voice low and resonant. At the end of a reading, people line up for signatures; sometimes, interrupting the customers, I pretend to use the men's room. When I was offered the poet laureateship I decided I must turn it down because I couldn't smoke in the laureate's office; I changed my mind when I learned I could avoid the office. When I visited it once during my tenure, a librarian unscrewed a long window that opened onto a secure balcony. At an AWP convention—a writers' group—10,000 people were registered at a Chicago hotel. When I walked through the lobby to lumber outside and smoke, I was assailed by 400 emerging poets and fled as soon as I could. If you smoked in your hotel room, the fine was \$700. I cracked the window and smoked in the hotel room. The chambermaid did not snitch.

Kendel Currier is my assistant who types my drafts and my letters, who bookkeeps, who solves my technical problems, who explains legal and

financial documents and who drives me places. Once she found a cigarette butt in the leather case I'd left for her on my porch. A misplaced cigarette had torched my revisions. "I couldn't find it. I figured it went out." Once when the snow melted, she harvested from the garden by the porch a bushel basket of soggy butts that I had hurled all winter into snowdrifts. Another time, she drove me in my car all the way to New York, and I courteously opened the window to smoke. Somewhere around Springfield, Massachusetts she told me I could not smoke in my own car. She parked and I walked up and down a gutter, inhaling relief. Kendel is kind, but Kendel is a hard case.

I came late to cigarettes. When I was young, I smoked cigars in Exeter's butt rooms. (Prep schools provided smoking retreats in each dormitory.) Later I smoked cigars in lecture halls when I taught and on all social occasions. One friend told me that whenever I smoked Coronas at her cocktail parties she sent her drapes to the cleaners. Of course I didn't

inhale—I didn't know how—but when I blew out a lungful of cigar smoke, I choked on the murk around me. Everybody did. I even smoked cigars during psychotherapy. Dr. Frohlich was a psychoanalyst, the only one in Ann Arbor who did therapy. Therapy instead of analysis kept the two of us face-to-face—I didn't lie on a couch—and we met only three times a week, for only four years. While I sat with a smoldering Judges Cave, Dr. Frohlich

*There is one
advantage
to smoking.
When we turn
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not need to
ask, "Why me?"*





was to turn a professor on. Never did I need to buy a joint, and unlike Bill Clinton I accepted instruction in inhaling, learning to enjoy the pain, which moved from weed to cigarettes. Alas, I had another, deeper reason for seeking humiliation and harm. I endured a volcanic love affair with a beautiful young woman who was not psychotic but whose utterances sounded like surrealism. She had other attractions, of which she was aware, but she felt devastated by one unforgivable flaw: She could not stop smoking Kents. In our assignments the foggy air trembled with erotic joy. She adored the sex but abhorred the fog. Then, viciously, she dumped me. I went crazy; I daydreamed suicide; I took up Kents for revenge. I have not seen her for decades, and at 80-some I am still proclaiming, “*Look what you did!*”

If my tender father had not smoked so much, by now he would have turned 115. From the late 1960s into the millennium, American living rooms have become smokeless, as well as bars, restaurants, hardware stores, hotel lobbies, cabins, business offices, factory floors, sedans, hospital rooms, pizzerias, sweatshops, town meetings, laboratories, palaces, department stores, supermarkets, barbershops, McDonald’s, beauty parlors, art galleries, bookstores, pharmacies, men’s rooms, corner groceries, women’s rooms, barns except for mine, movie houses, dairies, airports, offices of thoracic surgeons, depots, tearooms, Automats, cafeterias, town halls, Macy’s, gymnasiums, igloos, waiting rooms, museums, newsrooms, classrooms, steel mills, libraries, lecture halls, emergency rooms, auditoriums, parks, Mongolian yurts, beaches and definitely funeral parlors. ■

smoked Camels, sometimes lighting a new one from the butt of the old. He had smoked from early adulthood through four years of medical school, an internship, two years of psychiatric residency, analytic training for five years at an institute and decades of practice. He was 70 and told me that he finished four cartons a week. During a session late in our progress I noticed he was not smoking. I asked him why, and he told me that his elder son had asked him to stop. Dr. Frohlich answered that it would not help him, after all these years. When his son replied that he was thinking of himself and of secondary smoke, Dr. Frohlich stopped smoking. He told me it was easy. He lived to be 93.

Like all smokers I quit from time to time. In New Hampshire once, I stopped for good, as it seemed. Someone told me about a hypnotist in Concord who cured smokers. I’ve always been easy to hypnotize. (If you have an overdeveloped ego, you are not scared of surrender.) The moment I met the doctor, I knew he was a fraud. With a starched white coat, he was as handsome and suave as the model who recommended Old Golds for your health. But what the hell? I decided to go ahead and try. In a small room he spoke to me soothingly, his tone impersonating a hypnotist’s. When I felt sleepy he turned on a tape of his own voice and left the room. When the recording finished, I knew I would never smoke again. I left his office feeling ecstatic. Illicitly, I threw a pack in the gutter. For seven weeks, I continued to feel blissful without nicotine. Then one night at supertime, before I would fly

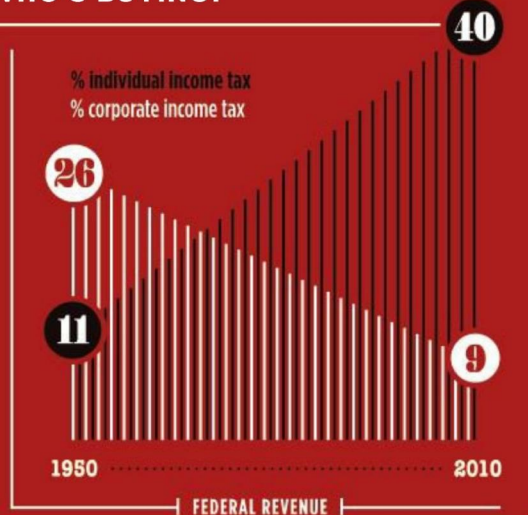
to Arkansas in the morning, the phone rang. My dearest friend from school and college had dropped dead at the age of 50. Driving to Logan Airport on my way to the reading, I stopped at the first open shop and bought cigarettes. A week later I returned to the hypnotist and told him I had failed. He put me under again, but nothing happened. He told me, “If this doesn’t work, we’ll try psychoanalysis....”

I was 40 before I smoked a cigarette, about the time the surgeon general issued his fuddy-duddy warning. I was a college teacher, separated from my wife, and had entered a fringe of the counterculture that took over the 1960s. My students’ greatest sport

WHO’S BUYING?

Unless you’re a hedge-fund trader who takes compensation in the form of capital gains, you pay a lot of payroll taxes. These taxes—which include Social Security, Medicare and unemployment insurance—are regressive, meaning if you’re poor, you pay a higher percentage of your income than if you’re rich. As the chart at right shows, federal payroll taxes have contributed an increasing share of federal revenue over the past 60 years—nearly four times as much in 2010 as in 1950. Meanwhile, the share of revenue coming from corporate income tax has dropped from about one quarter in 1950 to less than one tenth today. Wonder why? ■

Source: Office of Management and Budget.





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PLAYBOY INTERVIEW: QUENTIN TARANTINO

A candid conversation with the maverick director about why bloodier is better, the fun of reinventing history and how he wants his career to end

When *PLAYBOY* interviewed Quentin Tarantino in 2003, it had been six years since the release of *Jackie Brown*, and as he prepared for the release of *Kill Bill*, the question loomed: Could Tarantino, who had broken all the rules, changed the crime genre with *Reservoir Dogs* and the Oscar-winning *Pulp Fiction* and spawned a legion of imitators, keep it up?

By the time Uma Thurman sliced and diced her way to vengeance for the massacre at her wedding, the clear answer was yes. Nine years later, nobody questions Tarantino's staying power anymore. His patented formula: reinventing established genres, mining his encyclopedic knowledge of film, writing dialogue that attracts big stars and injecting his unique sensibility and skewed worldview into otherwise predictable events. The result is an original blend that, along with his outsize personality, has transformed him into one of the few directors whose name means something at the box office. With a deal that gives him final cut, a large percentage of gross and the kind of autonomy most directors can only dream of, Tarantino writes his own rules. With the exception of *Grindhouse*—the *B-movie* homage he made with his *From Dusk Till Dawn* collaborator Robert Rodriguez—Tarantino's movies have all made money.

After *Kill Bill*, Tarantino even rewrote history, killing Hitler and his Third Reich cronies in *Inglourious Basterds*, a violent wish-fulfillment fantasy. The film garnered eight Oscar nominations (and a best supporting actor trophy for Christoph Waltz) and became Tarantino's most financially successful film to date, with \$321 million in worldwide ticket sales.

Now Tarantino is back with *Django Unchained*. Just as *Inglourious Basterds* started out as a *Dirty Dozen*-style mission movie, Tarantino began with the goal of writing a spaghetti Western. Only he set it in the antebellum South, and its protagonist is a slave (Jamie Foxx) who is freed by a bounty hunter—dentist (Waltz) and taught the bounty-hunting trade. *Django* is on a collision course with a plantation owner (Leonardo DiCaprio) who has consigned *Django*'s wife, Broomhilda (Kerry Washington), to sexual servitude. The depiction of female slaves forced to engage in sex with their masters and males pitted against one another in brutal to-the-death brawls is sure to raise controversy, but subtlety has never been Tarantino's favorite technique.

We sent writer Michael Fleming (who conducted our recent Tom Cruise interview as well as the interview with Tarantino in

2003) to catch up with the writer-director. Fleming reports: "Quentin, now 49, has certainly matured from the filmmaker who told raucous tales of brawling with cabdrivers and taking ecstasy at the Great Wall of China while filming *Kill Bill*. We met at his house high in the hills of Los Angeles, a home that sports a great view of the Valley. The first thing I noticed when I drove up was the gaudily painted Pussy Wagon, the bright yellow Chevy Silverado SS that Uma Thurman drives in *Kill Bill*. Above that is a drive-in movie theater sign, a prop from *Grindhouse*.

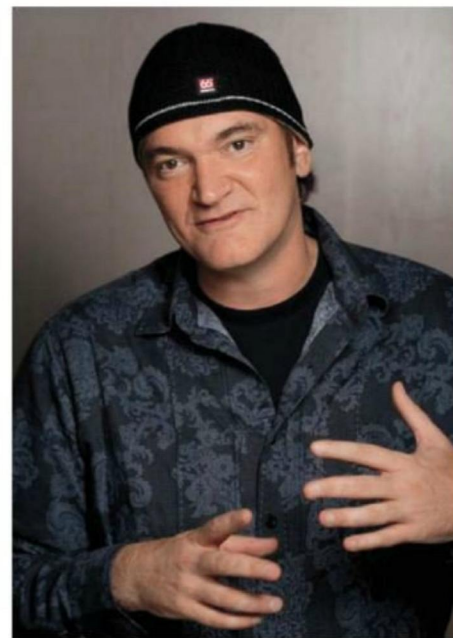
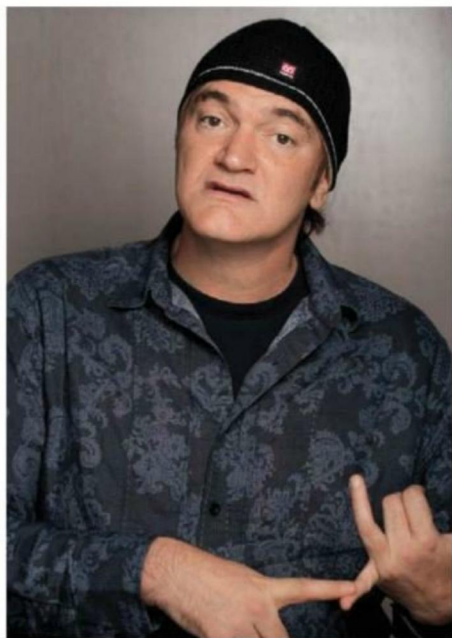
"His house is filled with movie memorabilia. Posters for unexpected films—*Children Shouldn't Play With Dead Things*, for example—hang on one wall, and I think I spotted oversize green Hulk hands. You can tell Tarantino is still single and able to indulge his voracious appetite for all things movies, because no wife would put up with it."

PLAYBOY: Is that the real Pussy Wagon in the driveway, the one the Bride drives in *Kill Bill*?

TARANTINO: Oh, yeah.

PLAYBOY: Do you actually drive it?

TARANTINO: I haven't in a little bit. It was kind of fucked-up because it just sat there for a long time while I was off



PHOTOGRAPHY BY DAVID ROSE

"To me, *Django Unchained* is a Western but set in the Deep South. What I was interested in as far as slavery was the business aspect. How much did they cost? How many slaves did an average person have? How did auction houses work?"

"I wouldn't do anything impaired while making a movie. I don't so much write high, but say you're thinking about a musical sequence. You smoke a joint, you put on some music and you come up with some good ideas."

"Directors don't get better as they get older. Usually the worst films in their filmography are those last four at the end. I'm all about my filmography, and one bad film fucks up three good ones. When directors get out-of-date, it's not pretty."

filming. We just got it looking nice again. **PLAYBOY:** It's probably not the best car for Quentin Tarantino to be driving if discretion is the goal.

TARANTINO: No, but it's fun to do the opposite sometimes, to cruise with the windows down. You take the big, long Malibu drive and everybody is like, "Hey, it's Quentin." That's fun.

PLAYBOY: You killed Hitler in *Inglourious Basterds*, with Jewish soldiers scalping Nazis. In *Django Unchained* you have a liberated slave turned bounty hunter who takes on the slave masters who turned his wife into a prostitute. Hollywood is recycling fairy tales, from *Alice in Wonderland* to *The Wizard of Oz*. Are you doing a more creative version by crafting revisionist-history fables that allow victims of loathsome events to rise up and have their day?

TARANTINO: It's in the eye of the beholder to say if it's more creative or not, but that is what I'm doing, partly because I would just like to see it. You turn on a movie and know how things are going to go in most films. Every once in a while films don't play by the rules. It's liberating when you don't know what's happening next. Most of the movies that have done that did it accidentally, like they punched into a contraband area they hadn't quite thought all the way through. But for that moment in the film, it is liberating. I thought, What about telling these kinds of stories my way—rough and tough but gratifying at the end?

PLAYBOY: What movie sparked this idea?

TARANTINO: When it came to *Inglourious Basterds*, there was a movie done in 1942, *Hitler—Dead or Alive*. It was just as America had entered the war. A rich guy offers a million-dollar bounty on Hitler's life. Three gangsters come up with a plan to kill Hitler. They parachute into Berlin and work their way to where Hitler is. It's a wacky movie that goes from being serious to very funny. The gangsters get Hitler, and when they start beating the fuck out of him, it is just so enjoyable. They shave his mustache off, cut off that lock of hair and take his shit off so he looks like a regular guy. The Nazis show up, and Hitler, who doesn't look like Hitler anymore, is like, "Hey, it's me!" And they beat the shit out of him. I thought, Wow, this is fucking hysterical.

PLAYBOY: When viewers get to the end of *Inglourious Basterds*, the common reaction is, Wait, is Tarantino allowed to change history like this?

TARANTINO: That wasn't the jumping-off point for the film—it didn't come to me till just a little bit before I wrote it. I'd written all day and was meditating about what the next day's work was going to be. I was listening to music, pacing around, and finally I just grabbed a pen, went over to a piece of paper and wrote, "Just fucking kill him." I put it

near my bedside table so I would see it when I woke up the next morning and could decide after a night's sleep if it was still a good idea. I saw it, paced around awhile and said, "Yeah, that's a good idea." I went out on the balcony and started writing. And I just fucking killed him. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: You've also mixed history with fiction in *Django Unchained*. Did you study films or history to capture pre-Civil War life in the Deep South?

TARANTINO: You could make a case for watching World War II movies, if only to learn the clichés that help storytelling by giving the audience what they're used to. There are only a handful of real slave movies. To me this is a Western but set in the Deep South. What I was interested in as far as slavery was the business aspect: Humans as chattel—how did that work? How much did they cost? How many slaves did an average person in Mississippi have? How did auction houses work? What were the social strata inside a plantation?

PLAYBOY: What do you mean?

TARANTINO: In the case of *Django Un-*

I'm not trying to be inflammatory. I'm just telling my story the way I'm telling it. I'm doing it about a section of history that couldn't be more surreal or cruel.

chained, Leonardo DiCaprio's character, Calvin Candie, is a plantation owner who has 65 square miles of land. He's like *Bonanza*'s Ben Cartwright but in the South, one of a handful of cotton families in Mississippi. Anybody in that position is like a king in their own kingdom. All the poor whites who work for them and all the slaves are their subjects. They own everything as far as they can see, and the plantation is completely self-contained as a moneymaking entity. Candie is born into this, which means he doesn't have to give a fuck about the business anymore; it takes care of itself. It's a weird perversion of European aristocracy. That was a fascinating perspective to use with the whole story and with how Candie chooses to spend his time.

PLAYBOY: In the movie, slaves are raped and men fight against each other like pit bulls. When you made *Jackie Brown* and *Pulp Fiction*, you were criticized for liberal use of the N word. There's plenty of that here. Are you sitting on a powder keg?

TARANTINO: Now I'm picturing myself

sitting on a keg of TNT like a *Looney Tunes* cartoon. It remains to be seen, I guess. If we are, it's not because I'm trying to be inflammatory. I'm just telling my story the way I'm telling it. I'm putting it in a spaghetti Western framework and highlighting the surreal qualities inherent in the material. I'm highlighting them mythically and operatically, and in terms of violence and gruesomeness, with pitch-black humor. That's all part of the spaghetti Western genre, but I'm doing it about a section of history that couldn't be more surreal, bizarre, cruel or perversely comedic when looked at from a certain view. They go hand in hand.

PLAYBOY: But the idea of portraying these slave women as prostitutes—

TARANTINO: Well, they're not 100 percent prostitutes. The Cleopatra Club in the film is not a brothel. It's a gentlemen's club, a bring-your-own-bottle kind of place. There it's bring your own pony, and you can have dinner with her.

PLAYBOY: Pony is the term for an attractive slave woman?

TARANTINO: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: And that really existed?

TARANTINO: Oh yeah, absolutely. I think it's the cornerstone of slavery, or one of the things that made it work. Aside from the labor force, it was the sex on demand. The minute people own other people, we all know that's definitely part of it. Did they do that back then? Yes. They do that right now—go to Bangkok. The thing about the Cleopatra Club is, if you like your slave girl you can take her there. You can have dinner. You can socialize. If you are a guy who wants to take your pony and just fuck her for a night on the town, okay, you can do that. But maybe you actually love your girl and she's kind of your de facto wife. This is a way to take her out and show her a good time.

PLAYBOY: You originally wanted Will Smith to play Django. How close did you come to getting him?

TARANTINO: We spent quite a few hours together over a weekend when he was in New York doing *Men in Black 3*. We went over the script and talked it out. I had a good time—he's a smart, cool guy. I think half the process was an excuse for us to hang out and spend time with one another. I had just finished the script. It was cool to talk to someone who wasn't guarded about what he was saying.

PLAYBOY: What did he have to say?

TARANTINO: That's private stuff between us, but nothing negative.

PLAYBOY: He has to evaluate material partly based on his status as arguably the world's biggest star and certainly its biggest African American star.

TARANTINO: Yeah, I know. But he didn't walk away from it because he was scared of the material.

PLAYBOY: Why then?

TARANTINO: It just wasn't 100 percent right, and we didn't have time to try to make it that way. We left with me saying, "Look, I'm going to see other people." He said, "Let me just see how I feel, and if you don't find anybody, let's talk again." And then I found my guy.

PLAYBOY: Why Jamie Foxx?

TARANTINO: There are a lot of reasons I could say, but the gigantic one is that he was the cowboy. I met six different actors and had extensive meetings with all of them, and I went in-depth on all their work.

PLAYBOY: Who?

TARANTINO: Idris Elba. I got together with Chris Tucker, Terrence Howard, M.K. Williams.

PLAYBOY: Williams, from *The Wire* and *Boardwalk Empire*?

TARANTINO: Yes. I talked with Tyrese. They all appreciated the material, and I was going to put them through the paces, make them go off against one another and kind of put up an obstacle course. And then I met Jamie and realized I didn't need to do that. Jamie understood the material. But mostly he was the cowboy. Forget the fact that he has his own horse—and that is actually his horse in the movie. He's from Texas; he understands. We sat there talking, and I realized, Wow, if this were the 1960s and I was casting a *Django* Western TV show and they had black guys as stars of those in the 1960s, I could see Jamie on one of those. And that's what I was looking for, a Clint Eastwood.

PLAYBOY: When **PLAYBOY** interviewed Foxx several years ago, he talked about growing up in Texas. Even though he was the football team's star quarterback, he was regularly called racist names and treated badly. How did that inform his performance?

TARANTINO: He understood what it's like to be thought of as an "other." Even though he's on the football team, one of the stars, when he goes out with the pretty white girl in the school, everyone loses their minds. He understood what it's like to be hired as a piano player in a big white Texas home. When you're the black piano player at a cocktail party, you're furniture. You don't talk to nobody. No one talks to you. They're not supposed to even think about you. They should be able to say anything they want to say because you are furniture.

PLAYBOY: So they can say something racist if they want.

TARANTINO: And they did.

PLAYBOY: And you're invisible.

TARANTINO: That's exactly it. He told me many stories like that, how the lady of the house is paying him, saying, "Look, I'm sorry about the things that some of the guests and my husband said. They didn't mean anything by it. Here's some cash." He told me that once he showed up and they

said, "Whoa, whoa, you need a jacket to come in here." He said, "Oh, well, I would've brought one, but nobody told me." And they said, "That's okay. We got an extra jacket up there. I'll get it for you." They give him a jacket, he does his thing, and he's getting ready to leave. "Okay, here's your jacket." They're like, "Whoa, hey, that's your jacket now, buddy. I don't want that jacket." They said that to his face.

PLAYBOY: How are you when actors ask you to change material?

TARANTINO: Well, somebody can actually have a good idea and come up with a neat "Hey, well, what if this happens?" Sometimes it's "Oh, wow, that's a good idea. Let me think about it." People have given me good ideas. But it's not like I hand in a script and get notes back. I'll get notes back on the cut of the movie, but if people have a problem with the script, we're probably not making the movie together. The studios that made *Django* also did *Inglourious Basterds*, and they were all happy. It was never an issue with all the subtitles in that film. Nobody said, "Can we try

I make violent movies. I like violent movies. I never get into this argument because no one has this argument with me. They know where I'm coming from.

it in English?" They just knew it wasn't the deal. The way it has worked with me since the beginning is, it's all in the script. I might change something, but if you read and liked the script, you'll probably like the movie.

PLAYBOY: When you shoot a slave movie in the Deep South, how does the community react?

TARANTINO: Sociologically one of the most interesting things went down when we were on the Don Johnson character's plantation, Bennet Manor. He has cotton fields there, and he has cotton pickers—girls, men, children, old people. But he also has ponies, and he's the one who sells pretty girls. That's his big stock: He is a plantation pimp, and people come from far and wide to his plantation to buy one of his pretty girls. We had a bunch of extras from the community, St. John the Baptist Parish. It was cool, re-creating this history with black Southern extras whose families have lived there forever. They knew what went on back then. Then there was a social-dividing issue between the extras that mirrored the

ones between their slave characters in the movie. The ponies were pretty, and they looked down on the extras playing cotton-picker slaves. They thought they were better than them. And the people playing the house servants looked down on the people playing the cotton pickers. And the cotton pickers thought the people playing the house servants and the ponies were stuck-up bitches. Then there was a fourth breakdown, between the darker skinned and the lighter skinned. Obviously not for everybody, and it wasn't a gigantic problem, but it was something you noticed. They started mirroring the social situations of their characters, being on this plantation for a few weeks.

PLAYBOY: What about the local whites? Were they resentful?

TARANTINO: Well, frankly, there weren't that many whites in the area on our set. We had local crew for sure, but there was no reason for whites in the area to be hanging around.

PLAYBOY: Leonardo DiCaprio was initially mentioned for the Hans Landa role that won Christoph Waltz an Academy Award in *Inglourious Basterds*. DiCaprio's your new villain now.

TARANTINO: Leo and I never actually got together and talked about *Inglourious Basterds*. He was curious about playing the role, but I knew I needed somebody with all those linguistic skills. Leo can actually speak good German, but Landa spoke French in the movie more than German. So it was never in the cards. But Leo and I have hung out over the course of 15 years, and he likes my writing and makes sure he gets a copy of scripts I finish to see if there's anything that might float his boat. He got this one and really liked Calvin Candie.

PLAYBOY: He called you?

TARANTINO: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: When you wrote Candie, did you have anyone in mind?

TARANTINO: I did, but I don't want to say who, simply because when I finished the script I realized they were a little older than I wanted the character to be. That's a problem I have. I'll be thinking about somebody and not take into account that I'm thinking of them from 20 years ago. Leo was younger than I had initially written, but I read it again and could see no reason why the character couldn't be younger. And since I'm hitting hard this notion of the American South re-creating European aristocracy in this amateur make-it-up-as-you-go-along fashion, the notion of him as the boy emperor was cool. His daddy was a cotton man, his daddy's daddy was a cotton man and so was his father before him. So Candie doesn't have to do anything. It's all set up, and he can be the petulant ruler with other interests. His passion is not cotton. It's Mandingo fighting.

PLAYBOY: Is he a classic Tarantino villain?
TARANTINO: He's the first villain I've ever written that I didn't like. I hated Candie, and I normally like my villains no matter how bad they are. I see their point of view. I could see his point of view, but I hated it so much. For the first time as a writer, I just fucking hated this guy.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TARANTINO: He is master of the institution of slavery, and my despising that is why I wrote this whole thing. He's the bedrock of it all. So I thought, Wow, I got Leo, and he doesn't know that it's a lot of smoke and mirrors and not as good as some of these other parts. But working with Leo, we ended up making it as good as all those other parts. The whole petulant boy emperor idea solidified as opposed to the older plantation big-daddy fellow. Leo formed a new character, and he was direct about what he wanted to do. Just as I have an agenda about history that I want to get across in this movie, so does he, and he brought all this research into his character. Leo had a nice monologue, talking about being a boy and his father doing this and being surrounded by black faces growing up. How could he ever be anything other than what he is? He was born into this. Is a prince going to deny the throne, his kingdom? I still blame him, but what chance did he have?

PLAYBOY: You write terrific villains. Who set the bar highest for bad guys for you?

TARANTINO: Lee Van Cleef is one of my favorite actors. I love him in *The Good, the Bad and the Ugly*.

PLAYBOY: What makes a good bad guy?

TARANTINO: You can point at a movie like *Schindler's List* and there's Ralph Fiennes. And there's *No Country for Old Men* and Javier Bardem, and *Inglourious Basterds* and Christoph Waltz. The last time I watched a regular genre movie and the bad guy showed up and blew me away was Alan Rickman in *Die Hard*. It was the way he took over the film. It's definitely fun to write characters like that. But what I'm always trying to do, even in the case of *Reservoir Dogs*, is get you to kind of like these guys, despite on-screen evidence that you shouldn't. Despite the things they do and say and despite their agenda. I also like making people laugh at fucked-up shit.

PLAYBOY: The last time you did a *Playboy Interview* you described being propositioned by women mailing you photos and things. What does the mail look like now?

TARANTINO: If I'm at a film festival, out and about in town or in a bar, I can chat a gal up and it's still all good. I don't keep up with mail anymore. When I went to the Venice Film Festival and was the head of the jury, I couldn't do anything because everyone knew I was

there. You go down to the bar, where it was always cool to drink with some of the other jury members, but it was a constant bum's rush.

PLAYBOY: You took ecstasy at the Great Wall to let off steam while you were making *Kill Bill*. When you shoot a tense slave drama in the Deep South, how do you let loose?

TARANTINO: This movie was so hard. I thought about it in terms of *Kill Bill*, and I was like, Okay, I am not partying like I did on that one. We had the weekends off, and sometimes I found myself sleeping all Saturday and maybe every once in a while going out to dinner.

PLAYBOY: You told Howard Stern that Brad Pitt cut you a hunk from a hash brick while you were talking about *Inglourious Basterds*. What kind of trouble did you get in from Brad, or from Angelina Jolie?

TARANTINO: Oh no, that time I was okay. Brad fucking started it. He mentioned it at a fucking press conference. I'd mentioned it earlier, but he made it official. Maybe he doesn't realize he's the one who officially started it, but he

If I had a wife, I would probably be more polite. She would make me write thank-you notes, which I won't do on my own. I wouldn't be such a caveman.

did. But it was all good. It got picked up on a zillion sites: "Quentin gets Brad high to say yes to *Basterds*." And then 996 related articles. [laughs]

PLAYBOY: Do drugs have a positive impact on your creative process while you're writing or directing?

TARANTINO: Well, no. I wouldn't do anything impaired while making a movie. I don't so much write high, but say you're thinking about a musical sequence. You smoke a joint, you put on some music, you listen to it and you come up with some good ideas. Or maybe you're chilling out at the end of the day and you smoke some pot, and all of a sudden you're spinning a web about what you've just done. Maybe you come up with a good idea. Maybe it just seems like a good idea because you're stoned, but you write it down and look at it the next day. Sometimes it's fucking awesome. I don't need pot to write, but it's kind of cool. Making this movie was really hard. The weekend comes and all I want to do is smoke out to veg. It's just shutting down. My blowout on *Django* was always Friday night. In New

Orleans, me and the crew would go out to some bar. There were tons of bars, and some of them were pretty wild. We would be out till six or seven in the morning and then just sleep all day, recuperate Sunday, maybe show a movie and be back at it Monday.

PLAYBOY: Do you have a medicinal marijuana prescription, which allows everybody in Hollywood to get pot legally?

TARANTINO: I might be the only guy here who doesn't have that.

PLAYBOY: You turn 50 next year. Do you think about getting married and having kids?

TARANTINO: We'll see. I've had things that have almost worked out but haven't, where I thought I'd get married and have kids. I'm not necessarily against it anymore. I was into it, but then I got over it. I had a little baby fever for a while but got over it.

PLAYBOY: Did you spend quality time around a little kid?

TARANTINO: No, no, no. The movie I'm working on is my baby. But I'm in an open time in my life right now, and I'm kind of interested to see what's going to happen next.

PLAYBOY: Is any of that because you're about to turn 50?

TARANTINO: I don't think so, because I don't think about it like that. I think you're the first person to keep referring to my turning 50. [laughs] Yeah, I'm still hanging on to my 49. I have a little while yet. All this 50 talk? It's just mean.

PLAYBOY: It's pissing you off?

TARANTINO: Yeah. [laughs] I could be open right now to meeting a cool girl, getting along with her, taking it to the next step and, if that's good, taking it to the next step. And let's just see what the deal is.

PLAYBOY: You're going to be one of those 65-year-old guys chasing kids around the house, aren't you?

TARANTINO: Frankly, I wouldn't have a problem with that at all. I mean, a little ego in me would like to be younger when I have kids, but fucking kids don't give a shit. And there is that aspect of being older now and having time with them. You don't have better shit to do. The kid doesn't care.

PLAYBOY: What's the most appealing thing about living a single man's life?

TARANTINO: I have the freedom to do what I want. I can make the day whatever I want to make it. People with families have responsibilities to their team. I'm sure there are negative aspects to my bohemian lifestyle, to be sure.

PLAYBOY: Like what?

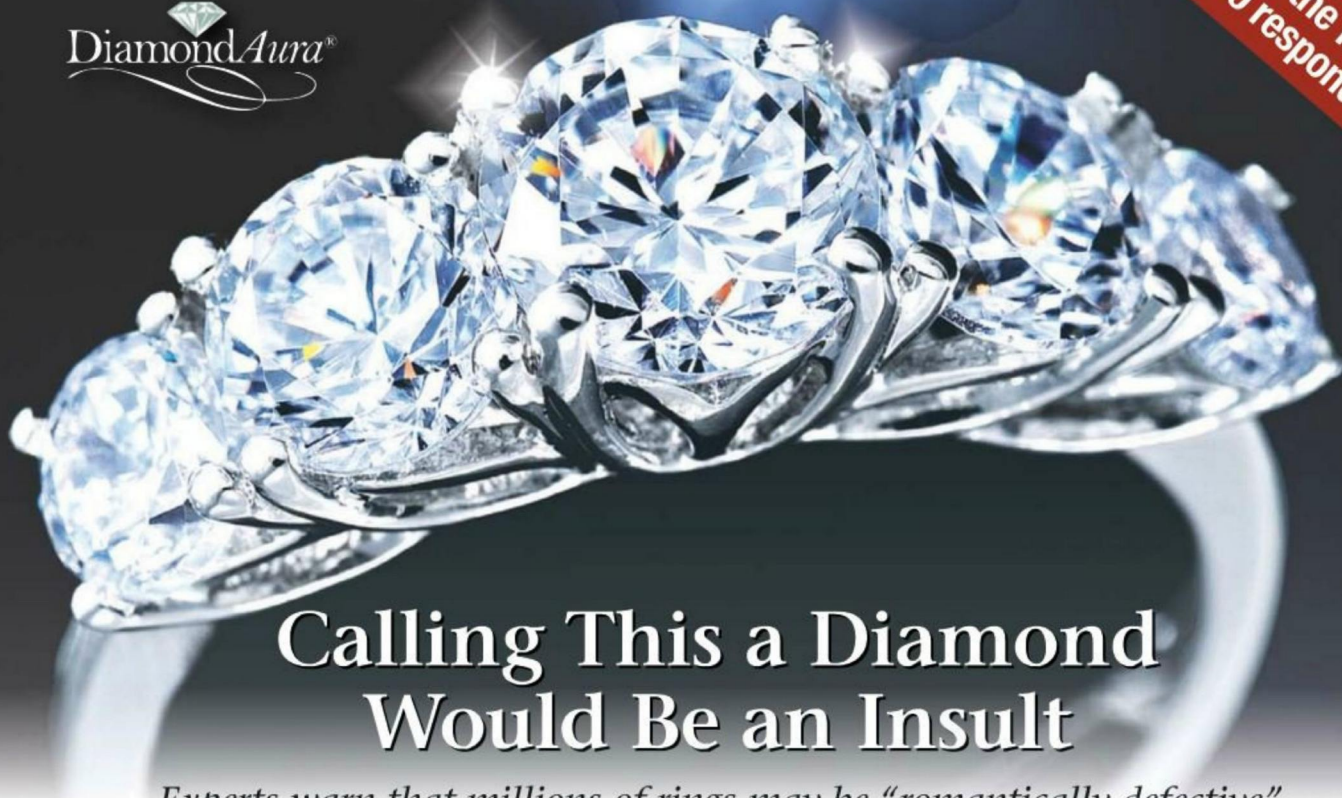
TARANTINO: I don't know. I'm just talking the most mundane stuff.

PLAYBOY: You can't think of a single thing, can you?

TARANTINO: Yeah. If I had a wife, I would probably be more polite. She would make me write (continued on page 178)



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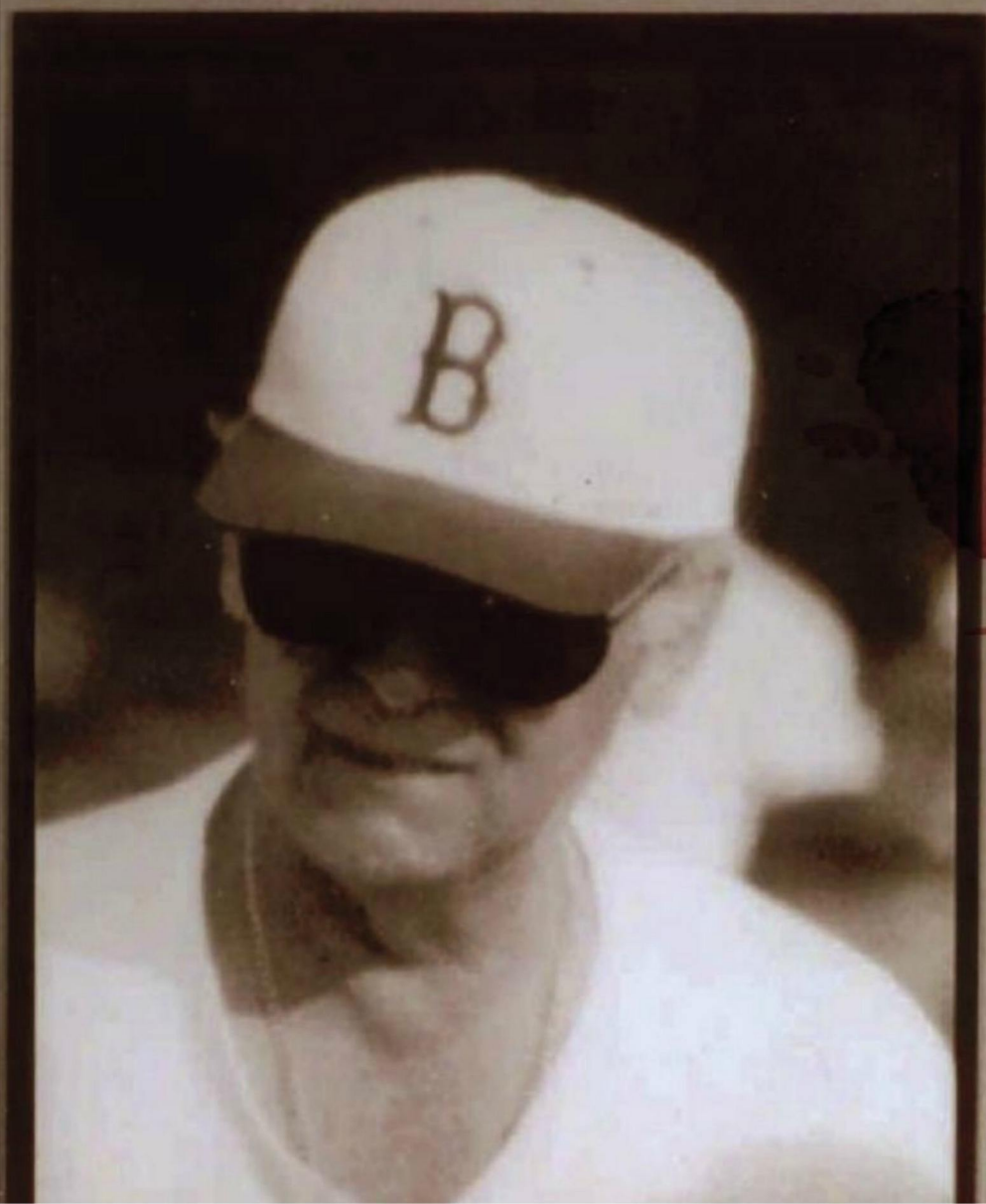
THE Secret LIFE OF Whitey BULGER

> Until the feds busted him in 2011, Boston gangster Whitey Bulger was the FBI's most wanted man, the greatest criminal mastermind of our time. On the eve of his trial, all his shocking secrets will soon come to light—even the one our justice system is desperate to conceal

BY RICHARD STRATTON

On a cool Wednesday evening, June 22, 2011, FBI agents with the Violent Crimes Task Force gathered at the Bureau's Los Angeles headquarters on Wilshire Boulevard. They were joined by deputy U.S. marshals and heavily armed members of the LAPD SWAT team. The agents and cops were wired, tense with anticipation, for they were hoping to take down the FBI's most wanted man, a criminal who had evaded capture for more than 16 years despite one of the largest worldwide manhunts in history.

That man, these agents believed, was living with his mistress in an apartment complex in Santa Monica just five miles from where the task force had assembled. James "Whitey" Bulger, criminal mastermind and Top Echelon FBI informant, was wanted for racketeering, extortion and drug dealing, as well as for his alleged participation in at least 19 murders. The agents believed Bulger, now 83 years old, was living under the alias Charles



Gasko at 1012 Third Street, two blocks from the beach in Santa Monica, always paying his \$1,145 rent on time, always in cash. The painstaking planning centered on how to capture Bulger now that the FBI was convinced it finally had him in its sights. Bulger was considered to be armed and extremely dangerous. An ex-con who had served time in California's infamous Alcatraz penitentiary, he had sworn he would never go back to prison.

The Bureau did not want to screw it up this time. For years the agency had been humiliated time after time in locations around the world—from England to Australia, Italy to Ireland—as tips and reported sightings had failed to produce an arrest. Bulger was a phantom. There was rampant speculation that he was in fact the FBI's *least* wanted fugitive, that the Bureau was merely making

He emerged from prison a master criminal on acid.

a show of trying to find him for fear of the consequences of his arrest—of what his secrets would reveal not just about the underworld but about the U.S. justice system itself.

At last the bust was about to go down. Sharpshooters had the tree-shaded building surrounded. Fearing a shootout, they decided not to break down the door and go in with guns blazing. Instead they concocted a ruse to lure the gangster from his lair. Agents contacted the building manager and instructed him to call the apartment. When the man they believed was Bulger answered, identifying himself as Mr. Gasko, the



1



2



3



4

building manager told him a storage locker he was using in the basement of the building had been broken into and asked him to come down to make a claim.

The balding, white-haired man shuffled from the apartment and took the elevator to the

basement. He wasn't noticeably surprised or even upset when he walked into the trap and found a small army of federal agents with guns pointed at his head.

"James Bulger!" an agent yelled. "You're under arrest! Put your hands on your head. Drop to your knees. Lie facedown. Hands behind your back."

Agents swarmed around him like paparazzi on Brad Pitt. There was that familiar click and grip of the cuffs around his wrists.

"Yes," he admitted, "I am James Bulger. You got me."

Whitey Bulger smiled. At last he could stop running.

The agents took him back upstairs

1. After a 16-year manhunt that spanned the globe, the FBI's most wanted man—Irish American gangster James "Whitey" Bulger—was captured hiding in plain sight in Santa Monica; he had been using the alias Charles Gasko. 2. The FBI found nearly a million in cash and an arsenal of weapons in Bulger's hideout. 3. Guns found in Bulger's possession. He is a suspect in 19 killings.

4. The apartment complex at 1012 Third Street, two blocks from the beach, where FBI agents and U.S. marshals made the arrest. 5. Bulger, left, with a Winter Hill gang associate in an FBI surveillance photo taken before the gangster's 1996 disappearance. 6. FBI Special Agent John Connolly recruited Whitey into the Bureau's secret Top Echelon informant program. 7. Connolly huddles with a lawyer in federal court in 2002. 8. Mafia hit man Francis "Cadillac Frank" Salemme.

to the apartment, where his 60-year-old companion, Catherine Greig, awaited. There the investigators uncovered almost a million dollars in cash and a huge arsenal of weapons.

Bulger looked at his longtime live-in girlfriend, on the run with him for all these years. "Honey," he said, "it's time to go home."

Phones rang in the offices of cops, agents, politicians, lawyers and prosecutors and in the homes and hideouts of crooks big and small all over the globe. Bulger's flight had ended.

For Whitey Bulger was not just some run-of-the-mill bad guy. He was a mythic figure, a folk hero

The Great White Whale

A blow-by-blow of the bloody Bulger saga—from childhood to the FBI's most wanted list

> **September 3, 1929:** James Bulger is born to Irish immigrant parents in the Dorchester neighborhood of Boston. His platinum hair earns him the nickname Whitey. He grows up in a housing project in South Boston, where future FBI star agent John Connolly also comes of age.



> **1956:** After a youth of crime, Bulger is sentenced to federal prison for bank robbery. He participates in the CIA's notorious LSD experiments.

> **1960:** While Whitey is at Alcatraz, his younger brother Billy is elected to the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Childhood friend Connolly works on the campaign.



> **1965:** Bulger gets out of prison and becomes a top lieutenant in South Boston's Irish Winter Hill posse. During the city's 1960s gang wars, Bulger partners with Stephen "the Rifleman" Flemmi. Their criminal ascendancy begins.

> **1975:** Now an FBI agent, Connolly convinces his old friend Bulger to become a TE—a Top Echelon FBI informant. Connolly asks Bulger to help bring down the New England faction of the Italian mob—Whitey's main rival. Bulger agrees, allegedly saying,

"All right, if they want to play checkers, we'll play chess. **Fuck 'em.**"



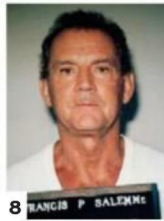
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rackets for decades. All the while, it had long since been revealed, they were what is known as Top Echelon FBI criminal informants, or TEs. They

were FBI assets. While Bulger and Flemmi ran New England's underworld, they were protected and allowed to remain active by high-ranking officials within the Department of Justice.

The FBI claims that after a 16-year manhunt it finally got wind of Bulger's whereabouts after disseminating a 30-second public-service ad focused on his female companion, the elegant Greig, a former dental hygienist who was known to frequent beauty and nail salons. Aired primarily during women's TV shows such

as *Ellen*, *The View* and *Dr. Oz*, the ad produced more than 200 calls. According to inside sources, a young deputy U.S. marshal zeroed in on the lead that ultimately led agents to Bulger—a mere two days after the ads started to air.

The tip supposedly came from Miss Iceland 1974, Anna Björnsdóttir, still stunning at 58, a former B-movie star living in southern California. Björnsdóttir recognized Greig, whom she had befriended over a stray cat the ladies encountered in the streets of Santa Monica. That pussy cost Bulger his freedom and earned Björnsdóttir a \$2 million reward.

But in the highest realms of the Department of Justice, and for students of the Bulger saga everywhere, the capture is not the end of the story but a new beginning. The gangster is a man of many secrets. He holds information that if exposed would send shock waves through the hallowed halls of the Department of Justice. Here is Bulger's opportunity to end all the lies and tell the world what he knows.

There is one man who stands to gain the most by having the truth emerge. That man is former special agent John Connolly, Bulger's FBI handler. A long time ago Connolly was a highly decorated agent. Now he has been in prison almost as long as Bulger was on the run. Connolly was headed to the yard for a workout at a federal prison in North Carolina when he heard about Bulger's takedown. All through his workout, the news of the arrest played in Connolly's mind. When he finished his exercises and returned to the housing unit for the evening count, Bulger's capture was all over the airwaves.

Connolly's side of perhaps the biggest law enforcement scandal of our time has never been fully told. Until now. In a series of telephone interviews from prison, Connolly spoke about the potentially game-changing

and ruthless murderer, the great criminal mastermind of our time. Loosely portrayed on the silver screen by Jack Nicholson in the Martin Scorsese film *The Departed*, Bulger ranks on a level with Gotti, Capone and Escobar, and even higher in his hometown of Boston. While executing his alleged 19 hits—strangling and stabbing his victims, dismembering their bodies and yanking out their teeth with pliers to thwart identification—Bulger and his partner, Stephen “the Rifleman” Flemmi, ruled the New England



> **Late 1970s:** Bulger goes on a murderous rampage. Insiders later testify that his henchmen disposed of bodies after pulling the teeth out with pliers so they could not be identified.

> **1978:** Whitey's brother Billy becomes president of the Massachusetts State Senate. All the while, Billy claims his older brother Whitey is the smarter sibling.



> **1980:** Now the top man in the Winter Hill gang, Bulger helps Connolly and the FBI bring down the New England faction of La Cosa Nostra. As a result, Connolly becomes highly decorated.

> **Early 1980s:** Bulger and Flemmi become involved in a World Jai Alai fixing scheme. When things get out of control, they engineer the killing of numerous people connected to the fix. The former president of World Jai Alai is killed and dumped in the trunk of his Cadillac.



> **1995:** Even though their TE status is supposed to protect Bulger and Flemmi from prosecution, the feds decide to bust them. Flemmi is arrested. Bulger disappears. Did Connolly tip him off to the coming indictments?



>>>



three would end up embroiled in a scandal that reached the highest levels of the American justice system.

Whitey Bulger got his elementary education in crime as a teenager running with a Southie street gang known as the Shamrocks. He became a journeyman criminal in league with a crew of bank robbers while still in his 20s and was named to the FBI's most wanted list. Bulger did his first major prison stretch at the federal penitentiary in Atlanta. While there, in the 1950s, he volunteered to ingest massive doses of LSD as part of the CIA's MK-Ultra program. Becoming a human guinea pig earned him a reduction in his sentence. He was transferred to Alcatraz, the Harvard of penitentiaries, where he received the equivalent of a doctorate in criminality. An avid reader and a long-range thinker, Bulger studied military history and warfare tactics while locked up, absorbing such classics as Sun Tzu's *The Art of War* and Machiavelli's *The Prince*. He emerged from the penitentiary a master criminal on acid and was soon in the thick of the mob wars raging in Boston in the 1960s and 1970s, working his way up until he was running the notorious Winter Hill gang out of Southie.

Whitey's younger brother Billy took the opposite road. He became a "triple eagle" graduate of Boston College High School, Boston College and Boston College Law School before entering local politics. After 17 years in the state senate, Billy was named president of the University of Massachusetts. Later, after his gangster brother absconded from the law in 1995, Billy was hounded out of public life by then Massachusetts governor Mitt Romney for refusing to testify before a grand jury investigating Whitey.

Like most of the kids in the neighborhood, young Johnny Connolly was in awe of Whitey. He heard the stories of Whitey having an affair with a stripper from (continued on page 180)

FBI Advertisement Placed in The American Dental Association News May 17, 2010 Edition
Have You Treated These Fugitives?



1. A surveillance photo shows Whitey with Catherine Greig before they disappeared together. **2.** The FBI used a variety of strategies to bring the fugitives to justice. **3.** Stephen "the Rifleman" Flemmi, Whitey's partner, testifies in 2008. An admitted killer, he is now serving a life sentence.

Bulger finally exposing the truth of his relationship with the Department of Justice—and what was done to me to cover that up—cannot be overestimated. That could finally set me free."

arrest of Jim Bulger, his longtime Top Echelon criminal informant.

"Was I surprised to hear they caught Jim?" Connolly says. "Yes... but then again no. Yes because Jim had been a fugitive for so long, and as an FBI agent I realized the trail of someone that bright and that disciplined is usually ice-cold after 16 years. I knew Jim Bulger wasn't going to be making the usual mistakes that result in fugitives being apprehended.

"Later," Connolly remembered, "when I caught up with the news on TV, it hit me. This thing is going to get blown wide open. The potential evidentiary value of Whitey

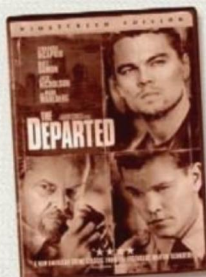
South Boston is a neighborhood in the true sense of the word—an Irish American enclave physically and psychologically separate from the rest of the city. It even has its own song: "Southie Is My Hometown." In the Old Harbor housing project, three Irish American youths were born before World War II to a shared destiny: One would reach the lofty heights of the famously clan-nish Massachusetts political machine, one would rise to the highest ranks of national law enforcement, while the third would seize the bloody crown of the New England underworld. All

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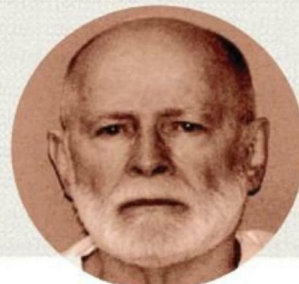
> **2002:** Bulger is still on the lam. The feds try Connolly for racketeering, claiming he tipped Bulger off so he could flee. **The disgraced FBI man is convicted and sentenced to 10 years in a federal penitentiary.**

> **2006:** Martin Scorsese's *The Departed* hits theaters. **Jack Nicholson plays a crime boss inspired by Bulger.**



> **2008:** Connolly is convicted of second-degree murder. The feds claim he provided information that Bulger's henchman used to make a hit.

> **June 22, 2011:** After 16 years on the lam, the FBI's most wanted man, **James "Whitey" Bulger, is busted living in Santa Monica** under the name Charles Gasko. An arsenal of weapons and hundreds of thousands in cash are found on the premises.

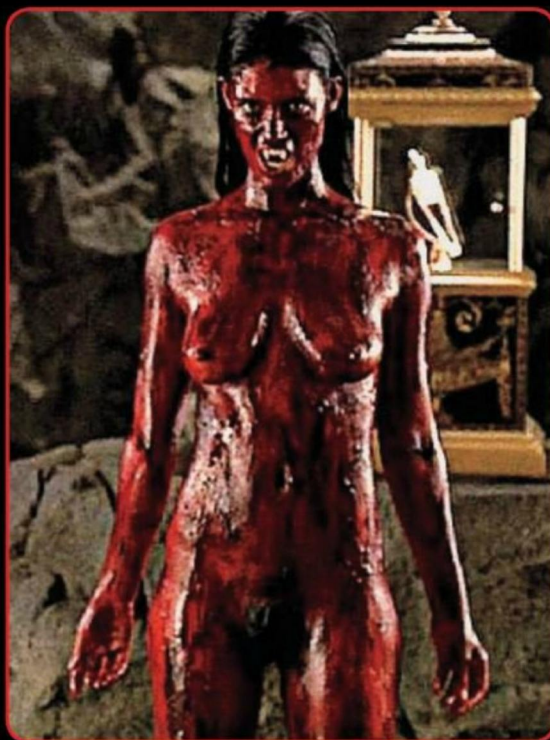


> **Early 2013:** Bulger is expected to testify in court. **All his secrets could be revealed—whether the feds like it or not.** ■





SEX IN CINEMA



BY STEPHEN REBELLO

HOLLYWOOD FINALLY DISCOVERS EQUAL OPPORTUNITY. THIS YEAR MEN GIVE WOMEN SOME COMPETITION IN PUSHING THE SENSUALITY ENVELOPE—AND EVERYONE IS HAVING FUN

In 2012, on the big and small screens, sex and sexuality finally began to look like all-access sports. Cable boundary pushers such as *True Blood* and *Game of Thrones* continued to celebrate female nudity. Michelle Williams and Sarah Silverman go blissfully full frontal in *Take This Waltz* without a whiff of sensationalism. But something else quietly revolutionary began to happen with increasing frequency: male nudity. For example, in *Shame*, a powerful tale of sexual addiction, co-stars Carey Mulligan and Michael Fassbender both appear at length and up close exactly as nature intended.

TRUE BLOOD

Above: Bow before the majesty of Jessica Clark making her sexy debut as a vampire goddess who rises in naked splendor from a pool of blood.

This year, for every rags-to-riches show business saga like *Sparkle*, in which Carmen Ejogo sizzles, along came another rags-to-riches show business saga like *Magic Mike*, with its own beefcake brigade including Channing Tatum and Alex Pettyfer. Former kid star Shia LaBeouf not only goes the full monty in a Sigur Rós music video, but he also plans to do real sex scenes for director Lars von Trier's *Nymphomaniac*. Even sexy Mila Kunis plays second fiddle to a prostitute-loving stuffed toy in *Ted*.

So here for your enjoyment, fun and pleasure is a wrap-up of the year in cinema, with equal time for good-looking private parts female and male.



SHAME

"You could play golf with your hands tied behind your back," joked George Clooney to Michael Fassbender (above).



MY WEEK WITH MARILYN

Michelle Williams conjures some of eternal screen siren Marilyn Monroe's sweet, fragile sensuality.

THE VICTIM

Actress Jennifer Blanc does down-and-dirty cabin-in-the-woods lovemaking with this grindhouse-style thriller's star-writer-director, Michael Biehn. Of course they did research in real life as Mr. and Mrs. Biehn.



GAME OF THRONES

The producers have figured out how to keep us from drifting off whenever the medieval skulduggery gets too thick on HBO's hit fantasy: They throw in hefty doses of blouse ripping, wenching and shagging to make sure we don't get bored.



CALIFORNICATION

Camilla Luddington had Showtime viewers standing at attention during each of her eight episodes.



KEEP THE LIGHTS ON

Things get steamy in this portrait of a tortured relationship between a gay filmmaker and a closeted lawyer.



CAFÉ DE FLORE

Canadian pop singer-songwriter Kevin Parent plays a rock star DJ who hopes the enticing actress-singer Évelyne Brochu will help wash away the pain of his devastating divorce. If she can't do the job, this poor guy may be beyond hope.

ROCK OF AGES

Tom Cruise's pelvic thrusts and Axl Rose-style writhing inject some needed energy into a lame movie.



HOMELAND

After years of captivity in Iraq, Damian Lewis learns his sexy wife, Morena Baccarin, is sleeping with his best friend.

THE DICTATOR

The fictional despot played by Sacha Baron Cohen is so filthy rich he keeps a phalanx of sexy Virgin Guards including Dominique DiCaprio not only to protect him from his enemies but also to serve as his personal milkmaids.



BOARDWALK EMPIRE

Mobsters, vice, bootleg booze and singing-and-dancing floozies such as Meg Chambers Steedle? No wonder corrupt Atlantic City power broker and crime boss Steve Buscemi keeps stopping by. But why is he always depressed?



DARK SHADOWS

Eva Green's sorcery can't help but awaken the devil in her centuries-old flame, courtly vampire Johnny Depp.



TED

We're not sure what Seth MacFarlane's rude plush movie hero does with this group of escorts. We fear the worst.

PIRANHA 3DD

Irina Voronina, PLAYBOY's Miss January 2001, emerges from the deep uneaten—by flesh-gobbling fish, anyway.



PARADE'S END

The hero of this World War I BBC series resists the allure of the wealthy man-eater played by Rebecca Hall.



FRIENDS WITH BENEFITS

No sexy back for sultry Mila Kunis, who insisted on a butt double in this no-strings-sex comedy. Justin Timberlake, however, showed no such modesty. Another reason friends with benefits seldom remain friends.



THE SKIN I LIVE IN

In Pedro Almodóvar's twisted comedy, Antonio Banderas plays doctor with his captive, Elena Anaya.



STRIKE BACK

On Cinemax's British import about international spies running around the globe blowing stuff up, the secret agents always take time out from going deep undercover to go deep diving. It's just like *Downton Abbey*, only different.



SKYFALL

Only a starchy prude like M could disapprove when Daniel Craig steams up the shower with stunning French import Bérénice Marlohe in James Bond's 23rd spy thriller. No wonder the franchise is celebrating its 50th anniversary.



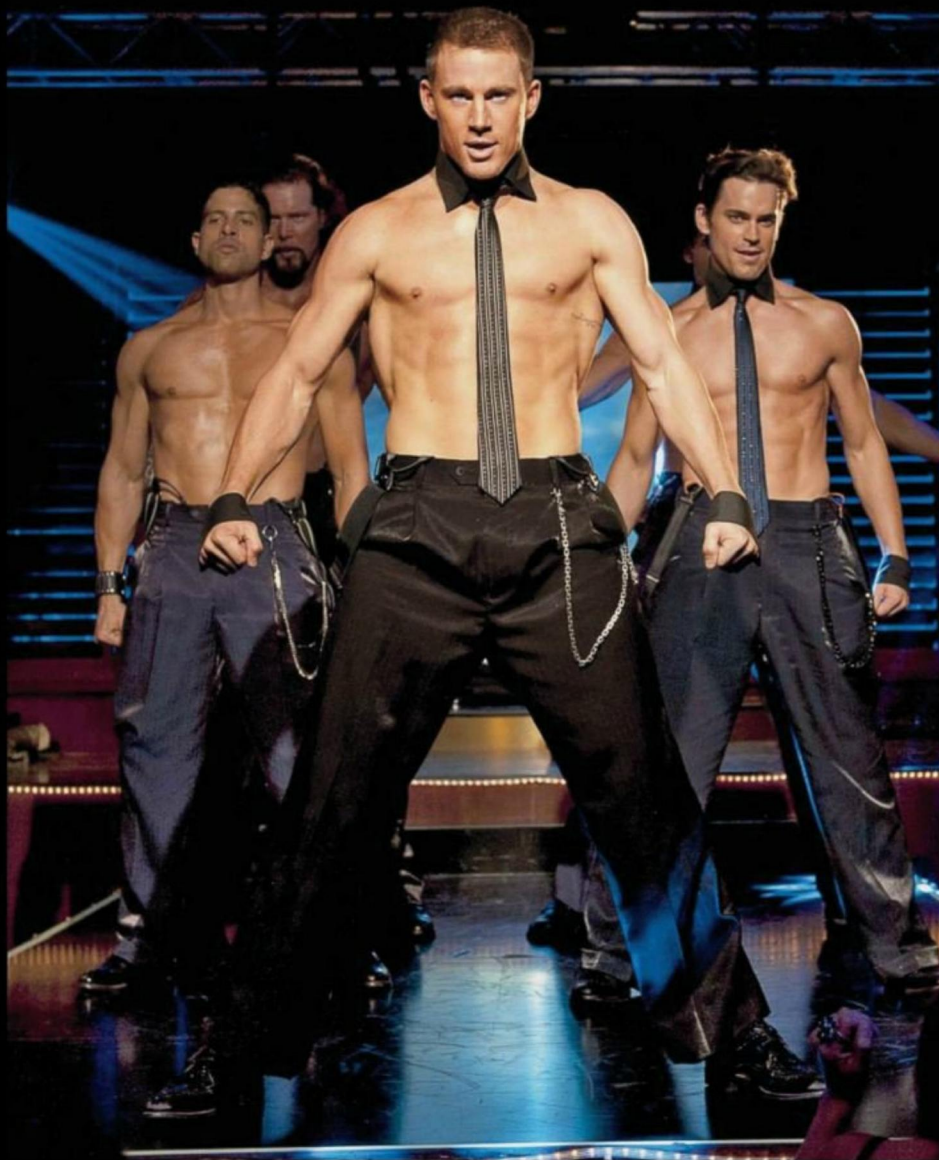
A DANGEROUS METHOD

Keira Knightley responds ecstatically to the "medical" spanking doled out by Michael Fassbender, her shrink.



LIZ & DICK

Lindsay Lohan is all cleavage, smolder and jewels while posing as Elizabeth Taylor in a Lifetime TV movie.



MAGIC MIKE

In the year's most brazen display of beefcake, the bumping and grinding of strippers Channing Tatum, Adam Rodriguez and Matt Bomer had women standing in line at the box office and the rest of us rushing to the gym.



CONAN THE BARBARIAN

Alina Puscau sexes up the remake of the old Arnold Schwarzenegger sword-and-sorcery epic.



SPARTACUS: VENGEANCE

Playing a scheming, newly freed body slave, Bonnie Sveen uses her beauty to sleep her way up the ladder.



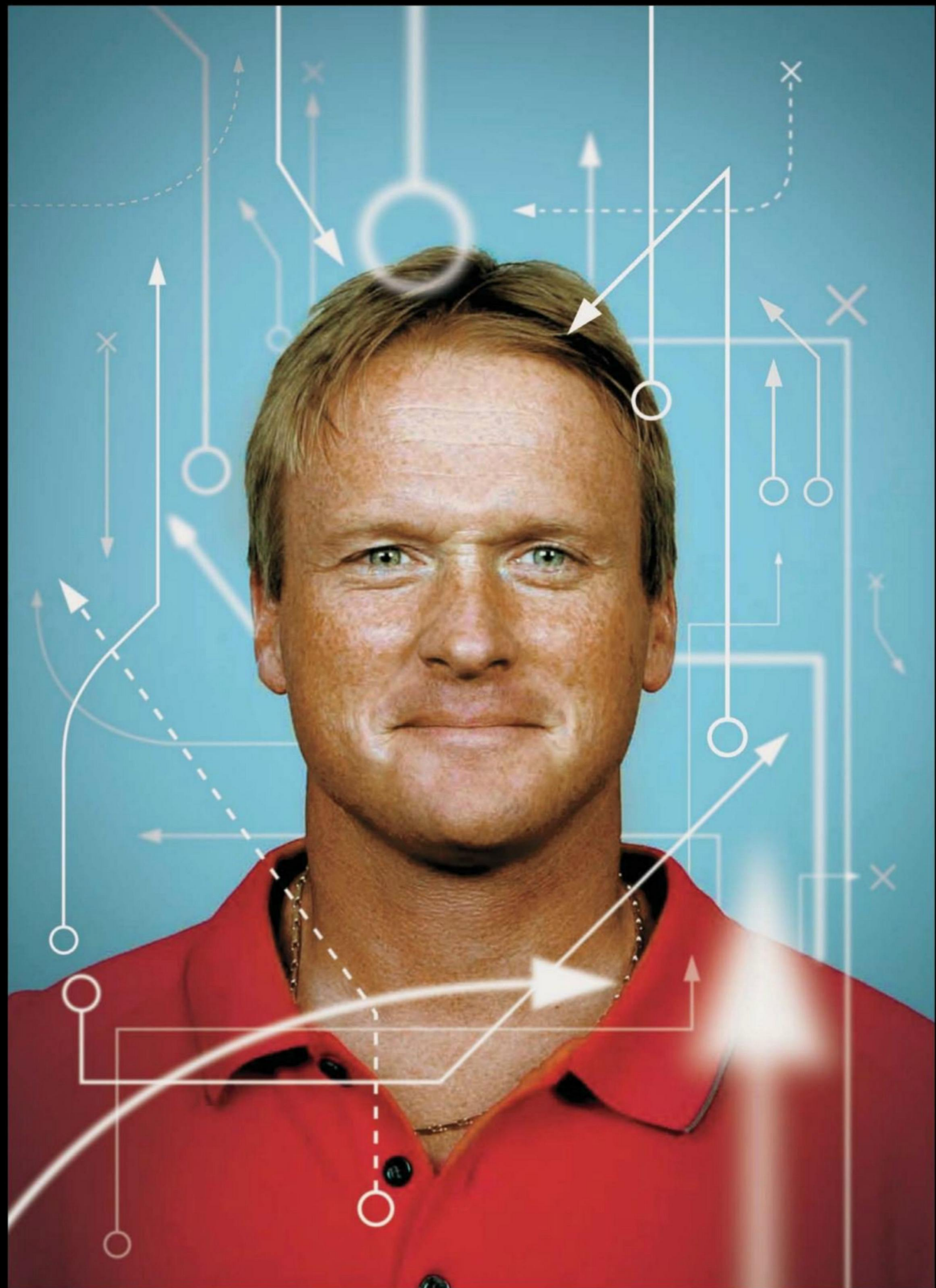
THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN

Emma Stone and Andrew Garfield's chemistry spins a web of young love both on- and, as it turns out, offscreen.



BOSS

On Starz's political drama starring Kelsey Grammer, the tendency of mayoral aide Kathleen Robertson to sleep with the wrong guys results in a pregnancy by one of her boss's fiercest enemies. Time for a session with Dr. Frasier Crane?



INSIDE

GREATEST

FOOTBALL'S

HEAD

NERD

At any given moment, there's only one thing on Jon Gruden's mind. It's the sport that's become his magnificent obsession



indy Gruden is a patient woman. The petite blonde, a former University of Tennessee cheerleader—"I was the girl at the top of the pyramid!"—has wed one Gruden man and raised three Gruden boys. She can get kids to school before the bell and to practice on time and can get dogs walked and cats fed, but the one thing she finally said enough is enough is enough to was fired football coaches showing up at her house at four A.M., ringing the doorbell and then shuffling in and heading to the office of her husband, Jon Gruden, to watch videotape with the Super Bowl-winning ex-Tampa Bay Buccaneers head coach and *Monday Night Football* announcer. They just kept coming, hangdog expressions and collared short-sleeve

the

by

KARL TARO GREENFELD

shirts, still smelling of a hundred miles of car air-conditioning, and Cindy Gruden is a kind woman. She wasn't going to turn away these tired and broken men who sought out her husband for fellowship and companionship in their time of need.

"I love coaches," says Cindy. "These are good guys, smart guys, intense guys. But come on, I've got a family to run."

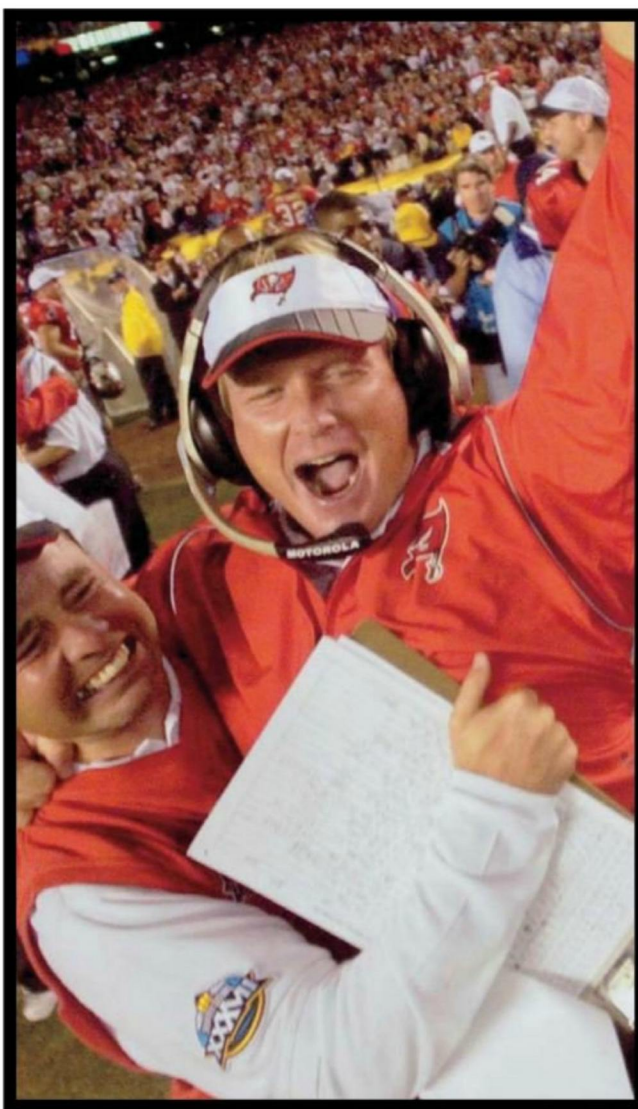
And so Cindy told Jon to find an office outside their home in the gated Avila community. He set off down Tampa's North Florida Avenue until he came to a forlorn little strip mall grandly named the Florida Professional Group, between Rheem Team AC & Cooling and Austin Septic Systems, where the landlord talked him into paying \$900 a month for a one-room office facing a swamp. The

stay down for more than three or four hours a night. A doctor he saw in his 20s examined him and told him there was nothing wrong physically and to view his sleeplessness as "a gift. You just need

Zook, fired University of Florida and University of Illinois head coach; Jim Leavitt, fired University of South Florida head coach; Doug Williams, fired Tampa Bay Buccaneers assistant; plus other college and high school coaches too numerous to mention. They turn up at all hours, tired men, fired men.

Every coach gets fired, Jon Gruden's dad, Jim Gruden—himself a former assistant coach fired from Notre Dame—has told Jon. So there are plenty of prospective FFCA members. And Jon tells them to get coffee from the gas station down the street because his coffeemaker is broken and to pull out a folding chair from the stack in the corner and sit down and watch some tape with him. Men helping other men by watching football together.

Jon barely sleeps at all. He's tried everything: sleeping pills, hypnotism, even drinking himself into a stupor. He can't stay down for more than four hours.



On Monday Night Football, Jon Gruden gives voice to all his fellow football fanatics across America. Their obsession is his obsession, and critics say he out-John Maddens John Madden in terms of over-the-top passion. Gruden was even more intense as a coach, and in 2003 it paid off when his Tampa Bay Buccaneers beat the Oakland Raiders in Super Bowl XXXVII. Line judge Ron Baynes got a sense of just how intense Gruden is when, as head coach of the Raiders, he challenged one of Baynes's calls during a game against the Kansas City Chiefs in 2001.

carpet is gray, the walls are brown tongue-in-groove and the windows are filthy—not that you'd notice, because the light is awful, and not that Jon cares, because he keeps it dark in there all day anyway to watch game films. He emptied his garage of his videotapes and monitors, set it all up here and started operating what he half jokingly calls the FFCA, the Fired Football Coaches Association.

So Cindy sleeps better. And Jon, well, Jon barely ever sleeps at all.

He's tried everything: sleeping pills, hypnotism, even drinking himself into a stupor, and none of it worked. He can't

to find something to do with your free time."

It turns out being a football coach is a good profession for an insomniac. There's always more preparation a coach can do, always another play to diagram, always another formation to study.

So this fired Tampa Bay Buccaneers head coach is joined, many days, by fellow fired football coaches: Rick Venturi, fired Northwestern head coach; Ron



"It's kind of a support group," says Leavitt, who has since become the San Francisco 49ers' linebackers coach. "It keeps you in touch with football after you're fired, and it's important emotionally to be around guys who are going through what I went through."

Gruden would be here anyway, every morning. He'll watch film with nothing but the palmetto bugs for company. And somehow, the few times a year he comes out of that dark room—to commentate on the NFL draft, to film the (continued on page 190)



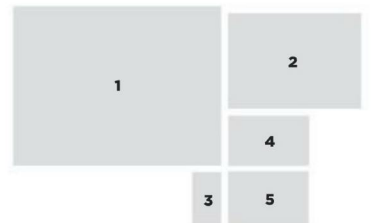
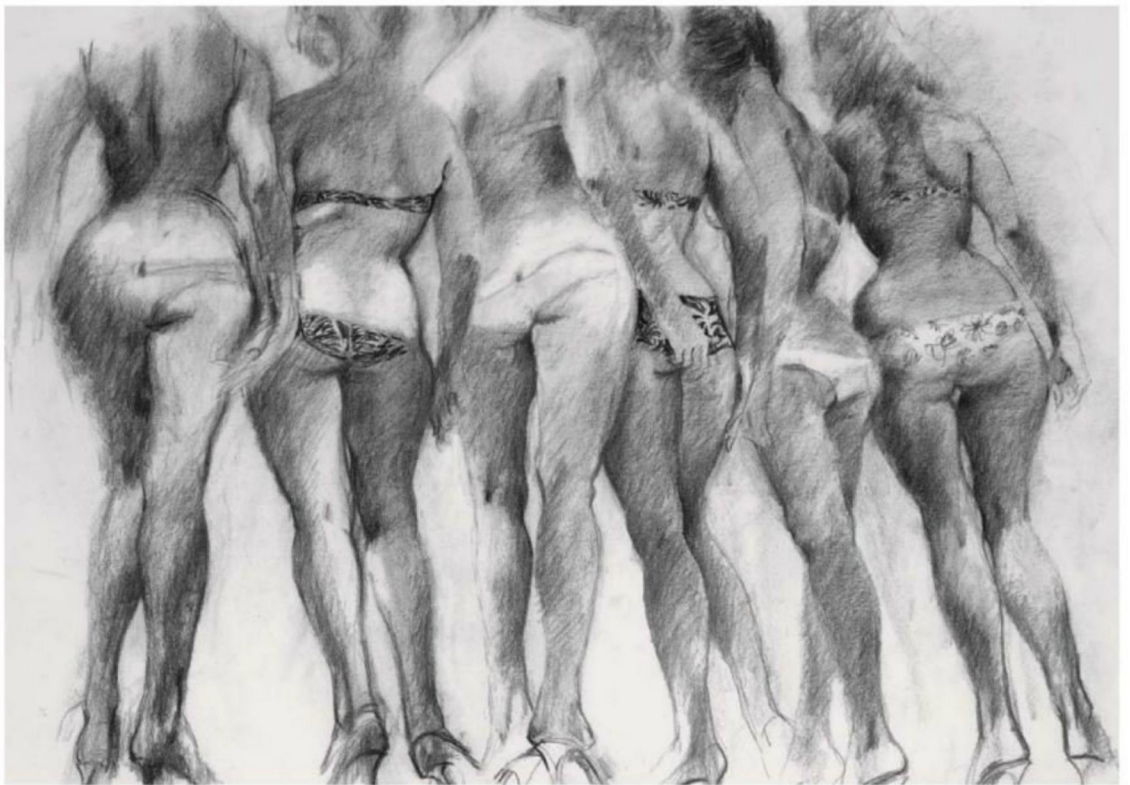
"Every year I leave Cookie out for Santa."



ARTIST LEROY NEIMAN

F

rom 1958, when he visited Chicago's fabled Pump Room, to 1972, when he attended Super Bowl VI, artist LeRoy Neiman traveled the world to sketch and paint the good life for *PLAYBOY*. *Man at His Leisure*, as his series was known, appeared 42 times in these pages. Neiman died this past June at the age of 91. Here, we pay homage to a man who embodied the elegance and sophistication of the Playboy lifestyle.



1. **London**, 1972

Neiman visited the headquarters of Sotheby's and offered his unique take on the lively auction room. "It's as solemn as high mass at St. Peter's," said the artist.

2. **Cannes**, 1962

Neiman's skills as a draftsman are apparent in his sketch of a beauty contest on the French Riviera. "Those women really had strong back porches," he later observed.

3. **New York**, 1965

While visiting the Playboy Club on East 59th Street, the artist found himself more impressed with the esprit of the Bunnies at work than with the fantastic facilities.

4. **Malibu**, 1967

In a *Man at His Leisure* installment that appeared in the July 1967 issue, Neiman portrayed daredevil California surfers who were "shooting the pier."

5. **Paris**, 1964

Neiman spent a gratifying week on the Champs-Élysées, sketching the marvelous dancers of the Lido. "For the artist," he noted, "backstage is even more interesting than out front."





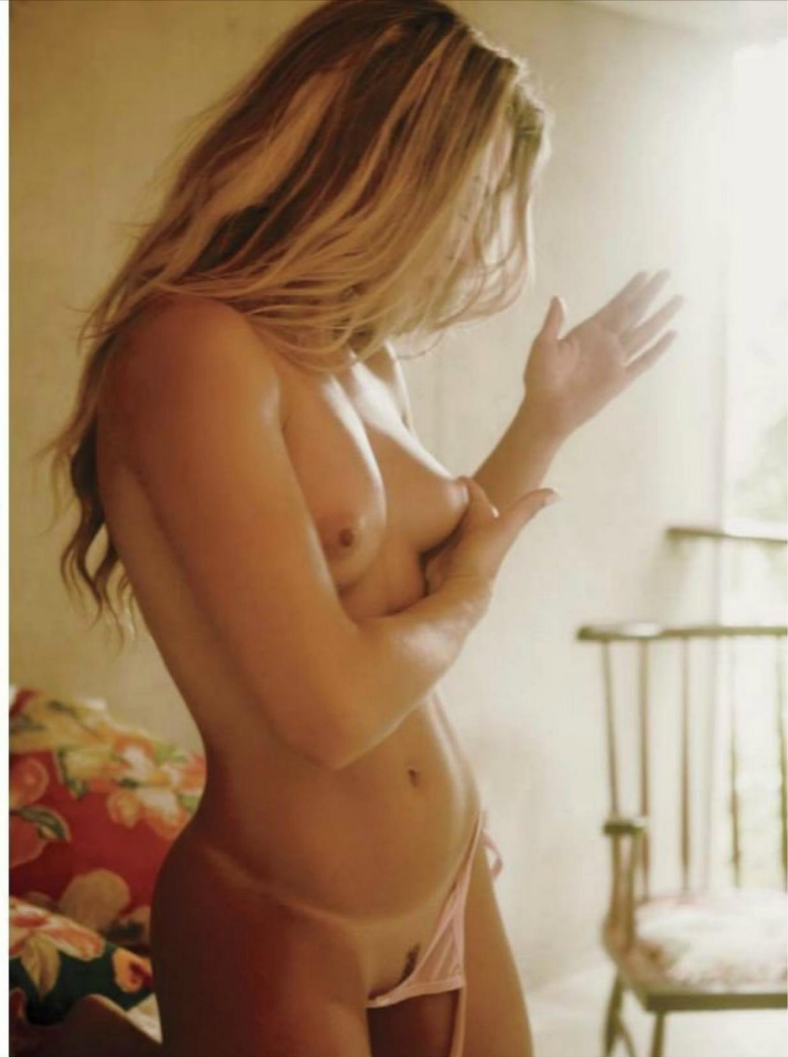
Red Hot in Rio

A weekend in Brazil with Dany Giehl
Photography by Sergio Kovacevick

It's winter in North America. You step out your door on a blustery morning and your foot sinks into the snow. The wind grabs your ears until it feels as though they're going to shatter. But you're not concerned. Not at all. In your driveway a cab idles, ready to whisk you to the airport. You're headed to the southern hemisphere, where the summer sun is baking the hot sands of Rio de Janeiro. There, Brazilian bombshell Dany Giehl waits in a hotel room, ready to party.

Raised in Dois Irmãos in southern Brazil, Dany has emerald eyes that sparkle like shots of Chartreuse. She is the winner of PLAYBOY Brazil's first Playboy National Preference Contest. At 23 years old, she is in her prime. And like the beaches of Ipanema, Dany is all natural.

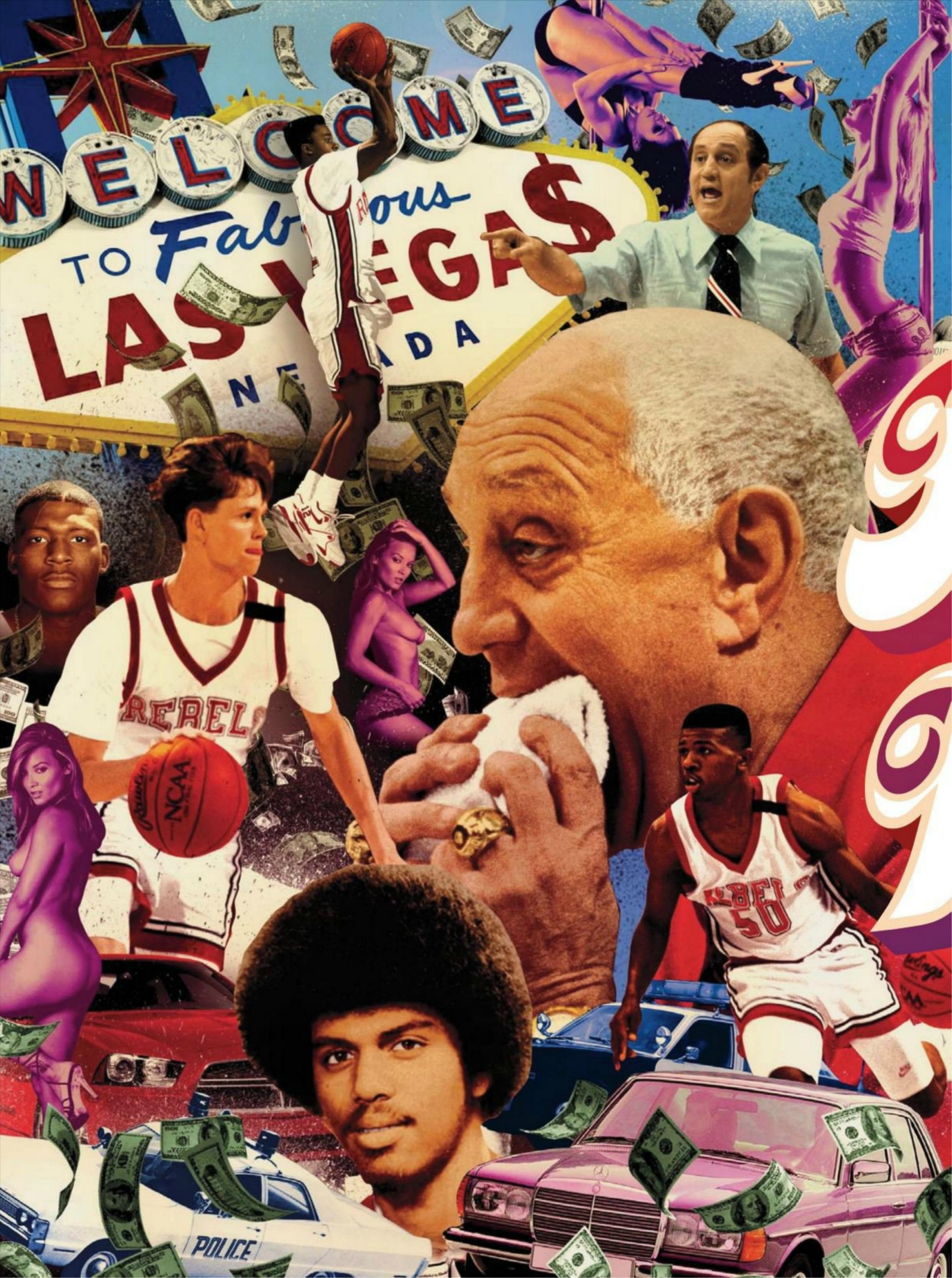












VEGAS NEVER HAD A BIG-TIME SPORTS TEAM—UNTIL JERRY TARKANIAN RECRUITED A BAND OF UNPROVEN NOBODIES FOR HIS UNLV RUNNIN' REBELS AND CHALLENGED THEM TO GO ALL THE WAY.
A LOOK BACK AT THE WILDEST, MOST CONTROVERSIAL AND ARGUABLY THE BEST COLLEGE HOOPS TEAM OF ALL TIME

Rebel Nation

By Kevin Cook

Illustration by Gluckit



he Runnin' Rebels' Stacey Augmon flashes downcourt with one long, elastic Mr. Fantastic arm outstretched—calling for the ball. Teammate Larry Johnson is on the other wing, muscles rippling, ready to take flight. Guard Greg Anthony pushes the ball up the middle. Which way will he dish? Duke guard Bobby Hurley sure doesn't know, but either way the next sound you hear will be the *kwanng* of a rim-rocking dunk and the deafening roar of a frenzied mob.

It's April 2, 1990, the 52nd NCAA championship basketball game, a battle of polar opposites. Duke, college basketball's "good guys," against UNLV's "outlaw program." Academic exemplar vs. a commuter school known as Tumbleweed Tech. Jackets and ties vs. thug hoodies. Coach K.'s Xs and Os vs. Tark the Shark's running gunners.

Vegas oddsmakers say the game is likely to be close. UNLV fans have a two-word answer to that: "Duck, Duke!"

Jammed to capacity, Denver's McNichols Sports Arena can't contain the decibels. Millions at home crowd their TVs to see if college basketball's outlaws—the Rebels of the University of Nevada—Las Vegas—can crown their season with a first national championship. In

Vegas, gamblers, showgirls, politicians, high-level mobsters—all are tuned in to the action. And on the sideline, the ultimate outlaw—UNLV's coach, Jerry Tarkanian—marches back and forth with all the intensity of a pugilist charging into the ring, except he's stuffing a towel into his mouth and chewing it.

This is the story of Tarkanian's UNLV Runnin' Rebels, a band of gifted misfits who lit up scoreboards, ruled Las Vegas and showed the world what a blast college hoops could be. All the while, they broke every rule in the book. Or did they? As the Rebels filled highlight reels with speed and acrobatics, they incessantly dodged the iron fist of NCAA officials and, at times, the law itself. Never had the NCAA seen anything like them.

They made a run at history that night in Denver, a run that had begun many years earlier, the day Jerry Tarkanian first appeared in Las Vegas. The Strip would never be the same.

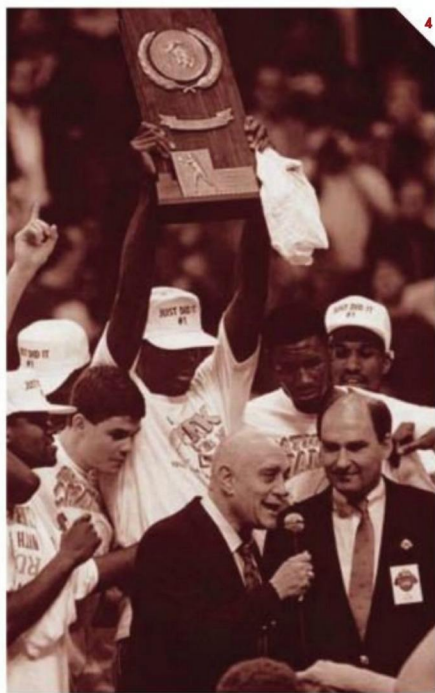
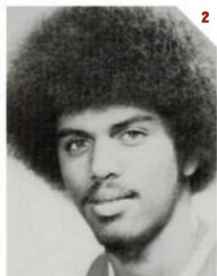
“People forget how small Vegas was when Tark came to town,” says documentary filmmaker Stan Armstrong. With a population of 125,000 in 1970, Las Vegas was smaller than Jackson, Mis-

***Sinatra
called after
wins: “Con-
gratulations,
Coach. I’m
takin’ you to
dinner!”***

issippi and Evansville, Indiana. The local commuter college was called Nevada Southern until 1969, and even after becoming the University of Nevada–Las Vegas it kept its Old South mascot, a rootin’, tootin’ Confederate cartoon wolf named Beauregard—not the best symbol if you’re recruiting in the city’s fast-growing black neighborhood. “Vegas was totally different in those days,” Tark recalls, looking back on his arrival al-

most 40 years ago. “Still a small city. You could get a nice hotel room for \$19. People didn’t think of Vegas as a basketball town, but I thought it could be.”

Sin City’s racial history wasn’t pretty. In the 1940s and 1950s, black stars such as Sammy Davis Jr. headlined at El Rancho, the Sands and other whites-only resorts but weren’t allowed to rent rooms there or show their faces in the casinos. The lone exception was



1. UNLV players cut down the net after winning it all in 1990.
2. Reggie Theus—one of the first of coach Jerry Tarkanian’s stars—
and his amazing Afro. 3. This infamous photo of UNLV players
drinking in a hot tub with a sports fixer ran on the front page of
Las Vegas’s biggest newspaper. 4. The legend, Jerry Tarkanian,
on the mike at his finest moment. 5. Runnin’ Rebel Anderson Hunt
scores in the 1990 National Championship game against Duke.

light-skinned chanteuse Lena Horne, a favorite of Flamingo owner Bugsy Siegel. Horne was allowed to stay in a Flamingo bungalow as long as she didn’t eat or gamble in the hotel, and after she checked out, her towels and bedsheets were burned. Even after the hotel-casinos were integrated in the 1960s, local blacks were confined almost exclusively to a downtrodden neighborhood called the Westside, uncelebrated, mostly unseen.

Then came Tark the Shark, a basketball coach (continued on page 164)

PLAYBOY'S

COLLEGE

HOOPS [PREVIEW]

12-13

➤ THE NCAA GETS A FRONT-END REALIGNMENT

BY JOHN GASAWAY

➤ THE FOOTBALL-DRIVEN CONFERENCE

realignment you've been hearing about for a while will finally show up on your flat-screen this college basketball season, and its effects will be felt at the top of the hoops food chain. Missouri will push Kentucky and Florida for supremacy in the SEC, while West Virginia and Texas Christian should populate the Big 12's midsection and cellar, respectively. Those lovable overachievers from Butler and Virginia Commonwealth will give perennial contender Xavier some competition in the Atlantic 10. Not counting TCU, all these new arrivals have made it at least as far as the Elite Eight in the past four seasons.

And that's just speaking in the present tense. Next season Syracuse and Pittsburgh will join the Atlantic Coast Conference, with Notre Dame scheduled to bring its game to the ACC as soon as the Irish negotiate their exit from the Big East.

Still, don't write that Big

East obituary yet. Legendary Connecticut coach Jim Calhoun announced his retirement in September, but as long as the Huskies, Louisville, Georgetown, Villanova and Marquette stay, the Big East will be a player.

Depending on your viewing habits, the last time you saw Mike Krzyzewski he was either watching his Duke team lose to Lehigh in the round of 64 or coaching the United States to a gold medal at the Olympics. He doesn't have LeBron and Kobe anymore, but Coach K's Blue Devils will be much improved this year, especially on defense.

Far from Tobacco Road, the prognosis for West Coast hoops is finally looking up, with Ben Howland and Sean Miller landing stellar recruiting classes for UCLA and Arizona, respectively. But if you're looking for elite hoops after the East Coast goes to bed, don't look past Gonzaga and its four returning starters.

The teams at the top of the polls for most of the year will be Indiana, Louisville and Kentucky, but we expect a surging Michigan State to ride a dominant defense and just enough offense all the way to a national title. ●

OUR PRESEASON SWEET

16

1 Indiana OVER 4 Marquette
2 Kansas OVER 3 Butler

1 Kentucky OVER 4 Arizona
2 Duke OVER 3 Pittsburgh

4 Florida OVER 1 UCLA
3 Gonzaga OVER 2 Louisville

1 Michigan State OVER 4 Syracuse
3 NC State OVER 2 Ohio State

ELITE EIGHT

1 Indiana OVER 2 Kansas

1 Kentucky OVER 2 Duke

4 Florida OVER 3 Gonzaga

1 Michigan State OVER 3 NC State

FINAL FOUR

1 Kentucky OVER 1 Indiana

1 Michigan State OVER 4 Florida

NATIONAL CHAMPIONSHIP

1 MICHIGAN STATE OVER 1 Kentucky

CLASSIC CARTOONS OF CHRISTMAS PAST



"We can't go on like this, Mr. Mathers—seeing each other only at Christmas office parties!"



"How old is this little girl you want to surprise?"



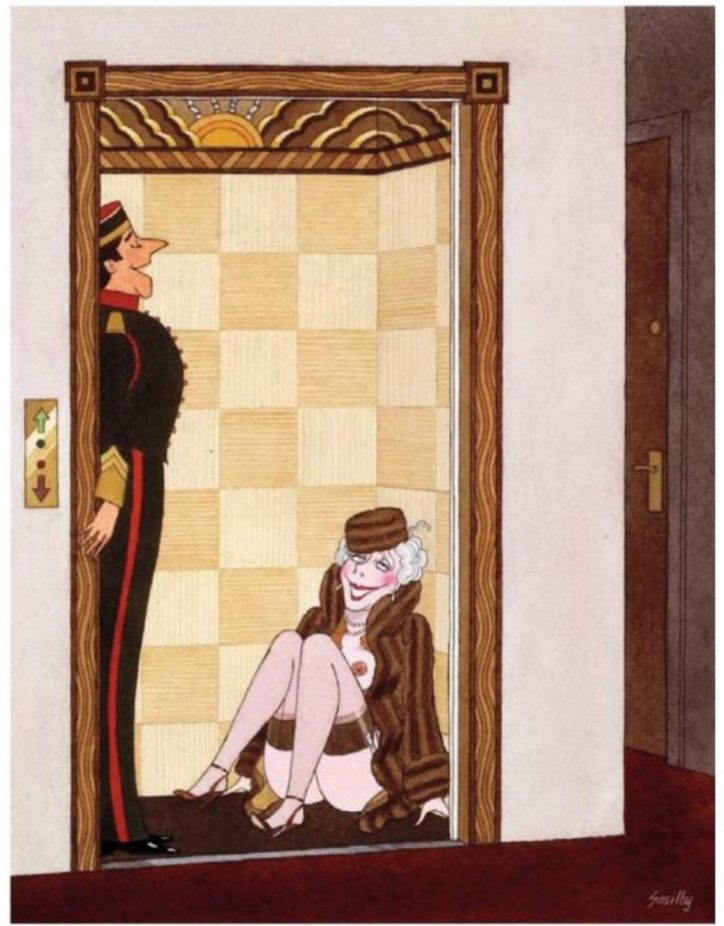
100 *"Tis the season to be jolly, tra-la-la-la-la—la-la-la-la...."*



*"What do you mean, where's your present?
You're unwrapping it now."*



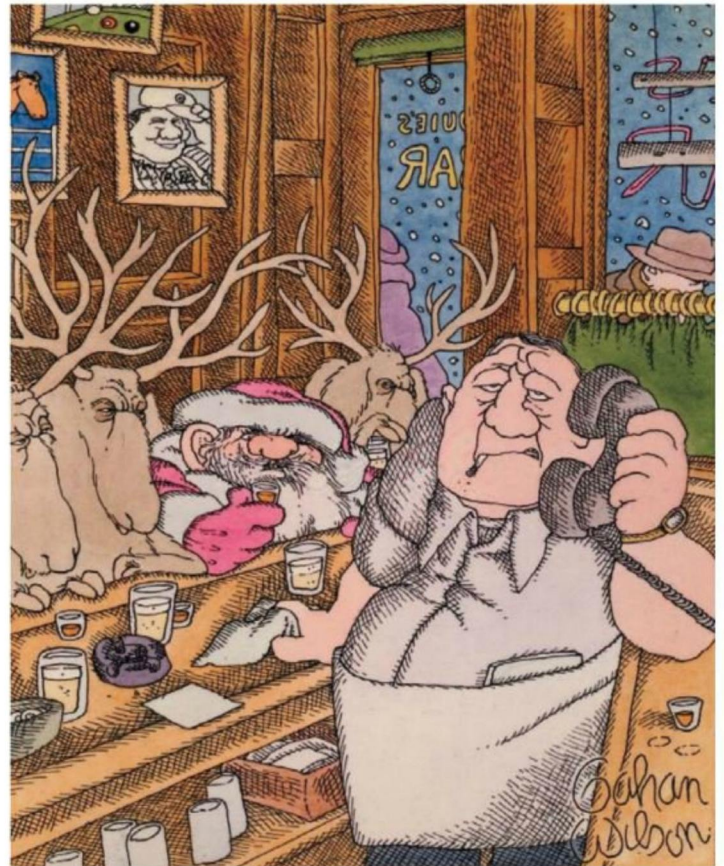
"I've been pretty good, but I think Mother's been putting out...."



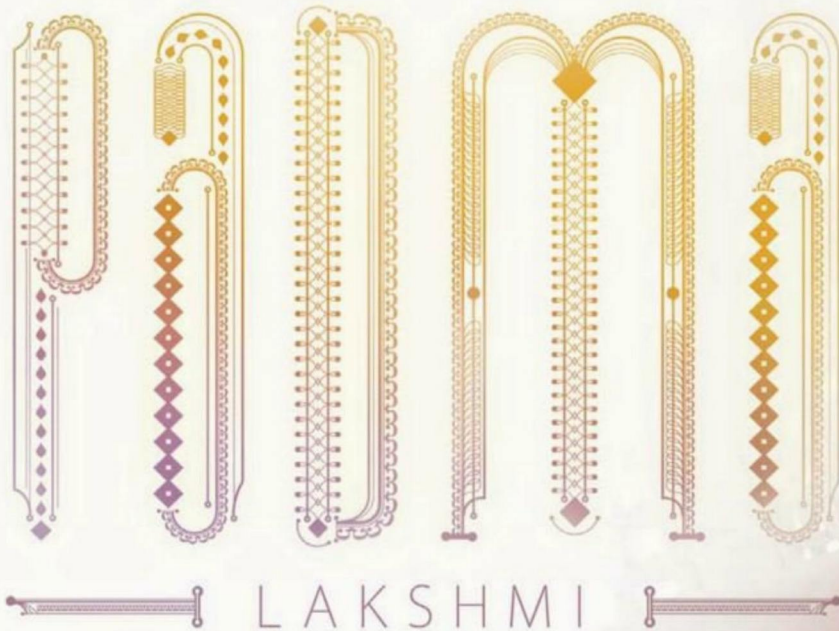
"Twenty-eighth floor...and a very Merry Christmas, madam."



"You're darn right I was good all year. I'm good anytime."



"I'm sorry, Mrs. Claus, but nobody here fits that description...."



LAKSHMI

THE SEXIEST JUDGE IN COOKING-SHOW HISTORY TALKS ABOUT MODELING, EATING AND HOW SHE'S A TRUCK DRIVER CAUGHT IN A WOMAN'S BODY



PLAYBOY: How can you eat so much as a judge on *Top Chef* and look the way you do?

LAKSHMI: I'm lucky. I have a fast metabolism, I'm tall, and my digestive tract is ironclad and can really take a beating. Having been a model for 15 years, I also know a thing or two about how to dress if I've put on a few pounds. And I usually gain between 10 and 15 pounds over six weeks each season. Then I spend 12 weeks working it off. But it's worth it. When the timer goes off and the food is ready, I'm really excited to eat.



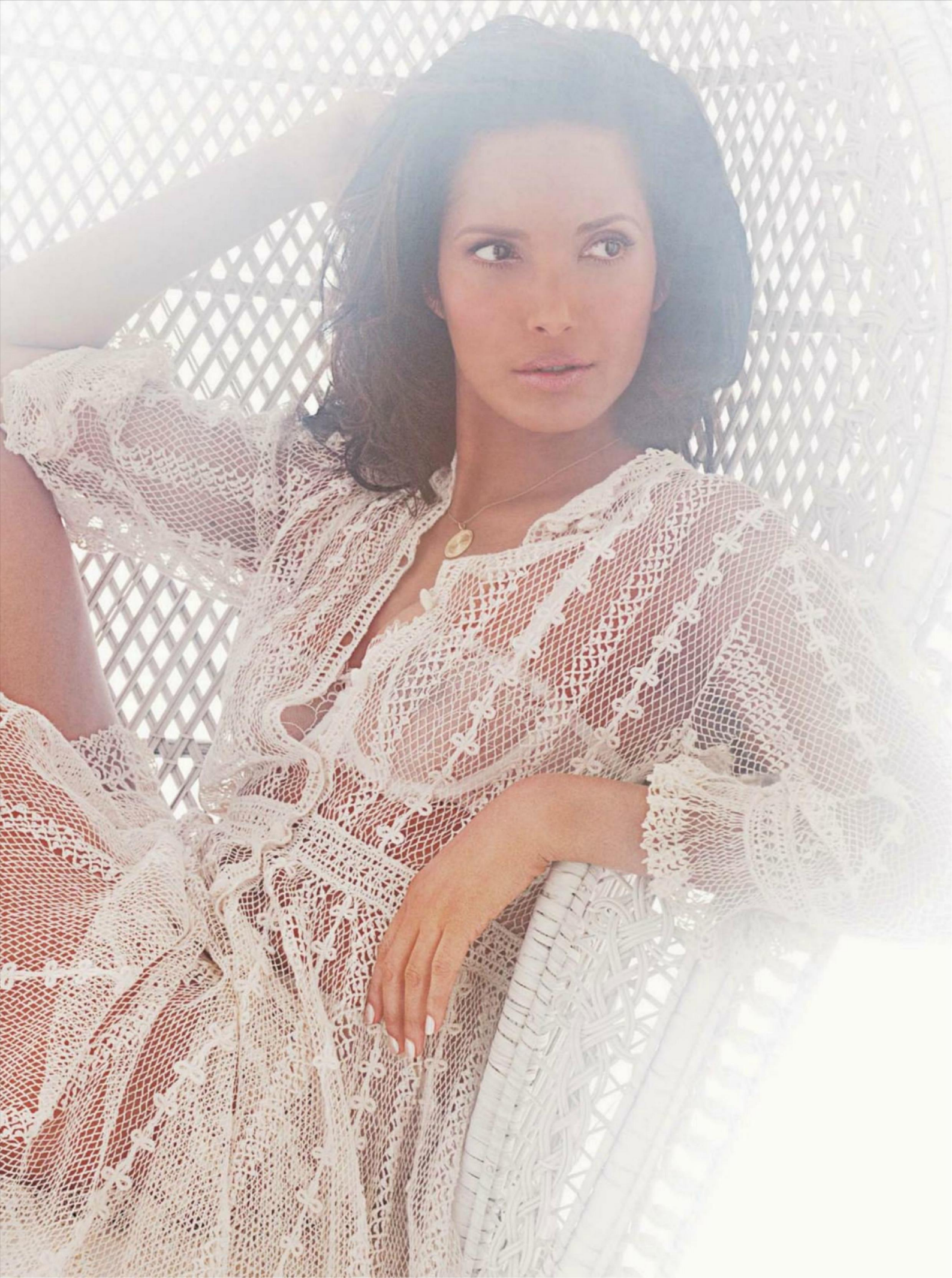
PLAYBOY: How is the show different this season?

LAKSHMI: Of all the seasons, this one was the easiest and most relaxed for me. The people of the Pacific Northwest were very welcoming. The terrain around us was lush, and the seafood was amazing. Seattle has some talented young chefs. *Top Chef* continues to surprise me as far as being a phenomenon. I lucked out.



PLAYBOY: Has the show made you a better cook?

LAKSHMI: Absolutely not. I can cook, but I'm not a chef and I don't want to be. I never aspired to



run a restaurant. What I am is an excellent taster. I have an incredibly sensitive palate, which is why I can do what I do. If you saw me chop an onion, you would be highly unimpressed. But if I taste a dish, I can usually replicate the ingredients. And if I kissed you, I could probably tell what you had for lunch.



PLAYBOY: You temptress! Your contestants must fall in love with you constantly.

LAKSHMI: Well, you know, everyone has a little crush on their fourth-grade teacher. It fades. But because this is a game show, the chefs are not allowed to talk to me unless it's on camera.

It's an FCC thing. Honestly, I don't know a thing about these chefs while we're shooting. I don't know their last names. I don't know if they're married or gay. I don't care. But if an innocent chef tries to chat me up, a producer will walk up and say, "Please step away from the judge." Where's that guy in my daily life?



PLAYBOY: Do you get hit on a lot?

LAKSHMI: I guess so. I don't even realize it most of the time. A lot of men get frustrated with me, actually, because I am like a guy. Honestly, I'm like a truck driver trapped in this body. I don't want to be your best friend. I don't expect you to give me a birthday card or send me flowers. I don't need fancy trips. You could take me across the street. Don't get me wrong. That stuff's nice, but I am a physical and sensual person. I love to be held. I love massages. I'm just not a Hallmark kind of gal.



PLAYBOY: You do realize that makes you even more attractive, right?

LAKSHMI: We always read in self-help books that men should listen to women and talk about their feelings. I suspect there's some truth to that or they wouldn't keep publishing these books. Psychologists *(continued on page 196)*





"I wish you'd sculpt something from your imagination once in a while!"

THE BEST WAY FOR US TO HELP AFRICANS
IS TO STOP INTERFERING
IN THE LIVES OF AFRICANS

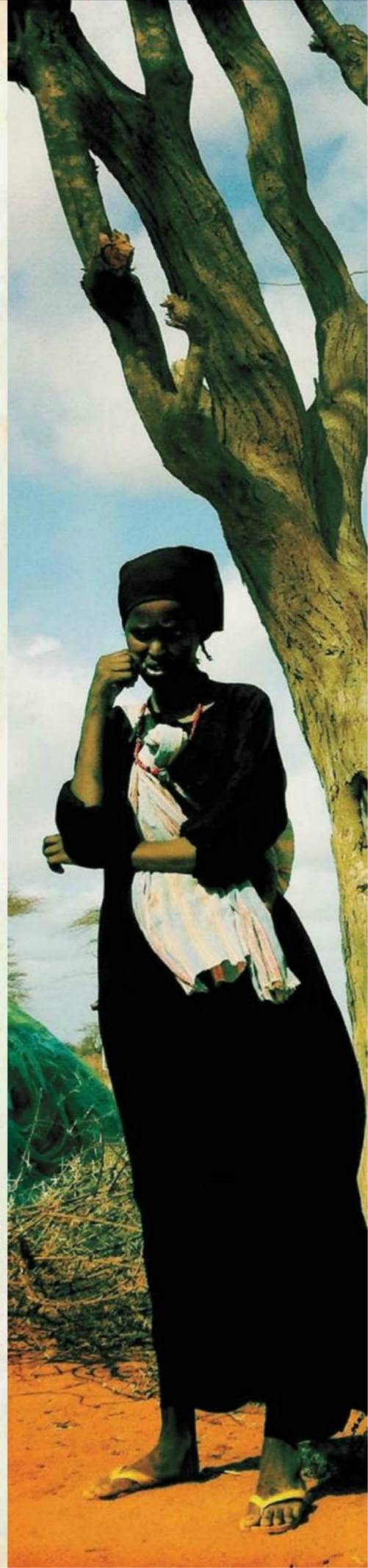
ADOPTING AFRICA

By **Paul Theroux**

▼
Most people come to Africa to see animals in the wild, while others make the visit to tell Africans how to improve their lives. And many people do both—animal watching in the early morning, busybodying in the afternoon. Lots of African countries offer this opportunity: Kenya (game parks and slums), Uganda (gorillas and tyrants), Tanzania (colorful Maasai herders and urban shantytowns), Malawi (lakeshore luxury and half a million AIDS orphans). There are other tourism-and-busybody opportunities, notably in South Africa, where it is possible to travel without much trouble from wilderness safari to township tour and see—by the way—that both experiences (game viewing and slum visiting) have in common a certain pathos, even an aesthetic.



One feature of tourism from the grand tour onward is that, not far from the five-star hotels, there is starvation and squalor. In most destinations you can't be a tourist without turning your back on human desperation or else holding your nose. India is the enduring example—glory in the background, misery in the foreground, no vision of gold without a whiff of excrement. But we are in Africa now, a continent plagued with foreign advisors. I have stayed in African hotels, usually the more expensive ones, where virtually every other guest was a highly paid advice giver. It is important to keep in mind that charity, and foreign aid, is a business, that the people who run charities are well-paid and that a great deal of what the average person contributes—80 cents of every (continued on page 174)





Girl on Film

FROM POLAND TO *PLAYBOY* COMES MODEL AMANDA STREICH, MISS DECEMBER

Eastern Europe is a hotbed of modeling talent. From the land of blade-sharp cheekbones, gorgeous gray eyes and, yes, the pierogi, comes Miss December Amanda Streich. "Just a little over two years ago," says the 19-year-old Polish *modelka* with a velvet accent, "I was a champion swimmer who entered a beauty contest and, before I knew what was happening, I was scouted by a manager and moved to New York City to model." It proved a perfect move for Amanda. Her ever-expanding résumé now includes gigs with Victoria's Secret, Calvin Klein and *Shape*

magazine. Manhattan has become her geographic G-spot. Whether working a photo shoot, applauding a Broadway show or shooting pool with the boys in SoHo, she is savoring the Big Apple. "New York is my dream-come-true town because it has such energy and magic. I don't like leaving it for even one night," she declares. She especially loves this time of year in the city. "It's perfection with the Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center and the Empire State building all lit up in red and green," she says. "So beautiful!" Ravishing too is our Centerfold herself. Her humble explanation? "When I moved here I was really skinny and young," says Amanda. "But after two years my body has changed and I've become, I don't know, a little sexier or something?" Maybe just a little....



Watch exclusive
online video

Photography by
ARNY FREYTAG



Click for
more
photos

Girl on Film

FROM POLAND TO PLAYBOY COMES MODEL AMANDA STREICH, MISS DECEMBER

E

astern Europe is a hotbed of model-ing talent. From the hard of blade-sharp cheekbones, gorgeous gray eyes and, yes, the big, big breasts, December 2011's Miss December, "Just a little over 20 years ago," says the 19-year-old Polish model with a velvet accent, "I was a champion swimmer who entered a beauty contest and, before I knew what was happening, I was scouted by a manager and moved to New York City to model." It proved a perfect move for Amanda. Her ever-expanding résumé now includes gigs with Victoria's Secret, Calvin Klein and *Shape*

magazine. Manhattan has become her go-to graphic G-spot. Whether working a photo shoot, apportioning a Broadway show or shooting period pieces, Amanda says she is leading polka-dot the Big Apple. "New York is my dream-come-true town because it has such energy and magic. I don't like leaving it for even one night," she declares. She especially loves this time of year in the city. "It's perfection with the Christmas tree at Rockefeller Center and the Empire State building all lit up in red and green," she says. "So beautiful!" Ranshing too is our Craterdell herself. Her humble explanation? When I moved here, I was really skinny and young. "I just had chance. But when I got here, I was a little older and I've become a little less sexy or something?" Maybe just a little...

Watch exclusive
online video



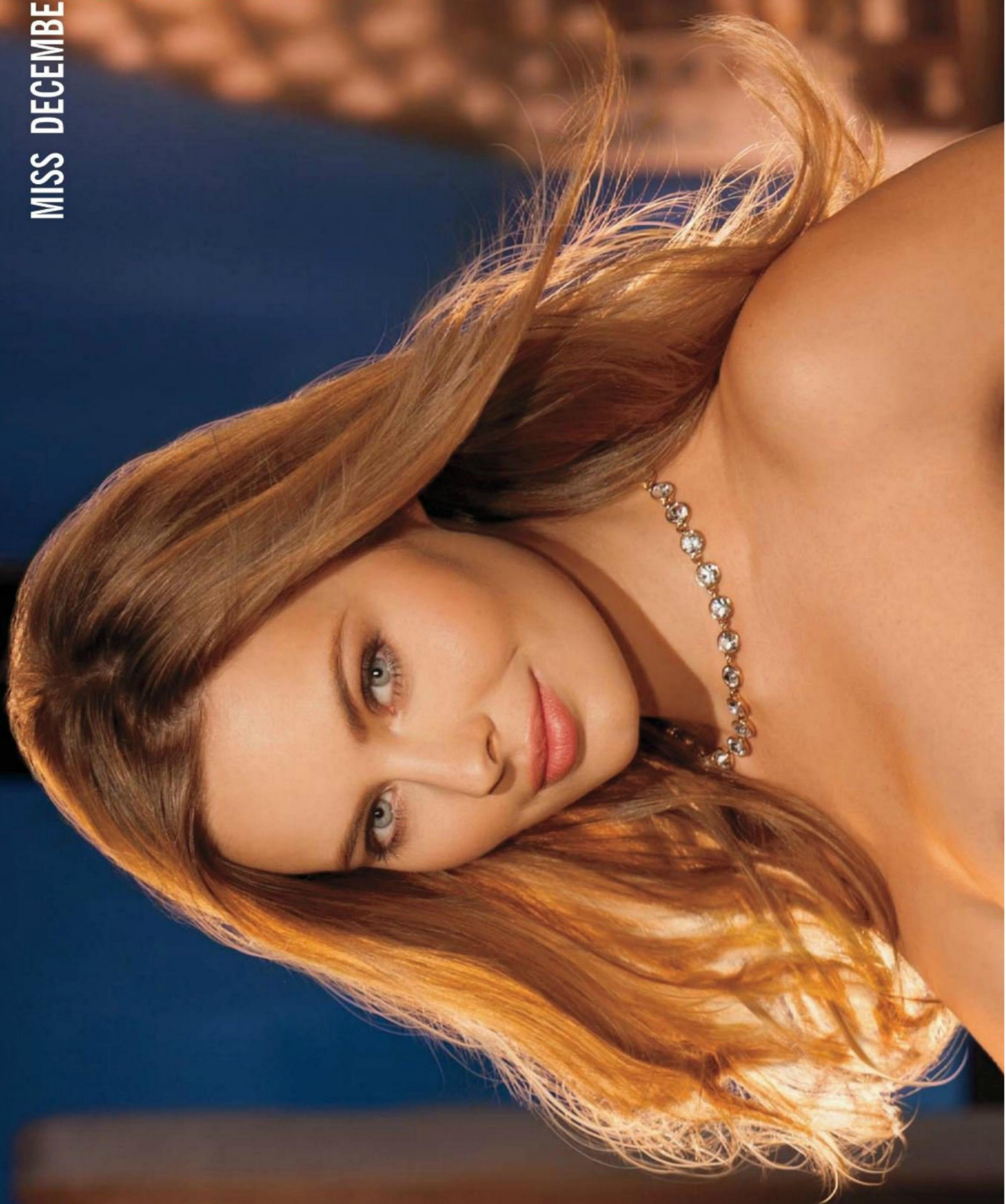






MISS DECEMBER

PLAYBOY'S PLAYMATE OF THE MONTH







Amanda Freich

PLAYMATE DATA SHEET



NAME: Amanda Streich

BUST: 34 C WAIST: 26" HIPS: 35"

HEIGHT: 5' 9" WEIGHT: 126 lbs.

BIRTH DATE: 05/26/93 BIRTHPLACE: Prock, Poland

AMBITIONS: To be successful in school and modeling and to enjoy life with no regrets.

TURN-ONS: I like a man who is intelligent, stylish, passionate and ambitious, and he must make me laugh.

TURNOFFS: Dirty shoes, being boastful or boring-and no mama's boys.

CRUSHES: Sylvester Stallone, Joey from Friends, Zach Galifianakis, and Barney from How I Met Your Mother. If only Neil Patrick Harris were straight....

WHY I DON'T COOK: I don't want to kill anybody.

HAPPY PLACE: Central Park. It makes me calm.

WHAT I WANT FOR CHRISTMAS: To visit my family in Poland-and bring home a boyfriend.



Polka-dot bikini.



Teenager with a tiara.



Kocham Polskę: "I love Poland"



See more of Miss December at
playboy.com.



PLAYBOY'S PARTY JOKES

What do you do if you come across Santa on Christmas Eve?

Apologize and wipe it off.

What's the difference between Santa Claus and a bartender?

Santa has to look at only eight assholes.

Can I have a dog for Christmas?" a boy asked his mother.

"Absolutely not!" she answered. "You'll have turkey like everyone else."

Why doesn't Santa Claus have any children?

Because he comes only once a year, and when he does, it's down a chimney.



I feel bad for you guys," a wife told her husband while watching television. "Between Thanksgiving and Valentine's Day every commercial is about gifts for women and there's nothing about the perfect gift for you."

"Well," he replied, "I think it might be illegal to air a commercial showing a threesome with you and your best friend."

Did you hear about the Larry David dolls that are coming to stores this holiday season?

They're already wound up.

A couple had been waiting to buy presents until the wife received her Christmas bonus, but it never came. On Christmas Eve she said, "Darling, funds are low this year. I suggest that instead of buying gifts for each other you just go out and buy something for the house."

Later in the evening the husband stumbled home drunk and empty-handed. "What the hell did you buy for the house?" his wife screamed at him.

He responded, "A round of drinks."

One day a little boy wrote to Santa Claus, "Please send me a sister."

"Surely," Santa Claus wrote him back. "Send me your mother."

On Christmas Eve a woman was anxiously picking through the Cornish game hens in the supermarket in hopes of finding larger ones. In desperation she called over a shop assistant and asked, "Excuse me, do these game hens get any bigger?"

"No, ma'am," he replied. "They're all dead."

What's the most popular Christmas wine?
"I didn't get the present I wanted."

The Four Stages of Life.

Stage one: You believe in Santa.

Stage two: You don't believe in Santa.

Stage three: You are Santa.

Stage four: You look like Santa.

For Christmas I want something that can go from zero to 220 in four seconds," a man told his wife.

So she gave him a scale.

A man was shopping in a toy store when a sexy blonde smiled and waved at him. Taken aback and unable to place her, he asked, "Sorry, do I know you?"

"I think you might be the father of one of my children," she answered.

His mind shot back to the one and only time he'd been unfaithful. "Holy shit," he said. "Are you that stripper I screwed on the pool table in front of all my friends while your girlfriend whipped me with her belt?"

"No," she replied, "I'm your son's teacher."



Who said that just because I tried to kiss you at the Christmas party you could neglect all of your work here at the office?" a boss asked his secretary.

The secretary replied, "My lawyer."

Two men in a bar were drinking beer and talking about what they had gotten their wives for Christmas. The first man said, "I asked her what she wanted, and she just said, 'Surprise me.' So I went out and bought her a new iPhone and a dildo."

"Why the dildo?" the other man asked.

The first replied, "If she doesn't like the iPhone she can go fuck herself."

Send your jokes to Playboy Party Jokes, 9346 Civic Center Drive, Beverly Hills, California 90210, or by e-mail to jokes@playboy.com. PLAYBOY will pay \$100 to the contributors whose submissions are selected.



"I'm new here, Mr. Fitzroy, but isn't it usual for all the employees to be invited to the office Christmas party?"



How To PARTY LIKE A GENTLEMAN

PHOTOGRAPHY BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER

There are holiday parties, and then there are for-the-record-books, refined yet raucous, Playboy-level holiday parties. To make it an unforgettable night at your mansion, follow our 11 rules, including expert advice from jet-setting DJ STEVE AOKI, world-renowned mixologist JIM MEEHAN, iconic party photographer MARK HUNTER, soul singer JOHN LEGEND and Top Chef Master CHRIS COSENTINO.

RULE 2

SET THE MOOD

BRIGHT LIGHTS ARE A BUZZKILL. FOR GOD'S SAKE, TURN THEM DOWN



1. DIM THE LIGHTS

→ Take a cue from every romantic restaurant you've visited and turn down the lights. Especially in the kitchen (it's where everyone ends up anyway).



2. STRAND AND DELIVER

→ Twinkle lights aren't just for the tree. Hang them in every room. Buy white ones: You can deploy them at other parties throughout the year.



3. VOTIVE EARLY, VOTIVE OFTEN

→ Grab a pack of tea lights at Ikea (they're scent-free and only four bucks for 100) and place them throughout the house for dramatic effect.

RULE 1

GET THE INVITE RIGHT



'TIS THE SEASON TO USE SNAIL MAIL

→ With in-boxes jammed with unanswered holiday e-mail invitations, sending out letterpress invites printed on heavy card stock will greatly improve your RSVP ratio. The handsome invitation above was designed and printed by Dauphine Press, which can work with you to create your own custom design.

RULE 3

LISTEN TO LEGEND

**PUT THE SINGER'S
FAVORITE HOLIDAY
SONGS ON YOUR
PLAYLIST**



JOHN LEGEND

*The nine-time Grammy Award winner is putting the finishing touches on his next album, *Love in the Future*.*

MERRY CHRISTMAS BABY
by Elvis Presley

THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY
by Stevie Wonder

BABY IT'S COLD OUTSIDE
by Betty Carter and Ray Charles

LET IT SNOW!
by Frank Sinatra

CHRISTMAS NIGHT IN HARLEM
by Louis Armstrong

CHRISTMAS IN HARLEM
by Kanye West, CyHi da Prynce
and Teyana Taylor



RULE 4

GET PUNCHY

SERVE A GLORIOUS FESTIVE PUNCH FROM JIM MEEHAN, MIXOLOGIST EXTRAORDINAIRE



JIM MEEHAN

Meehan is owner of PDT, New York's preeminent speakeasy and winner of the 2011 Best Bar in the World award, and author of The PDT Cocktail Book.

ROSY CHEEKS

→ Created specially for PLAYBOY, this punch is prepared with a number of ingredients worth talking about. Redbreast (comment away) is one of the finest Irish whiskeys. Plymouth sloe gin was traditionally sipped from flasks by English fox hunters. And the new Tempus Fugit crème de cacao is absolutely amazing. Everyone loves champagne, or should, and it can be served on its own for those who prefer a glass of wine: Be sure to stock extra bottles. The drink's name refers to the glow one attains after sipping a few of these, as well as to the flush that follows an arduous trek to a holiday party.

SERVES 12

- 9 oz. Redbreast 12-year-old Irish whiskey
- 6 oz. Plymouth sloe gin
- 6 oz. Tempus Fugit crème de cacao
- 6 oz. fresh lemon juice
- 1 bottle Moët Imperial champagne
- 12 lemon slices, for garnish

Combine first four ingredients and refrigerate. Right before the party, pour into a chilled punch bowl containing cubed ice or a large block of ice* and top with champagne. Serve in five-ounce punch cups garnished with lemon slices.

**If you prepare the punch over a large block of ice, add 12 ounces of ice-cold water. No need to add if you use cubed ice instead.*



RULE 5

LET YOUR GUESTS MIX IT UP

THE ULTIMATE SELF-SERVE BAR

For the less adventurous—which occasionally includes VIP attendees such as your boss or in-laws—a well-chosen highball bar is the low-maintenance way to please all tastes. It gives your guests the opportunity to show their true colors when they mix their own drinks and compliment you on your choice of spirits. Set up a combination of the categories below, with a bowl of lemon and lime wedges.

= *The Spirits* =

WHISKEY

Johnnie Walker Black Label
The Famous Grouse
Compass Box

VODKA

Absolut
Belvedere
Ketel One

GIN

Tanqueray
Plymouth
Hendrick's

TEQUILA

Siete Leguas
El Tesoro
Jose Cuervo Tradicional

= *Mix With* =

GINGER ALE

Q Ginger
Fever-Tree
Blenheim

MINERAL WATER

Perrier
Lurisia
San Pellegrino

TONIC WATER

Q Tonic
Fever-Tree
Schweppes

GRAPEFRUIT SODA

Mexican Squirt
Ting
Izze



RULE 6

ALL HAIL HOLIDAY ALE

UNCORK A LIMITED EDITION SEASONAL BEER

→ Every year, San Francisco's Anchor Brewing creates a top-secret custom-blended Christmas ale with intense, spicy flavors and a higher alcohol content than standard ales. Track down a magnum for an impressive and celebratory presentation.



RULE 7

DRESS THE PART

→ You've gone to the trouble of dialing in all the details, so keep up the high standards on the sartorial front. A simple dark suit and tie, or a natty blazer and a crisp shirt, will show your best side—and show your guests the respect they deserve.

RULE 8

SHOOT LIKE THE COBRASNAKE

MARK HUNTER'S TIPS FOR TAKING UNFORGETTABLE PARTY PHOTOS



MARK HUNTER

Hunter, a.k.a. the Cobrasnake, shoots the hottest parties in the country. Check out his pics at thecobrasnake.com.

"Your pictures will only be as good as what you're taking a picture of."

Parties are not the time to get ambitious with composition to show everyone you're a fancy-pants artist. Nobody cares about your composition. Just find the coolest-, hottest-, weirdest-looking people you can, stand a couple of feet in front of them, and take a picture."

"The key word in 'party photographer' is 'party.'"

You'll never get good photos if you look boring and ugly. If you dress wild enough, you will create a party just by walking into the room, and you can then take pictures of that party."

"Get a real camera. At good parties, things happen fast."

Your camera phone may be able to take pretty good pictures, but it won't be fast enough to capture the really hot action while it's

happening. If you want a picture of the big fat drunk guy jiggling through the air before he lands in the pool, you're going to need a big camera with a real lens."

"Nothing is worse than a picture of a really pretty girl with a really fake smile."

I always try to sneak up on girls so they don't have time to decide what kind of face to make, or I try to make them laugh so they're really smiling. There are other reasons to make pretty girls laugh at parties, but if you don't know about that, you're reading the wrong magazine."



RULE 9

HAM IT UP

THIS HOLIDAY, GO SOUTH, YOUNG MAN

→ Of all possible holiday hams, none can top the artisanal, exactingly smoked Southern country-style hams that have become beloved by American chefs. If you've never had a country ham from the Deep South before, think of it as America's bold, smoky answer to prosciutto. Chris Cosentino, winner of *Top Chef Masters* and the chef behind Incanto in San Francisco and Pigg in Los Angeles, says, "Country ham sliced and served like a classic prosciutto is the way to go. I like to serve it with ripe pears and toasted hazelnuts. Or a simple citrus marmalade and a great biscuit would be perfect." Benton's, Broadbent's, Colonel Bill Newsom's, Father's and S. Wallace Edwards and Sons are among the best producers.

RULE 11

KILL YOUR HANGOVER

**BETTER RECOVERY
THROUGH CHEMISTRY**

Of course, moderation is the best medicine. If you overimbibe, the hair of the dog will only put off inevitable pain and suffering. Blowfish is a megadose of caffeine and aspirin (which usually works for us) in a convenient form.



RULE 10

SPIN LIKE AOKI

*DJ-QUALITY
ALBUMS FOR YOUR
AFTERPARTY*



STEVE AOKI

Aoki is a world-class DJ, music producer and founder of Dim Mak Records.

DAFT PUNK, ALIVE 2007

→ "It's the most amazing mixed album in dance music by the most influential dance artists in the world."

QUEEN, GREATEST HITS

→ "They have so many hits. Who doesn't want to clink drinks and sing along to one of the greatest rock bands ever?"

JUSTICE, CROSS

→ "This album defined electro and still pumps me up. If I want to get excited about going out and hanging with friends, this album has never failed me in the past four years."

THE BLOODY BEETROOTS, ROMBORAMA

→ "Twenty songs of electro fire. Uplifting records, songs that will make you want to scream, songs that will make you want to start a mosh pit with your parents, songs that will get you dancing off your feet. One of the best albums in dance music, period."

STEVE AOKI, WONDERLAND

→ "I worked day and night for three years to finish my album *Wonderland*. I went across the board to many different genres, working with artists such as LMFAO, Kid Cudi, Lil Jon, Rivers Cuomo, CSS, Travis Barker, Chiddy Bang, Wynter Gordon, will.i.am and others to create all different kinds of moods to get you in the mood to have the best party ever. Make your night a *Wonderland* night!"



"It's a case I wish I'd never solved, Watson!"





*Photography by
Matthew Mahon*

Adam Reposa just might be the best damn legal mind in Texas. But can the courtroom outlaw pull himself together before he ends up either disbarred or behind bars?

W

EDNESDAY

"There's a horse in the bar."

Adam Reposa's head swivels. His mouth creases into a wild grin, his teeth big and white as piano keys.

"Hunh you say?"

He is hunched over a bisected oil drum sizzling with white-hot charcoals. Turning chicken breasts and cheddar-jalapeño sausages. In the backyard of

what Reposa has crowned “the diviest dive bar in Austin.” Saying something.

“There’s a fucking horse in the bar.”

Reposa’s thick dark brown beard and hair, billowing over his shoulders, drip with grill sweat and grease. It is over 100 degrees, a hot wind blowing up from old Mexico. It is his birthday. Thirty-eight. Taken over the entire saloon, inside and out, for the party. His wife and two-year-old son are not present. Many former and current clients are. As Reposa is a defense attorney in an already peculiar city’s atavistic underbelly, this may bode ill.

To me, “Check it out.”

I thread my way through a group passing a purple hash pipe. Sun still high, two bottles of Jack Daniel’s empty on the picnic table. Bourbon whiskey jug, Evan Williams brand, half full.

Up a short flight of metal stairs, there is indeed a horse in the bar. Brown and sleek, shod, saddled and reined to the rail.

A voice in the dark. “Idiot, that ain’t a horse. It’s a mule.” Well...

Back outside, someone hands me a longneck Lone Star. Chippy, one of Reposa’s oldest friends. Tall, thin, grew up on the south Texas side of the Sabine. Accounts for the clipped bayou accent. Did a seven-year federal bit for smuggling major-weight weed, back when Reposa was still in law school, or else he would have defended him. Probably would have walked him. Chippy’s straight now, owns a pizza joint.

I nod toward a corner. Two zaftig Hispanic women—Rubens would paint them, Tracy Jordan would bed them—chatting at an outdoor garden table. Smoking grass and sipping vodka.

“Those, um, the strippers?”

Chippy, laconic, pulls on his own longneck. “Well, you know, everything’s bigger in Texas.” Getting ahead of myself.

THREE DAYS EARLIER

The door flies open from the outside, releasing the faint aroma of wood varnish and Jim Beam. Adam Reposa doffs his white straw fedora, loosens his Carnaby Street neon-blue tie and carefully folds his cranberry-striped seersucker suit jacket over a chair back in his new office suite.

He slumps into a larger

chair, snaps his suspenders like an old-timey banker and plops his alligator boots onto a desk. Lowers them. Stands. Sits. Plops. Stands again. Paces. All kinetic energy. If I am a personal pronoun, Adam Reposa is a verb.

“I’m pretty constrained in what I can do with this space.” He waves his arm about the cramped, three-room attic. “Some Bondo and paint on that wall. Put in that little window. Those bricks, they were the chimney. Covered ’em with cement and painted ’em. The look I’m going for? Better than an attic.”

An attic in a run-down clapboard house steps from the Heman Marion Sweatt Travis County Courthouse in downtown Austin, Reposa’s stage and laboratory. Have to climb the fire escape to enter. Convenient, at least, if maybe not what you’d expect from a man some view as the best criminal defense attorney in the Texas Hill Country, perhaps the entire state... and others view as the legal profession’s version of a monstrous hybrid of Charlie Sheen and Russell Brand.

Saw it up close. Within an hour of my landing last night he plied me with oysters, local-brewed IPAs, many (many) shots of Kentucky bourbon. Bartender refused to let us pay. Reposa once skated him on a DWI. I tipped appropriately.

So I dragged this morning when we hit the courthouse. Scut-work day in a holiday week: filings, rescheduled hearings, no trials. Reposa, by contrast, was...chipper. Everyone admired his rainbow getup in a world of gray flannel and repp ties. Almost everyone. Five courtrooms, five judges. I counted three amused smiles, one raised eyebrow, one mean stare and glare. “Me and him got into it one time,” Reposa explained.

Just one time? From the lawyer who advertises himself as “Bulletproof” and owns the website DWIBadass.com? From the lawyer whose photoshopped mug leers from the back page of every issue of Austin’s most popular underground newspaper in poses ranging from French-kissing a pit bull to banging a policewoman doggy style? From the lawyer who gleefully performed a cameo in *Total Badass*, a notorious documentary that tracked one of Austin’s biggest marijuana dealers—who now happens to be Reposa’s legal assistant? From the lawyer whose most famous YouTube video shows him

(continued on page 158)



“I’ve done the best ecstasy. I fucked the greatest virgins. And there’s nothing like walking a guilty person smooth out of court.”

★ UPLOADED & DANGEROUS ★

The greatest YouTube hits of Adam Reposa



In a recent promotional video, Reposa rams a truck into a car before kicking in the window, screaming, “I am a lawyer!”



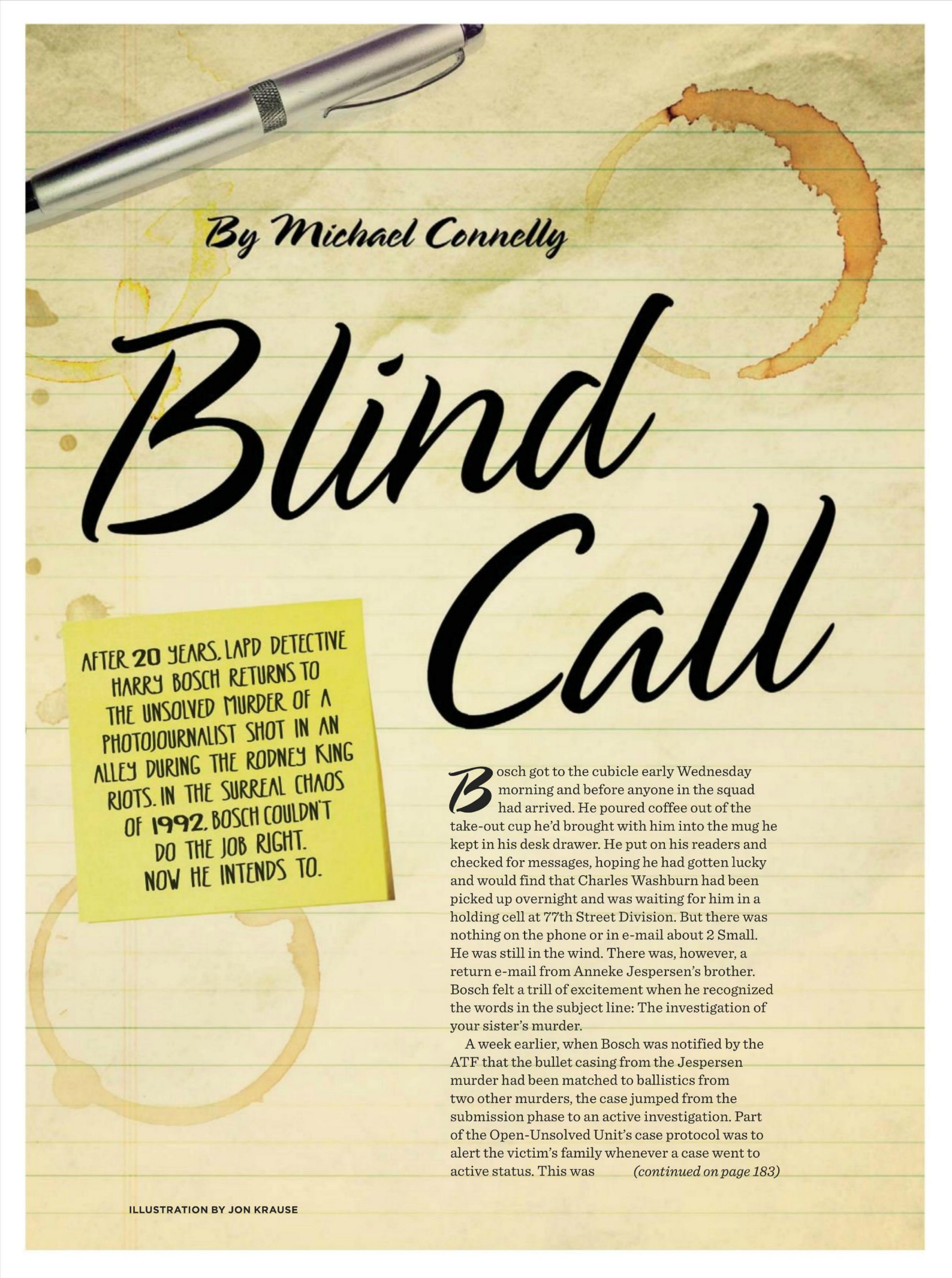
A ranting Reposa appears as a “celebrity spokesman” in this psychedelic public service announcement for Drunk Drivers of Texas.



Footage from 2008 shows a younger, short-haired Reposa reporting to serve his sentence for contempt of court.



"I decided to wear my stockings rather than hang them over the fireplace."



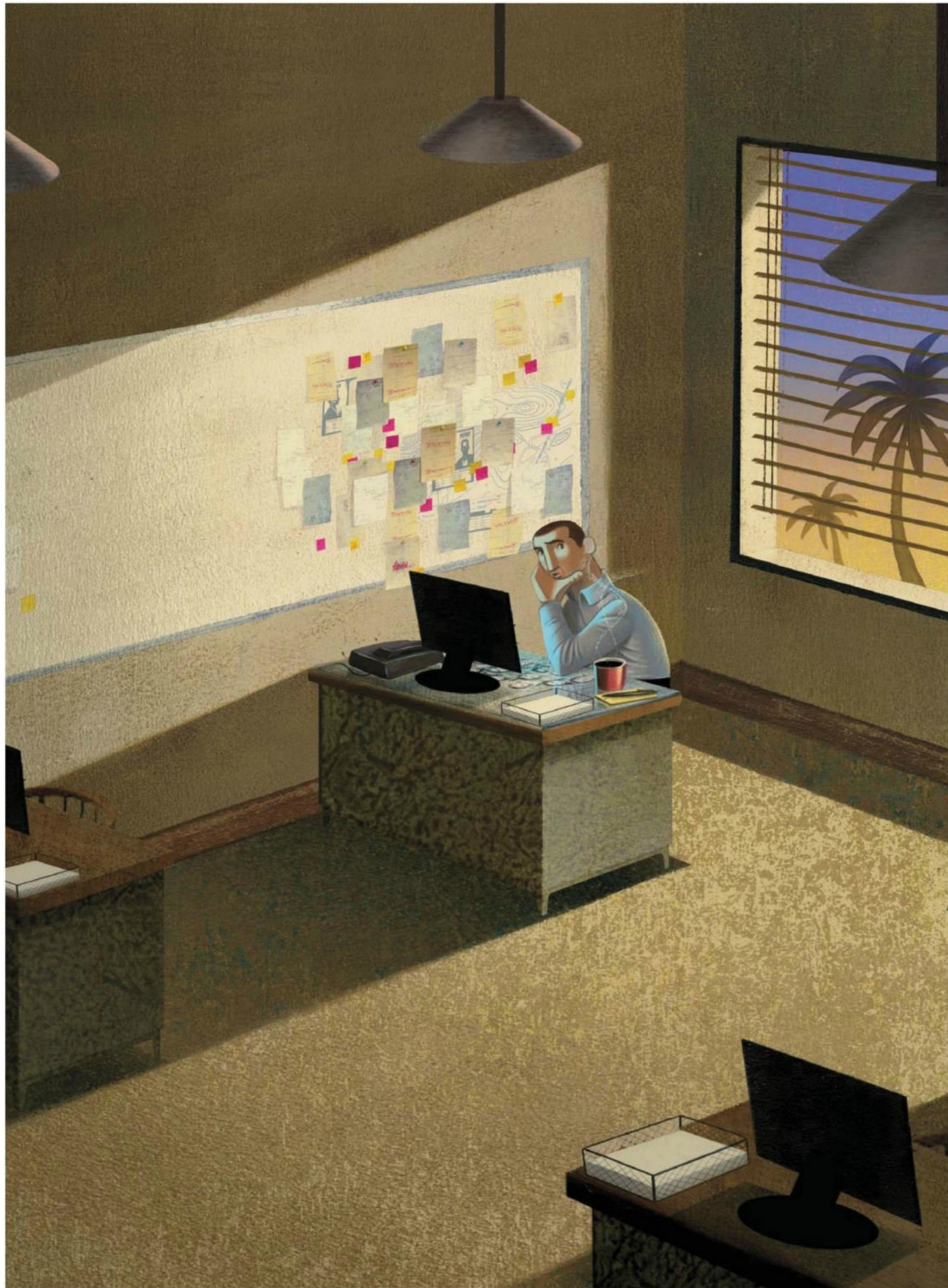
By Michael Connelly

Blind Call

AFTER 20 YEARS, LAPD DETECTIVE HARRY BOSCH RETURNS TO THE UNSOLVED MURDER OF A PHOTOJOURNALIST SHOT IN AN ALLEY DURING THE RODNEY KING RIOTS. IN THE SURREAL CHAOS OF 1992, BOSCH COULDN'T DO THE JOB RIGHT. NOW HE INTENDS TO.

Bosch got to the cubicle early Wednesday morning and before anyone in the squad had arrived. He poured coffee out of the take-out cup he'd brought with him into the mug he kept in his desk drawer. He put on his readers and checked for messages, hoping he had gotten lucky and would find that Charles Washburn had been picked up overnight and was waiting for him in a holding cell at 77th Street Division. But there was nothing on the phone or in e-mail about 2 Small. He was still in the wind. There was, however, a return e-mail from Anneke Jespersen's brother. Bosch felt a trill of excitement when he recognized the words in the subject line: The investigation of your sister's murder.

A week earlier, when Bosch was notified by the ATF that the bullet casing from the Jespersen murder had been matched to ballistics from two other murders, the case jumped from the submission phase to an active investigation. Part of the Open-Unsolved Unit's case protocol was to alert the victim's family whenever a case went to active status. This was *(continued on page 183)*





Throne of Roses

Vintage suit, \$724, by MOSCHINO, at Albright Downstairs. Printed shirt, \$140, by TOPMAN. Conch-shell lapel pin, \$295, by LARRY VRBA. Pocket square, \$29, by J. PRESS. Shoes, \$980, by BOTTEGA VENETA.

FASHION by
Jennifer Ryan Jones

PHOTOGRAPHY by
Tony Kelly

Elegantly Wasted

THE ETERNAL COOL OF
Rufus Wainwright

Rufus Wainwright is the sort of man who cares nearly as much about the material of his sports coat as the material in his songbook. The singer-songwriter, who released the brightly colored *Out of the Game* earlier this year, is a brilliant tunesmith with an eclectic eye for apparel. When we meet him, he is wearing an artfully distressed leather jacket and a scarf long enough to get tangled

in the back wheel of an Amilcar. He has some truly offbeat ideas when it comes to dress-up.

"I always wanted to be Anouk Aimée in the movie *La Dolce Vita*," he says. "You know, the bored, sexually hungry rich woman. She also wore the best sunglasses in the world."

Born the child of two accomplished singer-songwriters—Kate McGarrigle and Loudon Wainwright III—Rufus was ushered into creative circles before he could focus his eyes. He was playing piano at the age of six and touring with his mother's group by 13. When he released his first studio album (*Rufus Wainwright*), in 1998, critics fell over themselves with praise. *Rolling Stone* named him best new artist of the year.

Wainwright has since worked in theater and

opera, with Shakespearean sonnets and even on the soundtrack for *Shrek*. His music amalgamates genres from rock to folk and beyond. It's precise and enigmatic, yet at the same time free-flowing and loose, as if sprung from the mind of a man perpetually plastered—elegantly wasted, as they say.

All the while he has gained a reputation for surprising sartorial choices—three-piece suits that effectively clash patterns and colors, brightly colored pocket squares that seem to drool from the breast, even experiments with lederhosen.

"I get a lot of stuff for free, which is great," he says. "I need a barn to store them in. I guess I'm a clotheshorse."

Unless you've been living in Pago Pago, you know that Wainwright is out and proud, a fact that brings up his recent nuptials (to German Jörn Weisbrodt) and his favorite designers (Viktor Horsting and Rolf Snoeren, who created the wedding wear).

"Viktor and Rolf are able to simultaneously stretch the boundaries of artistic expression," Wainwright says, "while retaining total craftsmanship and quality. Timeless! I adore them."

How extraordinary. We were looking for a way to sum up Wainwright's oeuvre. He ended up doing it himself.

BY PETER GERSTENZANG



The Cunning Clash

Vintage jacket, \$639,
by MOSCHINO, at
Albright Downstairs.
Vintage shirt, \$349, by
JEAN PAUL GAULTIER,
at Albright Down-
stairs. Pants, \$375, by
SURFACE TO AIR. Scarf,
\$615, by YVES SAINT
LAURENT.



Show-time

Silk dinner jacket, \$7,000, by BRIONI. Printed shirt, \$250, by TOPMAN. Tuxedo trousers, \$1,250, by BRIONI. Silk pocket square, \$250, by BROOKE DAVID. Bow tie, \$135, by BRIONI. Shoes, \$450, by STUBBS & WOOTTON.



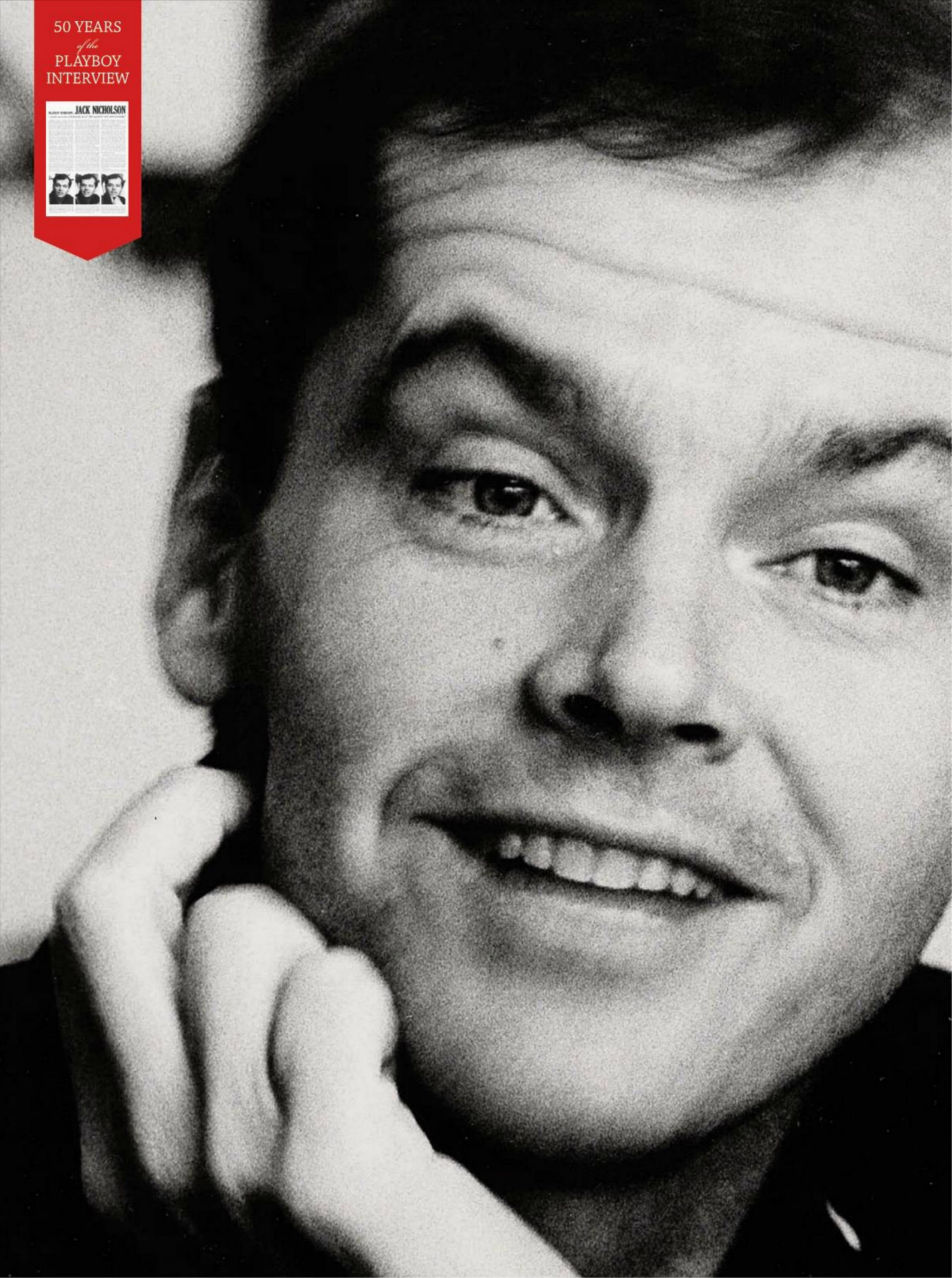


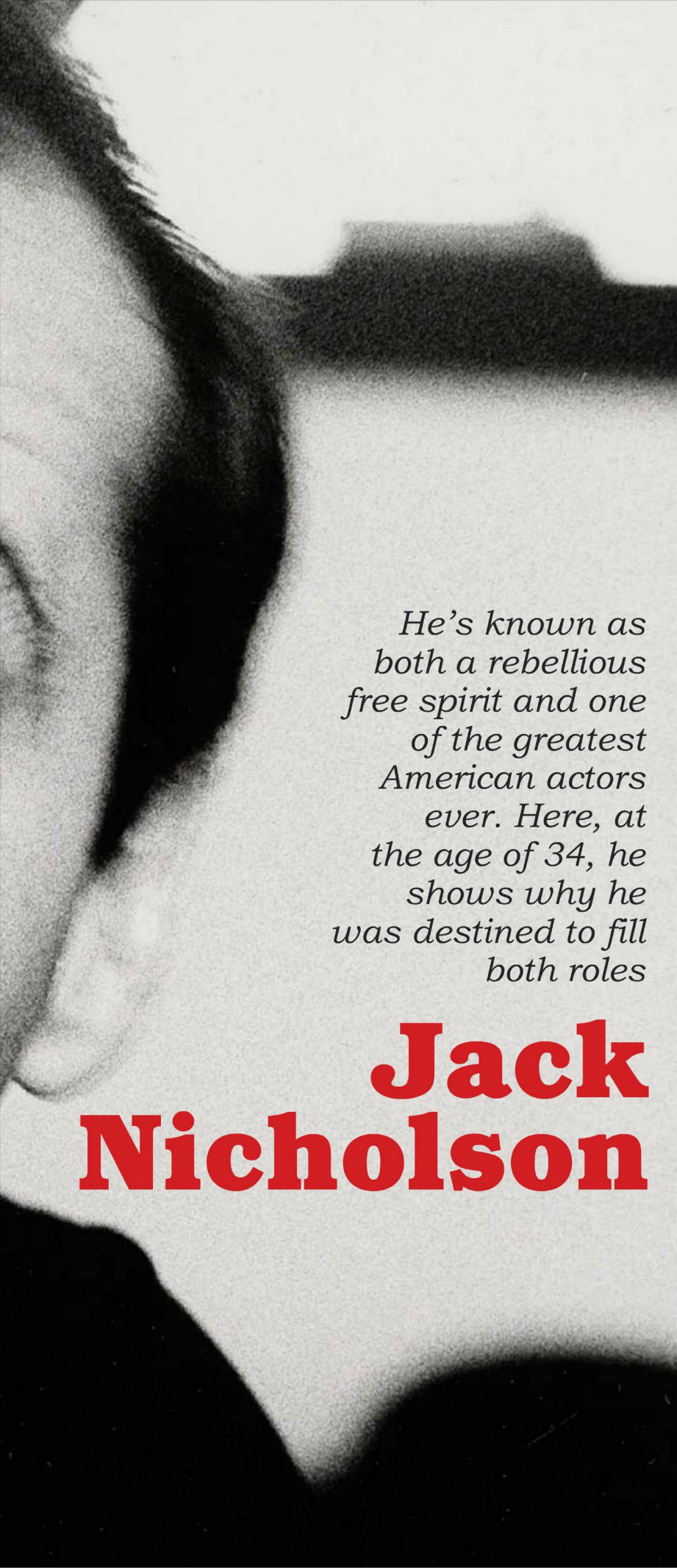
Stars and Stripes

Vintage suit, \$869, by MOSCHINO, at Albright Downstairs. Cheetah-print shirt, \$188, by BY ROBERT JAMES. Vintage flower lapel pin, \$170, by STAR STRUCK. Pocket square, \$29, by J. PRESS. Loafers, \$795, by JEAN-MICHEL CAZABAT.

50 YEARS
of the
PLAYBOY
INTERVIEW

PLAYBOY INTERVIEW JACK NICHOLSON





*He's known as
both a rebellious
free spirit and one
of the greatest
American actors
ever. Here, at
the age of 34, he
shows why he
was destined to fill
both roles*

Jack Nicholson

Jack Nicholson is on every credible reviewer's short list of the greatest actors of all time. Over the past half century he has played some of the most memorable characters ever seen on screen—characters that “stand for freedom, anarchy, self-gratification and bucking the system, and often they also stand for generous friendship and a kind of careworn nobility,” as film critic Roger Ebert has written. Many of the 75 films he has appeared in are among the best ever made, an astonishing list that includes *Chinatown*, *The Last Detail*, *Carnal Knowledge*, *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, *The Passenger*, *Hoffa*, *The Shining*, *The Postman Always Rings Twice*, *Prizzi's Honor*, *Batman*, *A Few Good Men* and *About Schmidt*. He has been nominated for 12 Academy Awards (he's won three) and is a recipient of a lifetime achievement award from the American Film Institute.

Nicholson's personal life has also been celebrated—including his off-screen relationships with actresses Anjelica Huston and Michelle Phillips, among others, his unapologetic drug use and his sexual escapades. A noted sports fan, he is often seen ringside at boxing matches and courtside at Los Angeles Lakers basketball games. It was at a Lakers game that he celebrated his 75th birthday this year. The crowd gave him a standing ovation.

Nicholson's big break came in 1969 when he starred with Dennis Hopper and Peter Fonda in the now-classic *Easy Rider*. Three years later he gave the first of two remarkably candid *Playboy* Interviews, in the April 1972 and January 2004 issues. It was 40 years ago, just before Nicholson turned 35, that Contributing Editor **Richard Warren Lewis** sat down with the actor for a conversation that covered everything from censorship (how in Hollywood “if you suck a tit, you're an X, but if you cut it off with a sword, you're a PG”) to his experimentation with LSD, while he smoked Montecristo cigars and petted his cat. In the introduction Lewis noted that Nicholson's eyes were somehow “as inscrutable as the cat's.” It was an interview worthy of the actor known to be similar to a character he played who says of himself, “I'm just your average horny little devil.”

PLAYBOY: Have there been any significant changes in your lifestyle in the three years since you hit it big with *Easy Rider*?

NICHOLSON: I'm not looking for work anymore. Work is looking for me. Since my overnight stardom, if you can call it that, I can't go around picking up stray pussy anymore.

PLAYBOY: Is it true, as one interviewer reported, that you smoked 155 joints during *Easy Rider*'s campfire sequence?

NICHOLSON: That's a little exaggerated. But each time I did a take or an angle, it involved smoking almost an entire joint. We were smoking regular dope, pretty good Mexican grass from the state of Michoacán. Now, the main portion of this sequence is the transition from not being stoned to being stoned. So that after the first take or two, the acting job becomes reversed. Instead of being straight and having to act stoned at the end, I'm now stoned at the beginning and have to act straight and then gradually let myself return to where I was—which was very stoned. And Dennis [Hopper] (continued on page 168)

The
**PLAYBOY HOLIDAY
GIFT GUIDE**
2012

ALL
WRAPPED
UP

The best presents are the ones you'll use and savor forever. From a camera worthy of Avedon to a jacket worn by Steve McQueen, the gifts we've selected this year have a masculine, heirloom appeal—because sometimes timeless is more

Photography by JOSEPH SHIN



IN THE BAG

• Handmade in Portland, Oregon, Wood & Faulk's Northwesterner is as rugged as it is handsome. Made of waxed canvas and saddle leather, it's tough enough to carry the tools of your trade: from carpentry gear to a laptop and a change of clothes. woodandfaulk.com

\$239



GET YOUR FIX

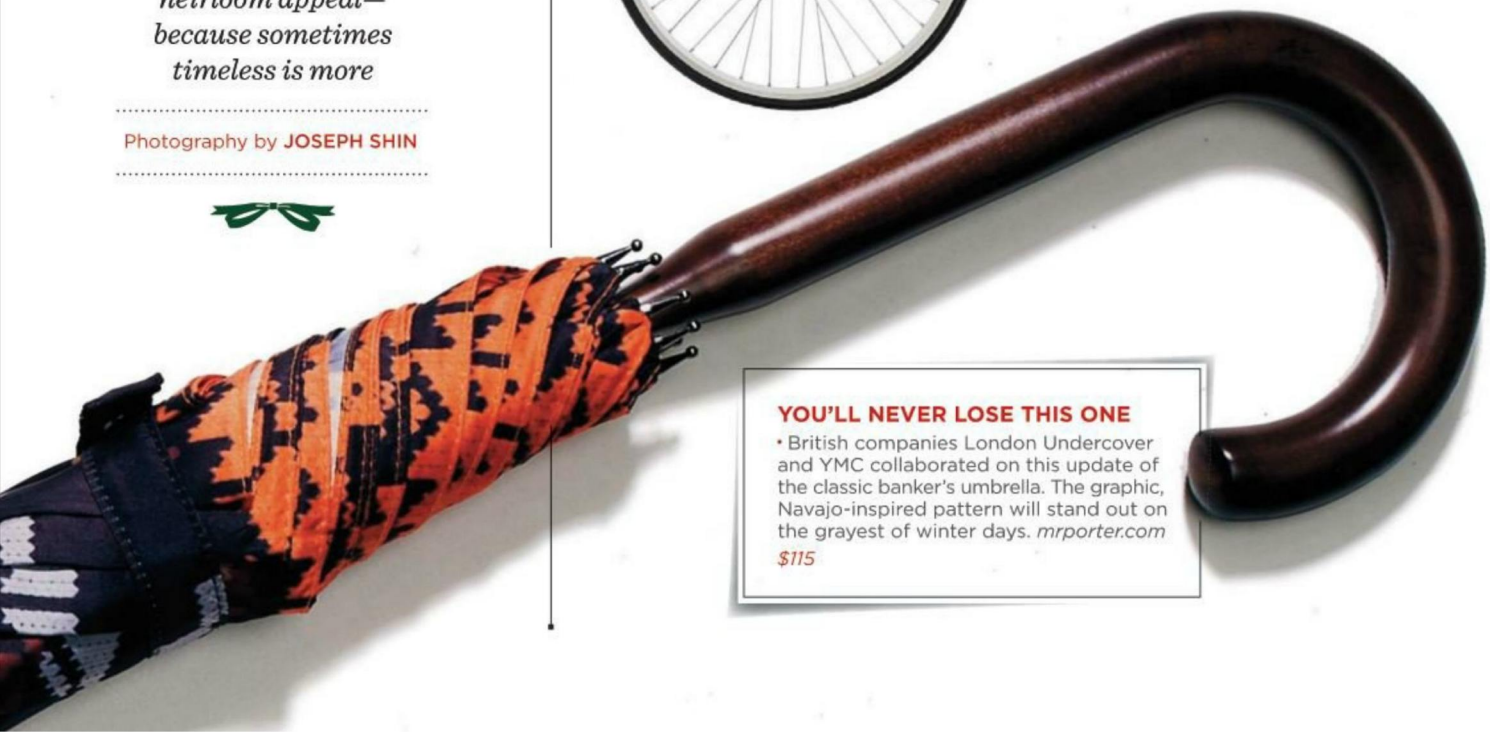
• Italian company Bianchi has been making serious and seriously stylish bikes since 1885. The Pista, originally designed for the high-speed velodrome racetrack, remains the fixed-gear bike to beat. bianchiusa.com

\$730

YOU'LL NEVER LOSE THIS ONE

• British companies London Undercover and YMC collaborated on this update of the classic banker's umbrella. The graphic, Navajo-inspired pattern will stand out on the grayest of winter days. mrporter.com

\$115



GOD SAVE MCQUEEN

• In 1964 Steve McQueen wore a Barbour motorcycle jacket in the International Six Day Trial motorcycle races. Barbour's reissued Rexton is made with distressed, wax-dipped canvas and features an angled map pocket and patches that commemorate the race. barbour.com

\$720



GOLDEN EYE

• With a folding bridge, leather detailing and 22-karat gold plating, the limited edition Ray-Ban Aviator Ultra makes the already cool aviator sunglasses design even cooler. ray-ban.com

\$480



BIG IN JAPAN

• The Suisin Special Inox Gyutou from kitchenware store Korin marries Japanese knife-making traditions with classic German design. Not only is the handle vivid orange, but it can be converted to left-handed by Korin's resident knife master. korin.com

\$213



SUPERSTUDLY

• Burberry Prorsum's luxurious leather tablet cover, made in Italy, is covered in brass studs and will outlast decades of iPad and Kindle updates. mrporter.com

\$1,295



AX AND YOU SHALL RECEIVE

• Drop-forged in North Carolina, Best Made Company's Courage felling ax can take down a tree, but it can also be deployed for other masculine tasks, like splitting logs for the backyard fire pit. bestmadeco.com

\$250

EGG HEAD

• Made of highly insulating glazed ceramic, the Big Green Egg can smoke meat, bake pizzas and, yes, grill a steak. Its devoted fans call themselves Eggheads. The price of admission to the cult is a bit steep, but culinary supremacy is worth every penny. biggreenegg.com

\$799



ROUND AND ROUND

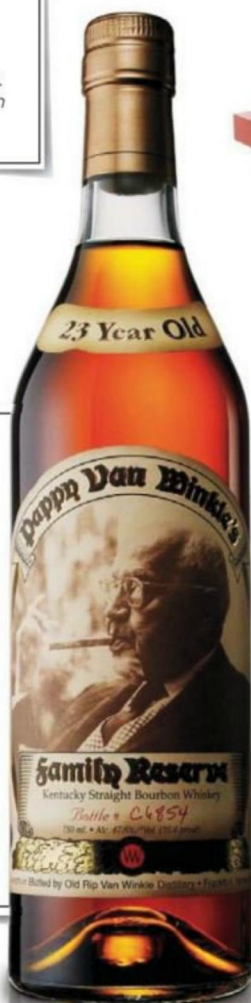
• A classic audio format meets modern design in Music Hall's MMF-2.2LE turntable. The stripped-down construction includes a one-piece alloy tonearm, vibration-dampening feet and a manual belt drive in a chassis done up in a Ferrari-red finish. musicchallaudio.com

\$500

BOURBON APPÉTIT

• Unlike most other bourbons you'll meet in a bar, Pappy Van Winkle whiskey is old enough to buy a drink for itself. Aged in charred white oak for up to 23 years, this hard-to-find spirit has been distilled in Kentucky since 1893. oldrip.vanwinkle.com

\$250



CLASSIC SHOT

• The Leica M Monochrom is designed specifically to shoot in timeless black and white but with all of the benefits of digital technology. With its 18 megapixels and legendary optics, you'll be channeling your inner Avedon. leica-camera.com

\$7,950





LEGION OF ZOOM

• Optolyth Royal 15x63 BGA long-range binoculars are engineered for hunters and birdwatchers, but we like that they can make the nosebleed seats feel like the front row and the girl on the horizon look like the girl next door.
deutscheoptik.com

\$1,589

GUITAR HERO

• If you're going to have just one acoustic guitar in your arsenal, the Gibson Blues King is the one. This modern update of the legendary Gibson L series (Robert Johnson was a fan) is scaled down for comfort and dressed up with a sunburst finish.
gibson.com

\$2,960



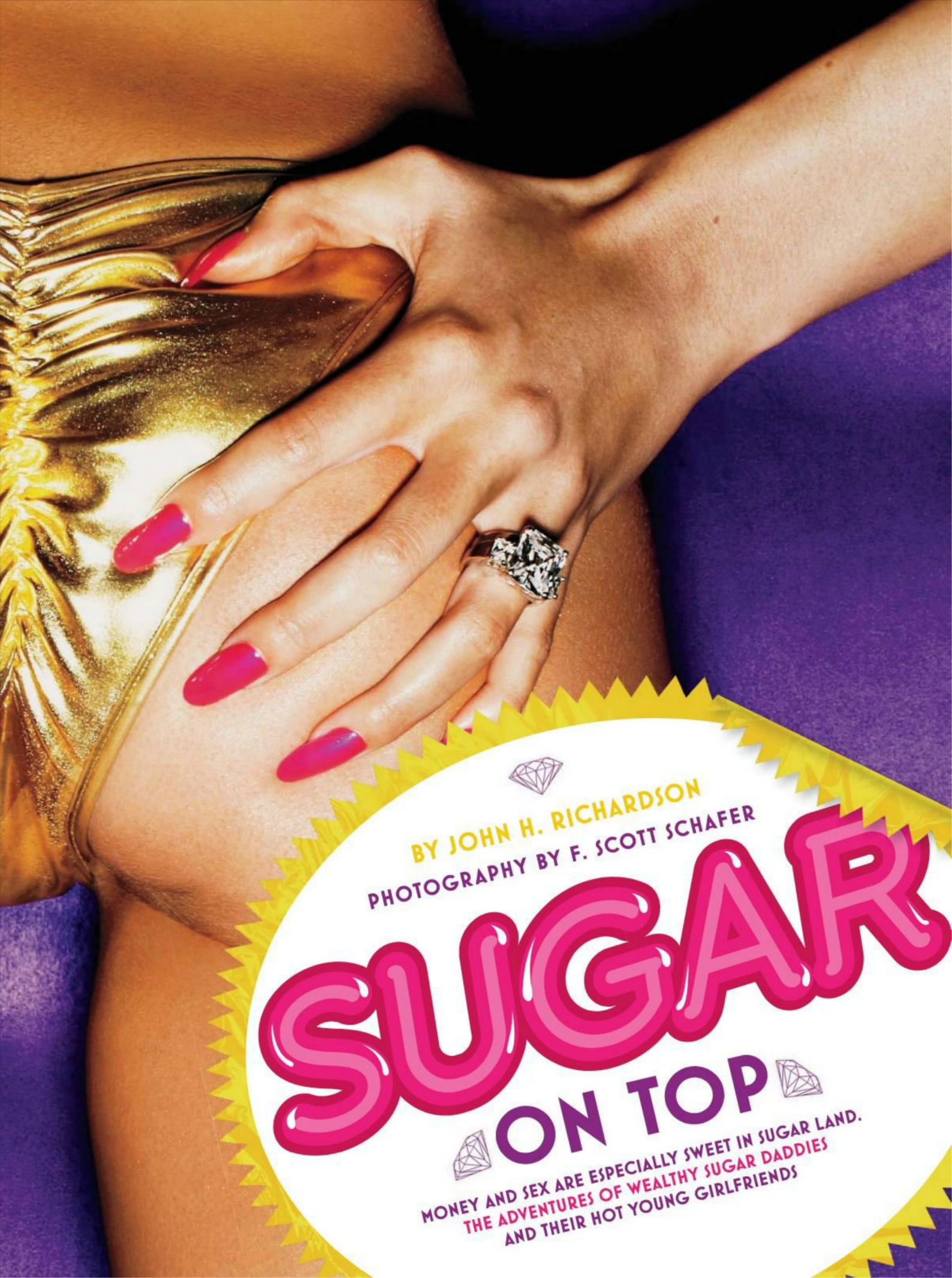
NOW HEAR THIS

• With deep leather ear cups, stainless steel and a pitch-perfect balance of low and high frequencies, Sennheiser's Momentum headphones put your earbuds to shame.
sennheiserusa.com

\$350







BY JOHN H. RICHARDSON
PHOTOGRAPHY BY F. SCOTT SCHAFER

SUGAR

ON TOP

MONEY AND SEX ARE ESPECIALLY SWEET IN SUGAR LAND.
THE ADVENTURES OF WEALTHY SUGAR DADDIES
AND THEIR HOT YOUNG GIRLFRIENDS



Let's start with the sex. That's what they've been talking about all night, first in the restaurant and then in the condo perched high over the glittering lights of Atlanta. Jodie gets things started. "What time is it, guys?"

Eleven P.M.

"It is so late!"

She has a philosophy final tomorrow on *Meditations* of René Descartes, which she pronounces *Dez-car-tez*.

Jodie is 20, or maybe she's 18, depending on which version of the story you get. She has a supertight athlete's body and a striking face with tiny blue eyes. She's studying premed at a nearby college, hoping for a career in sports medicine. Kelly admits to 36 or 38, and like Jodie she is blonde but with the coarser beauty of Ellen Barkin. She's a former computer executive turned real estate mini-mogul. Then there's Jim, a retired banker who is 56 and amiable looking, still in possession of all his hair and not exactly svelte. Fat, in fact. "Jodie," he asks, "what's your schedule tonight? Do you need to—"

She does have a philosophy final tomorrow. He doesn't want her feeling any pressure.

"No, no, no, no," she says. She wants to stay. "But I have to get up early."

So Jim pours more wine and says, "Enough small talk. Let's go to bed." But Kelly says she feels sweaty, so she and Jodie are going to take a shower together. "Why don't you put on some porn," Kelly says.

Porn. This is the fate of a man with two hot blondes who are definitely going to fuck him. So he puts on a video and strips off his clothes, and eventually Jodie and Kelly come back and start kissing and messing around, and finally Jim gets himself in there, playing with both of them a little and kissing Kelly, and then Jodie starts kissing Jim and the girls go down on each other and get the toys out, the vibrators. Jim puts on a condom because

he always uses a condom with Jodie, then fucks her doggy style because that's how she prefers him to do her. And when the right moment arrives, he takes the condom off and finishes inside Kelly, because (continued on page 186)

JODIE HAD A MILLION
QUESTIONS.
WHAT DO YOU DO IN BED?
HOW MANY
SUGAR BABIES DO YOU HAVE
AT ONCE?



"The best Christmases are the ones when you have what you want the most."

The Nude Marilyn

BY KIM MORGAN

*Fifty years after her death, one figure
endures beyond all others*

"I was full of a strange feeling, as if I were two people. One of them was Norma Jeane from the orphanage who belonged to nobody; the other was someone whose name I didn't know. But I knew where she belonged. She belonged to the ocean and the sky and the whole world."—Marilyn Monroe

"Daughter of God, weaver of wiles," Marilyn Monroe, like Sappho's Aphrodite, will never die. It has been 50 years since she gasped her final breath on that lonely mattress with no bed frame—her beautiful nude body just there, collapsed and unrestricted, that body all men (and women) yearned to cradle, ravage or revere. There she was, Marilyn: her hand clutching the telephone that kept her company when she holed up in her hacienda on Helena Drive; her pill bottles visible; her

last phone call with friend Peter Lawford; her odd little housekeeper Eunice seeing lights still on under her door; her devoted though strange Dr. Greenson first on the scene, breaking windows; Marilyn's agent rushing out of the Hollywood Bowl; the cops; the changed stories; the Kennedys; the mob; the FBI files—what on earth was going on? A death scene so like Marilyn, that creature of contradictions: bizarrely glamorous and completely degrading, blatantly obvious and unendingly mysterious. Suicide. Accident. Murder. Myth.

Monumental M.M. myths don't die. When Marilyn's inner light—that luminosity she could turn on with one brilliant pout of her lips, with one glance of moist, widened eyes, with one flash of that glimmering, sometimes puckish smile—departed her body, she





didn't lose her power. She lost her life, and that was tragic and indeed too soon. But that vulnerable woman, that strong woman—a woman both in charge of her life and deeply unsure of herself, full of hope and dreams and fear of the future—that woman maintained her power.

Marilyn wasn't a candle in the wind. The well-meaning Sir Elton didn't write her swan song. Her poetic soulmate, that troubadour of Americana Bob Dylan, granted her that honor. As Marilyn said herself, "I knew where she belonged," and so did Dylan, the other famous Bobby one wishes she had made love to or had lived long enough to meet. (Oh, what a couple Bobby Zimmerman and Norma Jeane would have made!) Without intending it for M.M., Dylan placed her in the "ocean

and the sky and the whole world," making "She Belongs to Me" belong to Bobby and herself and to all of us. Marilyn, from the moment she stepped in front of a camera, was an artist and she didn't look back. "She can take the dark out of the nighttime and paint the daytime black." Yes. The complexity of a woman. The lyrical duality of a poet. And she, deep down, must have known this, even if she didn't believe she had everything she needed. And she remains ever present, ever modern, ever the hypnotist collector. "You are a walking antique."

Much has been written about Marilyn's vulnerability, much of it irritating. There's the sad-eyed pat on the head, the poor-little-girl-lost attitude that reduces her to the child-woman (text continued on page 156)





BY ROGER EBERT

A Sense of Control

Marilynmonroe, we called her. One word. Like Johnwayne. Or Presidenteisenhower. Standing astraddle our bikes in a circle on someone's front lawn. What did we mean by Marilynmonroe? This would have been before most of us had a clear understanding of the facts of life. I wonder how many of us had even seen a Marilynmonroe movie. On a night when we were on our own, my dad took me to the Rialto to see *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. This filled me with some uneasiness. The movie was not precisely "Condemned" by the Legion of Decency in *Our Sunday Visitor*; the newspaper handed out in church, but it was "Morally Objectionable in Parts." I sat ready to clap a hand over my eyes to block a potential mortal sin.

Those neighborhood conversations

took place in hot summer twilights. It was informally understood that the nightly topic would in some way involve sex and that we would recycle what little information we had. I clearly recall one of my pals observing that Marilynmonroe had "great tits," and in a flush of sudden insight it all fell together for me: Tits were what they were called. Tits were what she had. Tits were an admirable thing. I liked tits.

Do you believe me when I say that up until that moment I had never particularly noticed breasts? Girls and women had them, but I don't believe I particularly took an interest. Monroe embodied for us a shadowy and frightening new world into which we were entering, a world in which girls possessed a mysterious influence over us through the ineffable power of their bodies.

We were innocent. It seems impossible

in these latter days when the internet and cable TV have made sex and nudity commonplace. In the first days of my adolescence there were other "pinup girls" or "cheesecake models," but Marilyn Monroe was different from them in the very essence of her being. Her smile was not seductive but friendly. She seemed warm. Even naked, she seemed to want to be a friend, not a seductress.

How clearly I recall the first time I saw her naked. Of course it was in the pages of the first issue of *PLAYBOY*, a turning point in American cultural history.

"You're not going to believe what I found in our basement," Hal Holmes told me. He was my best friend. His father was the editor of one of the local newspapers. By virtue of this job he accumulated countless (text concluded on page 173)







BY JOHN UPDIKE

A Broken Venus

Marilyn Monroe was not nudity-averse. Natasha Lytess, who lived with the star in the late 1940s, recalled how she would come naked from her bedroom around noon, bathe for an hour and, "still without a stitch on...drift in a sort of sleepwalking daze into the kitchen and fix her own breakfast." So it was at the studio, where she "ambled unconcerned, completely naked, around her bungalow, among wardrobe women, make-up girls, hairdressers. Being naked seems to soothe her." Men undressed are stripped of the power that uniforms and armor confer; women put on power of a primal sort. Fatherless and with a mentally unstable mother, she married young and worked in a war plant; when a photographer

chose her for a publicity shot, her make-believe life began. Gamely, she led her photographers on, challenging the lens. In 1949 Tom Kelley offered her \$50 to pose nude for a calendar. "He stretched me out on this red velvet and it was sort of drafty," she recalled. "When I was a kid, I used to dream of red velvet." She became a swimmer through the dreams of unknown men. In *Something's Got to Give*—aptly titled, a doomed movie she was fired from for tardiness and fuzziness—she did shuck her flesh-colored bathing suit and left on film a haunting record of what the world would soon lose. Bert Stern told how, six weeks before her suicide, he turned a shoot for *Vogue* into a striptease. The climactic shots came after midnight, when the model had been

loosened with Dom Pérignon. Who can doubt that such immortalizing exposure was what she desired? She studied the transparencies, mutilating with a hairpin the ones she didn't want used. Stern's assistant, Leif-Eric Nygård, snapped the star when everyone else had left the room. Her pubic hair is unbleached; her hand rests like a child's beneath her mouth. The semblance of intimacy and the sensation of isolation are twin conditions of those who live by what the public sees of them. Her awkwardness, her pathetic death consecrate her to a lonely monumentality. Had she lived, she would be one more discomfiting reminder of how we all age. As it is, like a broken marble Venus, she defies time.

(Excerpted from the January 1997 issue.)

(continued from page 150) so many feminists bristle over, to which I ask, what is wrong with the child-woman? What is wrong with holding on to that lost kid, waiting for your daddy to come home? Then there are those who are quite sincere though simpleminded—Marilyn just needed a hug. She needed love and understanding. Of *course* she did. And of course it's never that easy—not with a contradictory creature like Marilyn. And then there's the more honest, robust look at "vulnerability," chiefly seen in Norman Mailer's take on Marilyn. Mailer was a man who understood the mystery of women, a man who both made love to many women and fucked many women,

many beautiful women, a man who admitted he wanted to steal Marilyn from Arthur Miller ("I wanted to meet her so I could steal her. And you know, a criminal will never forgive you for preventing them from committing the crime that is really in their heart.") and a man who understood that vulnerability can sometimes be complicit and manipulative, thereby making Marilyn neither total innocent nor doe-eyed dummy.

As he wrote, so beautifully, she was "a female spurt of wit and sensitive energy who could hang like a sloth for days in a muddy-mooded coma; a child-girl, yet an actress to loose a riot by dropping her glove at a premiere; a fountain of charm and a dreary bore.

She was certainly more than the silver witch of us all."

Mailer understood her as both a human and celestial being—the "very Stradivarius of sex." That may sound like horny hyperbole to some, but to me it places her on the level she deserves—a woman as a poet, an artist in her own being, her own sex, her own talent. And no one has ever captured that specific magic that is Marilyn. No one. Mailer's words are a gorgeous counterpoint to what that other famous Marilyn biographer, Gloria Steinem, said of Marilyn on the *American Masters* special "Still Life" a few years back: "She was a joke. She was vulnerable. She was so eager for approval. (continued on page 171)



*“She was certainly more than
the silver witch of us all,” wrote
Norman Mailer.*



DISORDER

(continued from page 128)

ramming an old Chrysler with a massive truck while screaming like a pirate, "I am a lawyer—don't get in my way!"?

Naturally there are reality-show producers sniffing.

But oh my, lots of people don't get, and don't like, Adam Reposa. Predominantly prosecutors and judges. His trademark: despises the plea bargain. DWI, assault, drugs—the charge does not matter. Always a trial. Usually wins, then brags on it just to piss people off.

Riffing on the attic again. "They come in, I got this shitty fuckin' space. So I have to do something with it. I'm sort of like the architect. It's the same thing with a criminal case. Somebody brings you a shitty set of facts. 'Okay, dude, let me think how I can creatively litigate this case.'"

"Most defense lawyers, it's like being a real estate agent. 'Let me see if I can get a price the seller's gonna be good with and the buyer's gonna be good with. I get my money and we're outta there.' Fuckin' plea bargains. People are gonna get half-assed representation, and they're not gonna fuckin' know any better, not gonna know they're getting fucked. Happens every day."

"That's the mind-set. Sit there and tell the client, 'You better be scared. It could go badly. Oh, this is a good deal.' If you're the government, would you rather have that or not? Of course you would. I'm always the opposite. If I can justify going to court, then let's have a fucking trial."

It seems to work. By Reposa's own count—it is hard to believe that no official body keeps track of wins, losses and pleas, but apparently none does—last year he nailed 10 not-guilty out of "probably, like, 17 or 18 trials," with another half dozen walks or time-serveds through the first half of this year.

Reposa is pacing faster now, the words jumbled in his throat, racing to get out. Can't come quick enough when he is riled. Gets him in trouble in court. Grievances with the state bar. Contempt citations. Probation. Even jail time.

"Really, what is it that these prosecutors want? They want a big trophy, a big jailbird they can hang on their wall and make themselves feel better, like they've gone out and killed it. You come to me, you know what I'm gonna say? 'Trial, have a jury trial. Do not plead guilty.'"

"Tell the jury, 'If y'all feel like what you need to do is make this guy lose his job and lose his lease and literally just hurt him because of the fact that he went out and drank and drove and he could have killed somebody—if that's what you think justice is, then y'all should do that.' But the reality is, he's either gonna get the message or he won't. Plenty of people go to prison for DWI and get out and do it again. Just getting locked up doesn't predict how someone's gonna act."

And this works? In Texas?

"Like fuckin' gangbusters here in Travis

County. Mothers Against Drunk Driving hate me. The jurors get it. You're just gonna have one more broke dick down on their luck looking for a place to live, trying to get back on their feet. And if that's what you think justice is, making it so people have to struggle to get back on their feet because they could have gotten in a wreck and hurt somebody, give 'em a big jail sentence."

"Jesus, that's what pisses me off. I went after these defense lawyers here, talking shit about how they're shitty lawyers, and the state bar sanctioned me. I'm like...."

He makes the waggle-fist jerk-off sign, the same motion that got him suspended and thrown in jail when he directed it at a prosecutor in open court. "Picked up four clients while I was inside," he says.

Reposa eyes a bottle of Cuervo standing on an end table, pushes his hair behind his ears, scratches the thick beard.

"People believe in the magic lawyer, the connected lawyer, the lawyer who can make things go away. And everybody sort of plays into that at every level. It's fucking ridiculous. Put it this way: Before me they didn't used to offer time served on DWIs. Now they all do."

"Everyone here goes to the judge on punishments. I go to the jury. You have a choice in Texas. When I started doing that, everyone was like, 'Man, the jury's gonna put Reposa's guy in jail forever.'"

"The first time I did it, DWI, jury came in. Lost. Went back to them for sentencing. Gave the dude four days in jail, time served."

Pause. Big breath.

"Get a margarita?"

ENTRACTE ONE

Austin is a state of mind. The top-selling T-shirt slogan says it: KEEP AUSTIN WEIRD. South by Southwest. The University of Texas. The gin mills of Sixth Street hard by the governor's mansion. Hipster Portland meets drink-and-puke Beale Street. A town made for Adam Reposa.

He grew up middle-class in San Antonio, 70 miles southwest. Dad a family psychologist—sick now, early-onset Alzheimer's—and Mom a community-college teacher. Right-thinking people, he says. "Liberals, sort of. For San Antonio." Wanted something better for Reposa and his sister. Put them both through college and postgrad. She's now an ob-gyn up in Fort Worth. He graduated from the University of Texas law school and stayed in town. "I'd say they're proud," he says with some warmth.

He hung his shingle out 10 years ago, and even his detractors, legion as they are, admit he is a brilliant attorney. "Dresses and acts like a clown show," a local prosecutor tells me one morning at the Travis County Courthouse. "But yeah, he gets 'er done. Until they disbar him."

"That's a little harsh," says an Austin defense attorney. "Most people think trials are like you see on TV. They aren't at all, of course, except for Reposa's."

Another defense attorney, a petite, pretty blonde named Stefanie Collins, who once worked as Reposa's assistant, tells me that since the birth of his son, Cash, two years ago, she's found his "madness" has ratcheted down considerably. "Of course," she adds, "Adam's ratcheted down is most other people's fourth gear."

Judge Carlos H. Barrera, before whom Reposa has argued several cases, is more circumspect. "I don't think the show hurts him a lot except with his reputation among traditional lawyers and judges."

The soft-spoken judge and I are chatting in his chambers, and this last remark pulls me up short. Isn't Texas chockablock with traditional lawyers and judges?

Barrera allows a chuckle. "You probably have a greater number of defense attorneys who think he's okay than do judges and prosecutors. I say probably, overall, two thirds of all people who work in the courthouse think he goes too far."

And this is in Travis County, a known island of liberal thinking—and liberal juries—in a sea of dead-red Baptists.

As we converse I get the impression that Barrera likes Reposa, even if he finds his act obnoxious. Thinks he is smart. Just too much of a wiseass—particularly when he knows he's right.

"He'll make comments that are unnecessary," Barrera says, "although they might be true. He can't refrain. They make him look bad."

Like badgering the state's expert witness about the level of pain a blood-engorged penis jammed up her butt would cause.

TWO DAYS EARLIER

"Oh, man, I was so fuckin' right about that penis thing. The jerk-off sign? Same trial. Okay, wrong on that. Not wrong-wrong, you know, but wrong to, like, do it. I apologized. Took my jail time. Told you I came out with four clients? Took the home confinement with the ankle monitor, paid the \$3,000 fine. Took the work release picking up trash on the side of the road. The three-year probation, up next March."

Reposa spoons the last of the sludgy frozen margarita into my glass, orders chicken burrito, a side of red beans and rice, another pitcher. In perfect Spanish. South side of town, across the Colorado. Gen-u-ine Mex restaurant.

Certain he is always "so fuckin' right" and then being so smart about it has been a hallmark since he first began practicing. One of his first trials, defending "a buddy" charged with second-degree DWI, was up in Denton County, north of Dallas. "Bunch of Baptists," he remembers. "Super Bible Belt."

Cut his hair, wore a conservative suit, ended his summation "just throwing out random shit." Mimics the twang he used, as slurry as any jim-cracker.

"As ah stand heeyuh I am jus' afraid that I didn't do a good 'nough job for mah client. I am jus' afraid that I failed him buh-cause I know he is not guilty. I can look at this videotape and tell that he



"I understand we have some very special guests with us tonight!"

is not guilty. And I pray to Gawd that ahm not alone...."

Ace in the hole? The clock. It was 4:40, and court was closing at five. Only Reposa noticed. The judge moved to send the jury home and come back the next morning to deliberate. "I hopped out of my chair. Judge, we don't mind. Let 'em start deliberating." Looks at me with these fucking killer eyes.

"Then he turns to the jury and says, 'Do y'all want to try and deliberate for 15 minutes?' Jury says yes. At 4:59 they come in. Out 16 minutes. Not guilty. Like they were really gonna come back tomorrow. Judge is fuckin' pissed. Kinda growls, 'You got lucky, Mr. Reposa.'"

Luck is good. Until it goes bad. Like in the penis case. "Pure bullshit" Reposa calls the state bar's grievance against him. "And it wasn't even the witness who complained; it was the prosecutor. And the state bar fuckin' grieved me!"

Long story short: defending an alleged homosexual rapist. Says he felt "terrible and horrible" for the alleged victim, "if it happened."

Still, everyone deserves their day in court. Reposa smelled a rat. All came down to the opinion of the state's expert as to what constitutes pain.

"So they got a case they can't prove. They offered my guy two years deferred. He could have been looking at life, and they reduce it to the lowest grade of felony—two years deferred probation. Wouldn't even go on his record if he completed the probation. I told my client, 'Turn that down.'"

"That's a very hard thing to do, tell your client not to take that. Put your whole life on the line, and you might go to prison forever."

The case hinged, as per the Austin defense attorney I spoke to earlier, on the Adam Reposa show. Back-and-forth with the state's expert medical witness about the level of pain caused by anal penetration.

"She's like, 'Well, I don't know how to answer that question.'"

"So I said, 'Well, let me ask, if you get smacked in the head full-swing with a golf club, is that gonna hurt?'"

"Yes."

"Well, if you get hit in the asshole with a fucking dick, is that gonna hurt?"

Well, I sure don't believe that. You said "asshole" and "fucking dick" in court?

Sheepish pause. More margaritas. "No, I did not. I said something like 'So you would also agree then, the first time you get anally penetrated by a penis it is going to cause pain?'"

The expert witness waffled, he says. "So I respond, 'Well, are you personally familiar with the phenomenon?'"

"The state objected. The judge sustained it. All hell breaks loose. I'm like, 'Is anal sex embarrassing? You're a doctor. Does the subject of anal sex embarrass you, Doctor?' Jesus.

"That's what I got nailed on. The prosecutor filed a grievance with the state bar. The law says that if you ask a question that's just intended to embarrass a witness and not have any substantial purpose, that's grievable. My purpose was obviously to find out, What's the basis of your opinion? Have you ever been penetrated? If her answer is yes, then my next question is, 'Did it hurt?'"

"And how's she gonna answer? 'Yes, ladies and gentlemen, the first time it happened to me it didn't hurt.' She loses all her credibility. Or she says, 'No, I have no idea.' Well, everybody on this jury knows that you know it hurts. I've got them, and I'm never gonna lose them.

"Criminal case? I won. Not guilty on every count. And then after I got the contempt I did go kind of postal, because that's when I really wanted to show the world how terrible the lawyers are in Austin."

It does strike me that taunting rival attorneys in the newspaper with foul plays on their names—"Betty Butthole," "Prick McGuire"—qualifies as going postal.

ENTRACTE TWO

One night we bounce, hit six, eight joints. Start on the quieter south side of the river before making our way north to downtown. Reposa's friend defense attorney Ben Blackburn drives. Big Ben's ride is a yellow Caddy decked out with a supersonic boom box that he parks outside of saloons with the trunk open to display a neon sign that reads 478-JAIL—GET OUT. Keeping Austin weird.

It is, as I said, a holiday week, and the city is jacked. Lines to get in to all the live-music

joints, though Reposa and Blackburn jump every one. They've represented so many of the bouncers and bartenders.

As part of the state bar findings against him, Reposa still owes the state community service. At one of the quieter gin mills he tells me his idea. "Drunk Drivers of Texas." No shit. Drunk Drivers of Texas.

He hatched it with his old friend Chad Holt, a reefer-dealing legal assistant he hired after walking him from a hashish arrest. The filmmaker Bob Ray is in on it too. Ray, a former punk rocker, directed the YouTube video of Reposa in a monster truck and a well-received documentary about Holt called *Total Badass*. My favorite line from the film, which Holt repeats to me one day when we talk in Reposa's office: "I took a year off from work to raise guinea pigs with my girlfriend and do cocaine." Show-quality guinea pigs, mind you. Who knew? He only started the blow, he says, because he was on probation and they were testing him weekly for marijuana.

Reposa, Holt and Ray figure the city needs a nonprofit program that attracts attention. Drunk Drivers of Texas sure fills that bill. They will recruit people recently arrested for DWIs and send them into bars and saloons as living, breathing warnings. Have them sit there "like in an airport information booth, educating people." Reposa's eyes light up, either at the thought of his pending Samaritan-ness or from the reddish-colored double shots containing God knows what that we have just downed.

"Have them saying, 'Look, man, they'll arrest you for goddamn nothing. Then you're gonna be spending all this money going to court. It's just not worth it. Here are the bus routes. Here's the number for a free cab ride.'"

He plans to outfit these volunteers in safety orange or neon green to make them easy to spot and fund the entire enterprise—the clothing, the gratis car services—with donations from bar owners, who will then get publicity as sponsors of Drunk Drivers of Texas.

Meanwhile Reposa will be able to walk the busted offenders into their court hearings and explain to the judge that they have already learned their lesson, Your Honor, and have voluntarily begun their own community



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service. He is pleased with himself. Orders us another double shot of red goop.

I express my reservations that bar owners will line up to get involved with this scheme. Reposa takes umbrage. "I seriously doubt that. I think a lot of bars would want to be Drunk Drivers of Texas sponsors. That's good PR. 'Yeah, we sell a bunch of drinks, but we also give some of that money to this nonprofit to try to facilitate keeping people from getting behind the wheel after they've been drinking.'"

"You'll see. We're going to shoot the first PSA at my birthday party."

ONE DAY EARLIER

Breakfast. Huevos rancheros.

One of Reposa's more interesting crusades is his ongoing harassment of a state district judge named Ken Anderson from neighboring Williamson County. Twenty-five years ago Anderson, then a district attorney, put an alleged wife killer named Michael Morton away for life. Morton was released only last October when he was exonerated by DNA evidence. Morton's lawyers claim in court papers that Anderson withheld crucial evidence that allowed the real murderer to remain free and kill again.

A formal court of inquiry into Anderson's alleged misconduct will begin in December, and Reposa burns white-hot over the fact that Anderson still presides while he's being investigated. He has cases before this judge. Still, not long ago he drove up to Williamson County with 100 yard signs adorned with Anderson's creepy-leery Satan-smile face juxtaposed with the words *I COST AN INNOCENT MAN 25 YEARS OF HIS LIFE, AND I FEEL TERRIBLE. THAT IS WHY I REFUSE TO RESIGN.*

"Offends my sensibilities." Reposa mops up the last of his huevos with a slice of sourdough toast. To the waitress, "*Más café, por favor.*"

"Cops use their county up there like a hunting preserve. They brag, 'We are the most pro-law-enforcement county in the area.' And people move there for that. So you get simpler-minded people. There are counties like this in and around Dallas, around Houston. Everyone knows that the cops up there are much more likely to pull people over, profile, do illegal searches. So when you do catch them at it"—he bangs so hard on the table other customers flinch—"you don't let 'em off the hook."

But why single out Anderson?

"Jesus, because he's still on the bench. It is utterly repugnant that he is still making rulings after there's been a probable-cause determination that he failed to turn over what he was ordered to turn over, and an innocent guy did 25 years.

"Look, y'all need to wake up and see that there are real consequences when people put themselves in the position of basically saying they believe whatever government tells them to believe. When people give government that much power, they're gonna exploit it. That's the nature of government. And people can't wrap their minds around it. It's cognitive dissonance. They're just unable to believe something like that—that Williamson County and a crooked, rogue district attorney convinced a jury to throw away an innocent

man's life—because government says so."

I delicately mention that a cynic might associate Reposa's offended sensibilities toward the miscarriage of justice in Williamson County with the attendant free media coverage.

"Fine, but that would sound a lot better if there were 20 other people doing the same thing. I mean, fuck it, where are the goddamn lawyers who were on the case? Morton's lawyers, their offices are right here. I mean, fuck it, if they don't, I'll do it for them."

When it comes to criminal baggage, Reposa has a carry permit. His public record is a symphony of discordant notes. By his own account he has seen the inside of a jail cell probably 15 times.

"Public intoxication, assault, drunk driving, possession of marijuana. I like to fight, but I don't have any family violence. All my assaults have been guy on guy. But it was all before I became a lawyer. I was a stupid kid. Since I got my degree, jail time just the once. The state bar sanction. At least it was winter. You do not want to do time during the Texas summer.

"Then again, I look at my life, dude: Glass half empty or half full? My glass is about 89 percent full. It would be stupid for me to act like I don't have a very, very, very good life."

ENTR'ACTE THREE

Methinks Reposa's glass may not be as full as he projects. There are rumblings among his circle that his mates Chad Holt, 18 years a friend, and the filmmaker Bob Ray are unhappy about being eased out of any pending reality-show deal. It was after all their *Total Badass* documentary that put Reposa on Hollywood's radar. And during my stay in Austin it is hinted to me on several occasions that his bug-eyed performance in the jumbo-truck "I am a lawyer!" YouTube video has again attracted the attention of the state bar's sanctioning committee.

Closer to home, by the time you read this, Reposa's common-law wife, Susan, will have moved to Scotland for 14 months with their two-year-old son and his 10-year-old stepson in order to pursue her master's degree in environmentally sustainable development at the University of Edinburgh. Reposa cryptically informs me that there is no guarantee she will be returning to Texas. When I run into the blonde, doe-eyed Susan one morning at Reposa's office we share a pleasant conversation about many things—Scottish trains, the current heat wave, her older boy's budding athletic prowess—many things except, pointedly, her husband.

Susan, a seemingly lovely, grounded woman—not quite the "Catwoman meets Lady Gaga" Mrs. Reposa I had imagined—has arrived to deliver child-custody papers the two have been haggling over. When her meeting with Reposa in the next room grows perfervid enough to be heard through the attic walls, I take a gentlemanly leave.

That same morning I sit with Susan's sister Jana Ortega for coffee at a Starbucks close to the Travis County Courthouse. Ortega, a stunning brunette, is yet another local defense attorney—I am beginning to wonder if being a knockout is a requirement

for the job around here. It is a measure of the charm Reposa oozes that his sister-in-law wonders aloud why she is even meeting with me, "much less saying such nice things about him. I mean, my sister's leaving him."

Ortega prefers to avoid discussion about her stepsister's marital situation—"I was definitely worried for Susan, but Susan's a big girl." Yet like many others she admits to personally liking Reposa. "It's a love-hate relationship."

When she opened her own practice, Ortega says, "he was just beginning to build his reputation. There were a lot of people who had respect for his legal mind. He was the talk of the town. Everyone was sort of fascinated with him. We've all come to the consensus that we are dealing with a brilliant lawyer. We just wish he would rein it in a little bit."

Here our conversation turns more sad than sanguine. "It bothers a lot of people around the courthouse. They feel he doesn't have respect for the profession in general. I worry about where he's going."

The flamboyance, the "antics," she says, "is a line he's crossed. I understand he wants to express himself that way, but I don't think that should be at the cost of a law degree."

As we depart I ask Ortega if she will be attending Reposa's birthday party the next day. She looks at me as if I am the biggest idiot in Texas.

WEDNESDAY

Full circle. The saddled mule is still in the bar. I am not. Chad Holt hands me a joint. When he walks off I donate it, unlit, to a big-breasted blonde in a halter top. She fires it up and sidles across the cracked dirt and brown grass toward Holt.

Now, a relatively quiet corner of the backyard. Someone hands Reposa a big plastic cup of red wine. I mention his rap sheet, the DWIs in particular.

"Oh, man, you have to?" The weed possession, the assaults, the public intoxication—he fesses right up. But the two DWIs?

"Whoa! What do you mean dee-wees?" Public record says two.

"Nuh-hunh." Indignant. "Just one. I should know how many fucking dee-wees I got. Fucking one. I was a kid. Jesus, you put that in your story?"

Yes. Listen, wife going to Scotland, Holt and Ray not happy, state bar may be looking at your YouTube video. Things going south?

Reposa's face scrunches up tight. He swigs the wine. "I'm fighting with my old lady. Leave it at that. Other'n that, I don't think anything's going south."

"Chad's been a longtime friend of mine. Definitely gets a lot of people in the door. Routinely brings in \$3,000, \$4,000, \$5,000 cases. So it's like, well, fuck it, I'm gonna give this dude a job. Now, is he the most organized person? Is he the most efficient? Fuck no."

And the video? Trouble with the state bar?

"They would have already sent me some shit. Fact is, it's not a commercial. You have to have your phone number, and you have to say, 'I provide a service.' I never said I provide any goddamn service. I said, 'Don't get in my way.' You can stand in the middle

of the road and juggle puppies and say, 'I'm a lawyer.' That's not a commercial."

"I think the majority of people would be like, 'Yeah, I wouldn't mind having that guy's problems.' People know my reputation and they hire me. And then when I show up, the prosecutor and the judge are like, 'Okay, here's Reposa. Let's see what he's got.'"

"A few years ago I think maybe that reputation was as a fucking joke. But now I think most people know, don't let the song and dance and the bow tie and the long hair fool you. The guy'll then get up and make some moves real quick, and before you know it the state's all, 'Fuck, we're really gonna lose this.'"

"I might not get the big-money cases. The lawyer with the right office and the right look? You have to go to the right country clubs, go to the right churches, be in the right networks. Most people who are gonna spend \$50,000 have been treated right by the system. They believe in the legitimacy of it. So somebody who says, 'The system's illegitimate. Don't trust the system,' they look at like, 'This guy's on the fringe. This guy kind of scares me.'"

"My personal theory of arguing a case—the system usually gets it right. Look, the reality is, most of the people who get accused of something are guilty. Sometimes your client's fucked, and if you can get him 17 instead of 40, fuck it, gotta plea. But if you're a trial lawyer, it's all-in poker. I've done the best ecstasy. I fucked the greatest virgins. And there's nothing like walking a guilty person smooth out of court."

"But plenty of them are not. And I can say, 'This time they got it wrong' and make that argument as good and hard as I can. Tell you what, I get a reality show, people will watch the way I practice and the way I do things and then see the results I get. They'll be like, 'Well, fuck, I want to use this guy.'"

"Shee-it. Turn that tape recorder off. It's a party."

Late now. Inside. The *Star Wars* bar-scene trope is beaten to death, but I can conjure no other. There was no mule in that joint, though.

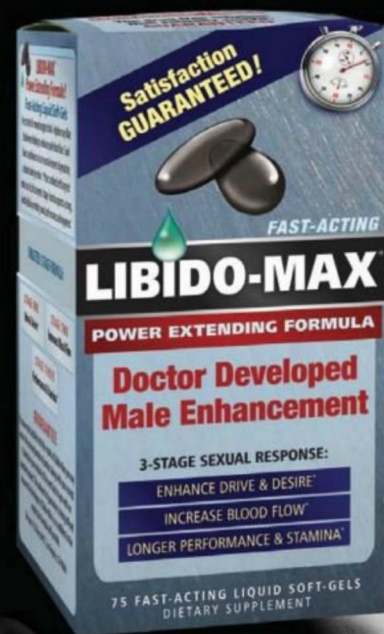
On a small stage an Adele look-alike stomps the pedal of a bass drum with a cowboy boot and angrily strums an acoustic guitar. She shouts a song about fucking and fighting, fighting and fucking. Fireworks begin to fly. Literally. Roman candles. Bright red sparks and deafening blasts inside the bar. The mule rears in terror and deposits a steaming dump on the floor. More sparks, more blasts, a smoky haze. Bob Ray is filming the Drunk Drivers of Texas public service announcement.

Two party guests, a couple, slide toward the door. One is the defense attorney Stefanie Collins with her boyfriend, a Travis County peace officer. They seem to sense it is time. I hitch a ride.

As I slip away from the saloon, people are drinking and dancing and screaming and laughing, and the best damn defense lawyer in the Texas Hill Country and maybe in the state is rolling across the floor in a wheelchair, ducking and firing Roman candles for a PSA against driving drunk. I assume all his guests are taking taxis home.



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Rebel Nation

(continued from page 98)

who trolled Westside streets where white men weren't welcome. A balding, slump-shouldered Armenian American with the sunken eyes of a sleep-deprived raccoon, Tarkanian appeared in Vegas in 1973, fresh off a 26-3 season at Long Beach State. He'd won four straight Pacific Coast Athletic Association titles at Long Beach, challenging the west-of-the-Mississippi dominance of mighty UCLA. "In those days nobody knew there was college basketball west of Bloomington and Lexington except for John Wooden and UCLA," says *Las Vegas Review-Journal* hoops writer Steve Carp. "Hell, from 1964 to 1973 UCLA won every NCAA championship but one. Tark was the upstart."

While UCLA coach Wooden was seen as a saintly figure, his program was less than pristine. NCAA players were forbidden to accept cash, gifts, even a free newspaper. According to Bill Walton, who starred for Wooden before going on to a Hall of Fame pro career, "UCLA players were so well taken care of—far beyond the ground rules of the NCAA—that even players from poor backgrounds never left prematurely." In Walton's view, if the NCAA had investigated the Bruins, "UCLA would probably have to forfeit about eight national championships and be on probation for 100 years." And yet it was UCLA that dropped a dime on Tarkanian. The year after Tark's Long Beach State team gave the top-ranked Bruins a hellacious scare in the tournament's west regional, UCLA athletic director J.D. Morgan suggested—confidentially, of course—that the NCAA look into possible recruiting violations by Tarkanian.

Tark's career-long war with the powers that be was under way.

In 1973, the year the MGM Grand opened and vice cops arrested 52 hookers at Howard Hughes's Frontier Hotel—after rumors of an orgy featuring "six girls and a German shepherd"—Tarkanian took over UNLV's basketball program. Elvis Presley was selling out the International Hotel and Frank Sinatra was about to make his triumphant return to Caesars Palace. Sinatra had vowed never to play there after a spat during which a Caesars manager pulled a gun on him, but Sinatra relented after the manager was sacked. His prospects looked better than those of the local basketball coach.

Tarkanian inherited a 14-14 Rebels unit that played home games in the crumbling, half-empty Convention Center downtown, where fans waved giant Confederate flags. With no size and less talent, his team played a 1-2-2 zone. On offense they walked the ball up and worked it into the low post. It was boring but effective enough for UNLV to go 20-6 in Tark's first season, the best record in the school's Division I history. Then, that winter, the NCAA put Long Beach State on probation for infractions such as letting players watch a \$7 movie in their hotel, which Tark defended as perfectly legal entertainment. There was talk that the association's chiefs were out to get Tarkanian. He was unsavory. He seemed to have a fondness for poor, academically challenged

kids who were desperate for a shot at college hoops, the kind of kids college-basketball boosters were always wooing with cash, cars, girls. Urban black kids who seemed like gangbangers to lily-white crowds in Provo, Utah and Pocatello, Idaho.

Tark's rising stature didn't help his popularity with enemy recruiters, who scared recruits' parents with tales of how their sons would rub elbows and more with hookers, gamblers and Mafia dons if they went to UNLV. Tarkanian hated his enemies' backdoor tactics. He understood their drive to beat him—nobody burned to win more than he did—but not the way they stooped to sneak and snoop on him and send secret reports to the NCAA. He never talked down other programs to recruits or their parents; he talked up UNLV. He knew he was losing players to rule-breaking schools. Recalling the booty UCLA players glommed from a booster named Sam Gilbert, the Bruins' notorious "sugar daddy," Tark joked that coach Wooden's team was "way over the salary cap." But he never dreamed of turning them in.

"I would never be a rat," Tark said.

It wasn't as though Tark was drawing aces in the recruiting wars. He lost all the blue-chippers to bigger, more respectable schools. (By the time his UNLV career crashed and burned, he had signed a total of only four McDonald's All American prospects in 19 years.) But in 1974, his second season as the Rebels' coach, he realized he couldn't compete with the national powers unless he outsmarted them. So he threw out his playbook.

"We had no size. We had no stars. But we had a couple of things going for us," Tark recalls. "Good athletes. Good speed." So he reinvented UNLV basketball. From that moment on his team would be more than the UNLV Rebels. They'd be the fast-breaking, record-breaking Runnin' Rebels, the highest-scoring team in college hoops. But at what cost?

"We started running and never stopped," Tarkanian says. "People loved our style of play, but that's not why we played it. We played it because it worked."

With holdover Ricky Sobers, a cat-quick point guard, and the new wave of Tarkanian's Rebel recruits—"a bunch of six-foot-six guys who were good athletes"—Tark installed a pressure defense and a fast-break attack designed to get shots off before opponents had time to set up on D. The team's scoring average jumped from 78 points per game in his first season to 91 in his second. To coaching legend Pete Newell, the move was a stroke of genius. "For years Tark was the best zone coach in the country. He had a very controlled offense," Newell told sportswriter Terry Pluto. "In one year, he ripped up his whole book of coaching and tried something entirely new. There aren't many coaches who would have the courage to try that, because if you flop, it looks like you lost your mind."

Tark shrugged off talk of how ballsy he was. "We had no choice. Our kids weren't going to get any taller."

His 1974-1975 team lost two of its first three games. Then UNLV won 24 of 29 to claim the West Coast Athletic Conference title. The Rebels were off to the races.

The following season, Tarkanian's third in Vegas, saw the team average 111 points per game. Tark's gunners whacked South Alabama 122-82 and Northern Arizona 139-101. At Hawaii-Hilo they had 85 points at halftime and won 164-111. Hoops fans all over the country took notice, and the school derided as Tumbleweed Tech was just getting warmed up. That year's roster featured a freshman who would help lift the fastest-improving team to heights that would dizzy even Tark.

Reggie Theus came from Inglewood, California, where Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and the Lakers played home games at the Fabulous Forum. The rest of Inglewood was bullet-pocked and poor. One day Theus came home to find his father, a janitor, lying dead from a heart attack apparently brought on by exhaustion. A tireless six-foot-seven guard with movie-star looks under a mountainous Afro, Theus made it his mission to lead the Rebs to the Final Four.

As a sophomore he came off the bench most nights, a crucial cog in the hard-nosed eight-man rotation reporters dubbed the Hardway Eight. Before home games UNLV fazed opponents with a light show worthy of Cirque du Soleil, each Rebel taking the floor in his own spotlight as the jammed Convention Center shook with cheers for the most crowd-pleasing college team ever. Home or away, the Runnin' Rebels came out firing, with shooter "Sudden" Sam Smith launching long-range bombs years before the college game had a three-pointer. "He threw in 25-footers as if they were layups," Tarkanian said of Smith, who hit 52 percent of his shots that year, some from zip codes in other states.

On defense, UNLV employed a man-to-man full-court press from the opening buzzer until the game was won. The season's most telling stat wasn't Smith's shooting percentage, Theus's 14.5 points off the bench, a 29-3 record or 107-point average. It was 28: UNLV's pressure defense forced an average of 28 turnovers per game. "We just swallowed teams up," said Tark.

After finishing the year ranked in the top five, UNLV faced San Francisco in the opening round of the 1977 NCAA Tournament. The Dons were ranked number two. Tarkanian saw the draw as proof the NCAA was biased against him. "How could two top-five teams meet in the first round?"

The University of San Francisco featured seven-foot-one superstar Bill Cartwright, who would go on to score 12,713 NBA points and a trio of NBA championships as third wheel for the Michael Jordan-Scottie Pippen Chicago Bulls. If the NCAA was out to put Tark in his place, it couldn't have chosen better: UNLV's quick, vertically challenged sprinters had nobody to match Cartwright's size and skills. Nobody—not the NCAA, the hoops writers or the millions of TV viewers getting their first look

at the so-called streetball team from Sin City—expected the Rebels to run USF out of the gym. Except maybe the coach who knew how hungry his players were.

Flying over and around Cartwright, UNLV forced 32 turnovers and shocked USF 121–95, with Theus scoring 27 points in 23 minutes. “The team was really catching fire. The basketball players were heroes,” says a former UNLV football player. “Nobody more than Reggie Theus. He came across as a real cocksman, and every girl was after him. If you hit on some beauty and she left with Reggie, you’d just think, Well, the best man won.”

After their conquest of USF and the regional finals, it was on to the Final Four in Atlanta. Upon their arrival, Tarkanian heard from another coach that the Rebels might as well run back to the desert: “There’s no way the NCAA will let you win. The refs will make sure of it.”

Final Four, 1977: Nevada–Las Vegas against North Carolina. Jerry Tarkanian vs. Dean Smith. Renegade program vs. traditional powerhouse. The Rebels had the edge, 49–43, at halftime, but the Tar Heels pulled out a win that went down to the final seconds, 84–83.

Tark wept after that loss. “That hurt so bad, but it put us on the map nation-

ally,” he remembered. “It hurt, but we wouldn’t let it kill us.”

Five months later, the NCAA put the Runnin’ Rebels on probation, banned them from the tournament for two years and ordered UNLV to suspend coach Tarkanian. The charges included putting one player up in a motel that turned out not to exist and flying another player on a flight that never happened.

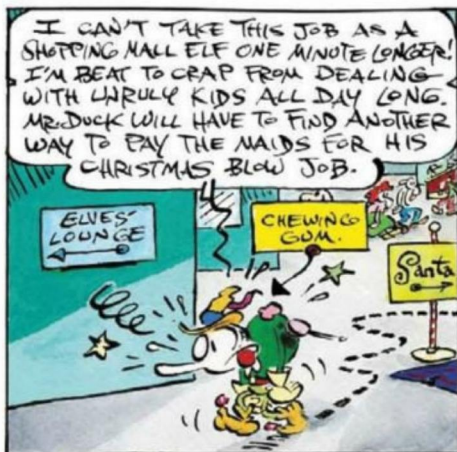
The NCAA’s David Berst, who led the investigation, crudely ripped Tark as an Armenian “rug merchant.” His upstart program threatened more-respectable powers with friends at NCAA headquarters and fed racial biases about black athletes. *Sports Illustrated* described Tarkanian as the “Pied Piper of Negro youngsters,” while opposition fans called his players niggers and ghetto blasters. Theus, for one, detected racism and envy behind charges of cheating in Vegas. “I never took a dime at UNLV. Neither did the other players when I was there,” he said. “I had a car, and people kept insisting that the school got it for me. The truth was that I made the payments from the Social Security checks that came to me because my father died. So if you want to know who paid for my car, it was my father’s death.”

Tark was hardly alone in his loathing of college sports’ rulers. Jim Murray, Pulitzer-winning columnist for the *Los Angeles Times*, once compared the NCAA to the Gestapo. Hall of Fame coach Al McGuire said, “The NCAA does it like Pontius Pilate. It pretends to be washing its hands when what it’s really saying is ‘Crucify that guy.’”

Vegas was changing. In February 1979, the FBI raided the mobbed-up Tropicana. The “Valentine’s Day Raid” helped break gangsters’ control of Strip casinos, leading to an era in which city leaders sought a clean, corporate image for the fast-growing city. Tarkanian, with his up-all-night eyes and old-Vegas cronies, looked like a throwback. His team went 20–8 in the first year of its tournament exile, 21–8 in the second. The NCAA kept him under surveillance, while he kept his eye on the ultimate prize, an NCAA title.

Soon his Rebels had a new home, a palace at the southwest corner of the campus, fast-break distance from the Strip. The Thomas & Mack Center, a scarlet and gray colossus that seats 19,000, was nicknamed the Shark Tank in honor of the coach who prowled the sidelines, often grinding a folded towel between his teeth. Tark’s basketball program, which generated \$6 million a year, and boosters covered the lion’s share of the

Dirty Duck by Bobby London



arena's construction costs. The week the place opened in 1983, the Runnin' Rebels took over the top spot in the NCAA polls.

"You've got to remember, Vegas never had a big-league sports team," says the *Review-Journal's* Carp. "UNLV basketball became the prime focus of everyone's attention and affection. And now they're not just number one in town, they're number one in the country."

With guard Danny Tarkanian, the coach's son, dishing to six-foot-six shooting guard Larry Anderson and six-foot-nine forward Sidney Green, UNLV won 24 in a row before losing to Cal State-Fullerton. After that game, Tarkanian roared at his 24-1 Rebels: "You guys, I'm getting tired of losing!" Then he laughed.

The greatest show in Vegas sold out every home game, with celebs packing court-side seats. Those seats became known as Gucci Row. Bill Cosby, Sammy Davis Jr., Don Rickles, Diana Ross and casino mogul Steve Wynn cheered the home team to another conference title. "In the town of Frank Sinatra, Wayne Newton and Siegfried and Roy, Tark was the most beloved of them all," says Jimmy Kimmel, who grew up in Vegas. "The others were here for the tourists. Tark belonged to us." One night Kimmel and four drunken buddies spotted the coach outside an arena in Los Angeles. They were singing his praises when Tarkanian asked them to give his wife, Lois, a lift home. "Jerry turned his bride over to a van-load of intoxicated teenagers. He knew he could trust us because the bond between the city and the coach was so strong. Lois, on the other hand, was a little freaked out."

The biggest star of all, Sinatra, phoned Tark after big wins: "Congratulations, Coach. I'm takin' you to dinner!" Tark held court with his pals at Piero's Italian Cuisine, where the bar was a shrine to Runnin' Rebels hoops and where Martin Scorsese shot scenes for *Casino*, with Robert De Niro, Sharon Stone and Joe Pesci playing slightly fictionalized Vegas mobsters. Other, shadier figures—the kind Sinatra was said to be connected with—watched from less conspicuous seats. The Tarkanian story featured enough guy-who-knew-a-guy connections to make NCAA investigators drool. In 1979 Vic Weiss, a reputed bagman for the Mafia, was working on a deal for Tark that could have made him the Lakers coach. On the night he drew up the contract, Weiss disappeared. He was found a few days later in the trunk of a Rolls-Royce, his hands bound behind his neck, shot twice through the head. A newspaper reporter wrote that Weiss got whacked because he was helping Tarkanian leave UNLV. Tark didn't want to believe it. The case is still unsolved.

"The mob guys kept a low profile," says a UNLV athlete who worked at the arena. "Tark didn't court them, but in Vegas they're part of the picture. You'd see Anthony 'the Ant' Spilotro and Frank 'Lefty' Rosenthal—the guys Pesci and De Niro play in *Casino*—rooting for UNLV."

"I can confirm that," says Oscar Goodman, the criminal lawyer who went on to be mayor of Las Vegas. "They were clients of mine, and like everybody else in town, they were Runnin' Rebels fans. The team galvanized the city, and then it went beyond the city. I started seeing UNLV caps on kids in New York and Philadelphia. Before the Tarkanian era I'd go into a courtroom and they'd say, 'Here comes that shyster lawyer from Las Vegas.' In the 1980s, lawyers and judges started saying, 'How are the Rebels doing? Are they going to win it all?'"

In 1983, coach Jim Valvano's North Carolina State Wolfpack slipped past UNLV in the tournament thanks to a miracle tip-in at the last second.

"We were close," Tarkanian recalls. "We kept getting close, but we couldn't clear that last hurdle."

His mid-1980s records alone might have brought another coach some love from the hoops Hall of Fame. Tark, who hasn't made the Hall despite one of the best winning percentages in NCAA histo-

"In the town of Frank Sinatra, Wayne Newton and Siegfried and Roy, Tarkanian was the most beloved of them all," says Jimmy Kimmel.

ry, put up records of 28-3, 29-6 and 33-5. In 1987 the top-ranked Rebels were 37-1 going into a Final Four to face yet another old-school power, Bob Knight's Indiana Hoosiers. Indiana won by four on its way to the crown, but by all accounts the Rebels were on the verge.

By 1989 Tarkanian had the team he wanted. His unit starred a guard tandem, six-foot-one Greg Anthony and long-armed six-foot-eight Stacey "Plastic Man" Augmon, along with six-foot-seven forward Larry Johnson, a junior-college transfer who became the college game's most complete player. All three would go on to be NBA stars. At Thomas & Mack they led a Rebels attack that outran high-scoring Loyola Marymount in the season's lid-lifter, 102-91. After splitting the next four games, UNLV won 11 of 12 before losing a 107-105 thriller to an LSU team led by Shaquille O'Neal. From there the Rebels ran off 21 victories in 22 games.

Along the way they heard the usual catcalls. Venomous crowds, reporters and opponents called them thugs and worse. Against Utah State, an Aggies player dared UNLV's Chris Jeter to "Hit me, motherfucker." Jeter complied, touching

off a brawl in which the Rebels' Moses Scurry decked Utah State's coach. After the game, UNLV president Robert Maxson blamed the Rebels. "I am ashamed and embarrassed," Maxson announced.

By now the nation's top basketball team was at odds with former supporters including Wynn. The casino king was riding high after opening the Mirage in 1989. He donated millions to UNLV and agonized over the program's reputation. Tarkanian's players swore they got a bad rap. Who else would get blamed when several surfboards went missing during a trip to Hawaii? As Tark recalls, "The hotel just said some black guys stole them, and the NCAA decided to suspend a couple of my players." One protested, "Coach, we don't even swim!" Yet Tark had invited scrutiny. In addition to numerous minor infractions, he had recruited New York playground legend Lloyd "Swee' Pea" Daniels, a rangy guard with Magic Johnson talent and a crack habit. A UNLV assistant coach became Daniels's legal guardian, which was one of the kindest or most cynical recruiting moves ever, depending on your point of view. University officials' view of Tark's tactics darkened after Daniels was busted trying to buy a \$20 rock at a Vegas crack house. It turned out his friend and mentor Sam Perry, a team booster, was actually Richard "Richie the Fixer" Perry, convicted of fixing horse races and Boston College basketball games. Perry was connected to the Lucchese family and Henry Hill, the wiseguy Ray Liotta played in *Goodfellas*.

"That embarrassed the team and the town," says a UNLV insider. "Things were going downhill for Tark. One night they're losing to an inferior team, and Jerry's cussing them out at halftime. Steve Wynn was in the locker room. He said, 'Tark, take it easy.' Jerry told Wynn to go fuck himself. He was making too many enemies."

One was Maxson, the headline-hungry president who saw the basketball team as a threat to his school's reputation. Along with NCAA investigators who harassed the Rebels by suspending them just before game time—pulling players off team buses for such violations as taking a bag of peanuts from a hotel room—Maxson chipped away at Tarkanian's credibility.

"There's only one thing we can do," Tark told his team. "Kick everyone's ass."

In the 1989-1990 season, all but three Runnin' Rebels would be suspended for at least one game. Larry Johnson, a good citizen who led by dint of supreme talent but never said much, was among the saintly three. Greg Anthony wasn't. Anthony wasn't well respected by his teammates either. Point guards are supposed to be leaders, but the cocky Anthony came off as self-centered if not soft. Until the Fresno State game. That was the day Anthony went down so hard his face bounced off the hardwood. "We thought he broke his nose or his neck," Tark recalls, "but it was

just his jaw." Doctors wired Anthony's jaw shut. He wouldn't eat solid food for weeks. "We thought he might be out for the year. Then he shows up at our next practice with a hockey helmet on." A hockey helmet with a football face mask.

Anthony mumbled through his mask, "Hi, Coach." He grabbed a ball and launched a shot. *Swish.*

Three days later he led UNLV to a win over New Mexico State. Anthony struggled to get enough air with his mouth wired shut, so a doctor cut the wire during timeouts to let him breathe, then rewired him and sent him back in. Says Tark, "Oh, the guys loved Greg after that. That's when we really came together as a team."

UNLV averaged 93 points per game and led the nation in victory margin and shooting percentage. Tark rolled to his first-ever title game, a run-in with yet another old-school power, Mike Krzyzewski's 29-8 Duke Blue Devils.

While the Rebels sported sweats and backward baseball caps to the game, Duke's players—Christian Laettner, Phil Henderson, freshman Bobby Hurley—wore suits and ties. It was thugs vs. Boy Scouts, a theme one reporter sounded in a pregame press conference. "Coach," he asked Tarkanian, "is this a game of the good versus the bad?"

"That really upsets me," Tark said. He paused like a Vegas comedian. "Because I've met some of these Duke kids, and they are good kids once you get to know them."

Before the game, Duke's mascot waved a sign that mocked the Runnin' Rebels: WELCOME FELLOW SCHOLARS. Ten minutes later Larry Johnson's behind-the-back save of a loose ball triggered the Rebels' fast break. Augmon took Johnson's pass to the hole—*bang!* UNLV took a 12-point lead to the locker room at halftime.

"Tighten the vise," Tarkanian told his squad of outcasts.

Early in the second half, leading 57-47, UNLV scored 18 straight in three minutes. Guard Anderson Hunt knocked down five shots. "The level we were playing at," said Augmon, "that's just plain desire." Johnson, who would finish with 22 points, 11 rebounds and four steals, took a seat as the Rebels put the game away.

"We could have beaten them by 50," Tark said, "but I didn't want to run it up."

UNLV 103, Duke 73. That final score was (and still is) the biggest blowout in title-game history. "This wasn't a game of Xs and Os," Duke's coach Krzyzewski said. "It was one of complete domination." Jerry Tarkanian's Runnin' Rebels were (and still are) the only team ever to score 100 points in the championship game. While fans poured onto the court, UNLV players unveiled the souvenir T-shirts they'd commissioned with the words SHARK TAKES HIS BITE.

Twenty-two years later Tark remembers cutting down the net. "That's the best, the best," he says. "That's happiness."

Eight months after the championship game the NCAA announced new sanctions against Tarkanian. By then, president Maxson had named a new interim athletic director, a

former wrestling coach named Dennis Finfrock, who has been described as Maxson's hatchet man. Finfrock—who would later say he regretted working with Maxson against Tark—ran the Thomas & Mack Center.

Tarkanian's 1990-1991 unit is sometimes called the best college team ever. The top-ranked Rebels went 34-0, capping a 45-game winning streak. Their average victory margin was 28. The NCAA kept sniffing at him. "We got shadowed non-stop," he said. "The NCAA did not want us to win the national championship." After Nevada-Reno players popped off in the local newspaper that they could beat UNLV, Tark bought a bunch of papers and passed them out in the locker room. "They think they're as good as we are!" he said. The pissed-off Rebels went out and thrashed Nevada-Reno by 50, but they couldn't celebrate for long. Tarkanian got word that he had broken NCAA rules by giving players free newspapers.

Meanwhile Maxson and Finfrock dispatched undergrads to spy on Tarkanian, his players and assistants. They planted stories in local newspapers. (One Vegas newsman called the school's tactics "public relations in reverse.") And in what may be the most extreme instance of a college turning against its own team, UNLV officials secretly videotaped practices, placing a camera in an air-conditioning duct above the gym floor.

Maxson led the NCAA champs onto the floor at their homecoming rally, waving his hands as if he'd scored 30. But by 1991, the reputation of the college game's winningest coach was in tatters. Moses Scurry and two other Rebels were photographed enjoying beers with "Richie the Fixer" Perry in the Fixer's hot tub, and the *Review-Journal* ran the picture on its front page. The hot-tub photos sealed Tark's doom.

He sent Maxson a letter. "Allow this to serve as notice of my resignation...."

Later, Tarkanian attended a rally at a Methodist church on the Westside. "What a night that was," says Carp of the *Review-*

Journal. "He gets up to talk, and the people start chanting, 'Keep Tark! Keep Tark!' And Tark's choking up. He says, 'Thank you, but I gave my word to the president. I've gotta keep my word.' But they won't stop. 'Keep Tark! Keep Tark!' And then he blurts, 'I am rescinding my resignation!' A bizarre moment. They cheered and just about carried him out of there."

The crowd loved him, but it wasn't to be. "I called the president that night," Carp recalls. "'What's your reaction?' The president said, 'We have an agreement. I have his resignation.'"

In his last Rebels game—a 12-point victory over Utah State—Tarkanian capped a 23-game winning streak, finishing the 1991-1992 season 26-2.

Today, 20 years after leaving Nevada-Las Vegas, Tarkanian wouldn't mind chewing a few more towels. Now 82, he has had six heart stents put in place before his latest heart attack last spring. He struggles to speak but still loves talking about the old days. "You know that towel thing, that started in high school ball," he says. He was 30, coaching at Redlands High in California. Nervous under pressure. "We were playing Ramona High School for the Citrus Belt League championship. It was a hot afternoon. I kept running to the drinking fountain. Finally I wet the towel and chewed it on the bench. We won in overtime, my first championship. So I kept doin' it. You keep doin' what wins."

At his retirement Tarkanian held the fourth-highest winning percentage of all college basketball coaches in history. Asked if he belongs in the Naismith Memorial Basketball Hall of Fame—his exclusion is an ongoing scandal—Tark shrugs. "I think about our team, not me. We had a hell of a team. The best ever? That's not for me to say, but you know something? If you put our 1990 and 1991 teams against anybody, we might run 'em out of the gym."



"I hate to interrupt you, Louise, but you're sitting on the remote."

NICHOLSON

(continued from page 139)

was hysterical off-camera most of the time this was happening. In fact, some of the things you see in the film—like my looking away and trying to keep myself from breaking up—were caused by my looking at Dennis off-camera over in the bushes, totally freaked out of his bird, laughing his head off while I'm in there trying to do my Lyndon Johnson and keep everything together.

PLAYBOY: You once told a reporter you had smoked grass every day for 15 years. Do you still?

NICHOLSON: To a certain degree. I'm a social smoker. But I can go for months at a time without even thinking about it.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel about the anti-marijuana laws?

NICHOLSON: It's insane to have laws that are making criminals out of a huge percentage of our population, particularly when it's something that involves morality. I'm old-fashioned in that I don't want to see the entire world addicted to drugs—like the synthetic existence described in *Brave New World*—but I think it's an enormous leap from a little grass to that grim picture. I don't think there's anything to prove that marijuana leads to the use of harder drugs. It hasn't been true in my case, although probably I never would have encountered any other drug if I hadn't gotten involved in smoking marijuana. But I'm not addicted to any of it. I know when to say, "No more of this."

PLAYBOY: Isn't cocaine the currently fashionable drug in Hollywood?

NICHOLSON: I see it around.

PLAYBOY: Have you tried it?

NICHOLSON: Yeah, it's basically an upper, but it doesn't do too much to me. I don't think it'll be fashionable for long, because it's expensive and we're in a depression; whether the world chooses to call it a depression or not, there's no money around. Cocaine is "in" now because chicks dig it sexually. The property of the drug is that, while it numbs some areas, it inflames the mucous membranes such as those in a lady's genital region. That's the real attraction of it. In his book, *My Wicked, Wicked Ways*, Errol Flynn talks about putting a little cocaine on the tip of your dick as an aphrodisiac. But his conclusion is that there really isn't any such thing as an aphrodisiac. I sort of agree with him, though if you do put a numbing tip of cocaine on the end of your cock because you're quick on the trigger and need to cut down on the sensation, I guess it could be considered a sexual aid. And it's an upper, so you've got added energy.

PLAYBOY: Five or six years ago, the popular sexual upper was amyl nitrite. Have you had any experiences with that drug?

NICHOLSON: I've never taken any poppers; I'm afraid of them. Whenever I say that to friends of mine, they look at me like I must be insane, so I guess it's big in the sexual area. It ups the respiratory system to a tremendous degree, from what I understand, and makes the heart pound. I just don't like fast rushes. I really know very little about drugs except how they individually

affect me. I'm attuned to that because of my training as an actor, to know how I feel and why I feel and where the feelings are emanating from. In that regard, I've had a lot of experiences with acid.

PLAYBOY: When did you first try it?

NICHOLSON: I was one of the first people in the country to take acid. It was in laboratory experiments on the West Coast about nine or 10 years ago. At that time, I was a totally adventurous actor looking for experience to put in his mental filing cabinet for later contributions to art. I was very curious about LSD. Some of the people I knew were in therapy with it. I went to downtown L.A. and took it one afternoon. I spent five hours with a therapist and about five more at home in the later stages of it. I hallucinated a lot, primarily because of the way the therapist structured it. He put a blindfold on me, which makes you much more introspective, gives you more dreamlike imagery. Imagine what acid is like when you know nothing about it. You think it's going to be like getting stoned on grass, which I had done. But all of your conceptual reality gets jerked away and there are things in your mind that have in no way been suggested to you: such as you're going to see God; or watch sap streaming through the leaves of trees; or you're going to feel the dissolving of certain bodily parts; you're going to re-experience your own birth, which I did on my first acid trip; you're going to be frightened that your prick might be cut off, because you have castration fears.

PLAYBOY: Can you describe what the castration fears felt like?

NICHOLSON: At first, I just didn't feel too hot. I said to the therapist, "I feel a kind of fluttering in my genital area." It was sort of like a queasy stomach. At that level, it's alarming, but it's not terrorizing. Then I began to get more uncomfortable and cold in that area. At one point, I came back to consciousness screaming at the top of my lungs till I had no more breath to exhale. I thought I'd have to try to remedy this genital discomfort myself by cutting my cock off. I got into interpreting that psychologically with the therapist, what it meant, and he said it related to homosexual fears. It was really a kind of paranoia. The drug just aggravated it. Taught me a lot about myself.

PLAYBOY: Have you dropped much acid since then?

NICHOLSON: Some, but not as much as most of the people I know. I still take it occasionally, but I have a certain awe of it.

PLAYBOY: What makes you persist?

NICHOLSON: Once you've related to acid, there are certain things you perceive that would be impossible otherwise—things that help you understand yourself. Also, maybe there's the element of challenge. You get into it because you don't want to feel something is too frightening to deal with. If properly used, acid can also mean a lot of kicks. During the shooting of *Easy Rider* in Taos, New Mexico, for example, Hopper and I dropped a little of the drug and a couple of guys drove us up to D.H. Lawrence's tomb. It's on the side of a mountain and there's this great huge granite tomb where his wife is buried.

Lawrence is indoors in a kind of crypt. When we got up there, we were just starting to come on. The sun was going down. Dennis and I get very sentimental about each other at these moments; we love to cry about old times and talk about how it's gonna be. So we were up there rapping about D.H. Lawrence and how beautiful it was. We decided we were going to sit on the tomb with D.H. From then on, this was where we were going to make our stand in life, and if they wanted to go on with the movie, they'd have to come here and get us, 'cause this was where we were and this was where we'd be. We looked at trees and talked about art and the nature of genius and asked ourselves why people couldn't be more open. After a while, the guys in the van came back to get us.

PLAYBOY: We heard you were equally into the part for the scene in *Five Easy Pieces* in which you're confronted with a sullen waitress.

NICHOLSON: Yeah, the one where the waitress says, "No substitutions," and I end up having to ask for a chicken-salad sandwich on wheat toast—hold the butter, lettuce, mayonnaise and chicken salad—just to get an order of wheat toast. Finally, boom, I sweep the table clear of glasses, silverware and dishes. Actually, something like that scene had occurred in my own life. Years ago, when I was maybe 20, I cleared a table that way at Pupi's, a coffee shop on the Sunset Strip. Carole Eastman, the screenwriter of *Five Easy Pieces* and an old friend of mine, knew about that incident. And Bob Rafelson, the director, and I had gone through something like the bit with a "no substitutions" waitress, although that time I hadn't dumped the dishes. So, knowing me, Bob and Carole just put the two incidents together and into the script.

Bob and Carole are among a number of actors, writers and directors I've hung around with for years whom I consider my surrogate family. I have very familial feelings about them and Charles Eastman, the writer; Robert Towne, the actor [turned writer-director]; Monte Hellman, who most recently directed *Two-Lane Blacktop*; and Roger Corman, who produced most of my previous films. People in that group were writing plays and reading them in coffeehouses. A bunch of us literally built a small theater.

PLAYBOY: Was the theater and coffeehouse scene pretty much your whole life then?

NICHOLSON: No. I was also part of a generation that was raised on cool jazz and Jack Kerouac, and we walked around in corduroys and turtlenecks talking about Camus and Sartre and existentialism and what going on the road would be like. We stayed up all night and slept till like three in the afternoon. We were among the few people around seeing European pictures. We went to Dylan's and Ravi Shankar's early concerts. We smoked a lot of dope, usually in the toilet or out in the backyard or driveway, 'cause it wasn't cool to do it in public. There were a lot of parties. Many more parties than I go to now. We'd get 19 half gallons of Gallo Red Mountain and get everybody drunk. I guess you could call them orgies by the strictest definition. I gave parties

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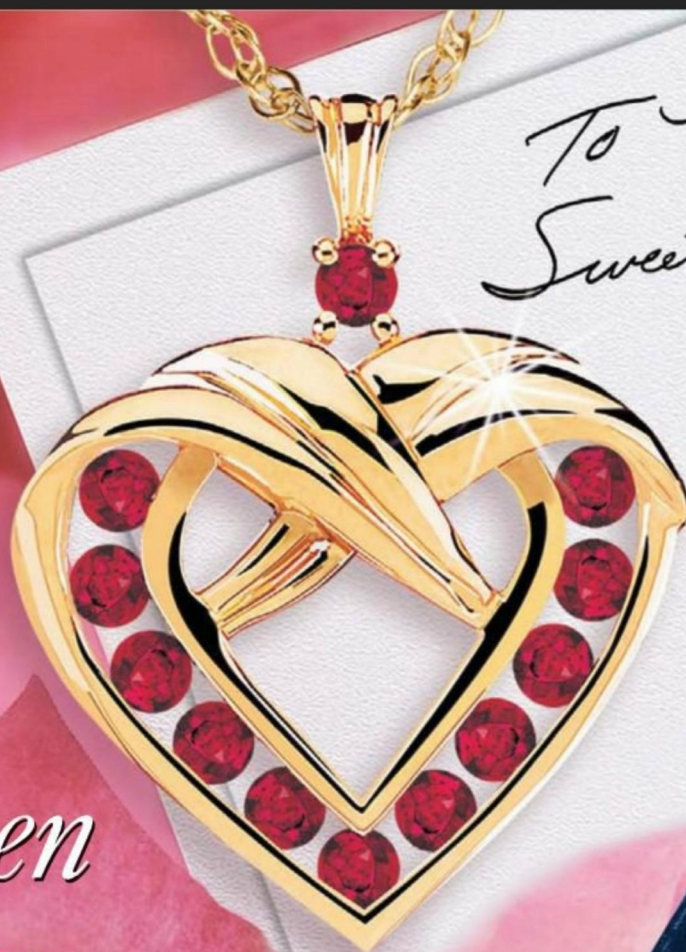
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that hundreds of people attended; there were a lot of rooms in my house and people would take their own little private trips. I don't know what they were doing. I know what I was doing, though, and I guess that could be called an orgy. But it wasn't something where everybody's there and naked and fucking one another all over the place. I've never been in that scene. I've tried intellectually to promote it a time or two, because of thrill-seeking impulses, but they never really came together. I've never been in an orgy of more than three people.

PLAYBOY: How were you supporting yourself during this period?

NICHOLSON: Unemployment checks helped. And I was doing pretty well betting the horses. I guess I earned most of my living from TV. There was lots of television work around in those days. I used to do court shows and improvised stuff like that. I was a great correspondent in *Divorce Court*. I got my first film, *The Cry Baby Killer*—with Roger Corman as executive producer—right after I started acting. I played a high school boy who kidnaps a woman and a child—sort of a *Desperate Hours* situation. I got killed at the end.

PLAYBOY: How do you feel now about your work in your early low-budget films?

NICHOLSON: I'm probably more pleased about it than I should be. The beauty about most of those early films is that I was—for the most part—working with the same group of actors and writers who hung around the parties and coffee shops. In fact, in the first and only film I directed—*Drive, He Said*—I used a number of my old cronies. And I was more than pleased that I was in a position to do so.

PLAYBOY: *Drive, He Said* was originally rated X by the Motion Picture Association of America. Why?

NICHOLSON: Because it had frontal nudity and it had someone who was fucking have an orgasm. The orgasm is audible, not visible. The person says, "I'm coming." I'm convinced the rating system is 100 percent corrupt. The censors say they're protecting the family unit in America when, in fact, the reality of the censorship is if you suck a tit, you're an X, but if you cut it off with a sword, you're a PG.

PLAYBOY: Was any footage eliminated in order to qualify for the R rating?

NICHOLSON: There have never been any cuts. So far, I haven't allowed any censorship. The authorities in Canada wanted 45 cuts, so it's not being distributed there. As of this moment, it's not being distributed in England either, because I refused to censor the fucking sequence in the car. They don't mind the fucking, they mind the coming. That's what's fascinating to me. In other words, you can have the sequence, you can have everybody moaning and saying, "It feels good," and "Screw me," but you can't have someone saying, "I'm coming."

PLAYBOY: A few critics suggest that this scene brands you as one of the last of the old school raised on the idea that sex is dirty—something to be done in the backseat of a car in a drive-in. Are they right?

NICHOLSON: No, I don't think there's anything dirty about sex. I don't dislike sex in the backseat of an automobile and I don't

know why anyone would think it's dirty. It's certainly not dirty to me.

PLAYBOY: But the way you've shot the scene—with the girl bent over the front seat, the guy behind her, grinding away—has been called rather unattractive. Some of those same critics said it might be fun to do it that way, but it wasn't fun to look at.

NICHOLSON: That was the most forthright, frank way of presenting it. I've fucked in the front seat of a two-seater sports car, and that's how I happen to know it's practically the only place in the car, the only position in which it can be accomplished. Many people, in fact, have gone out of their way to tell me that the scene totally turned them on. I think it's the most erotic scene that's been shown in a legitimate film to date, and yet all that's visible is the two people's faces. The whole point of the film is that this is a young man involved in an erotic relationship with an older woman from whom he is emotionally unable to detach himself, even after she's tired of him. So that when I did the scene, I wanted it, in the clearest, most succinct way, to show that these people were involved in a sexual relationship.

PLAYBOY: One of your lines in *Carnal Knowledge* goes: "Love is so elusive that it may not exist at all." Do you think that's true?

NICHOLSON: No. I don't know if I could give a succinct definition of love, but I feel that it's there in my own life and in my relationships with people. Even if they outlawed love tomorrow and found some way of eliminating it from everything but the mind, it would have existed in my life.

PLAYBOY: Presumably you were in love during some portion of your six-year marriage. What prompted the divorce?

NICHOLSON: My marriage broke up during the period when I was acting in a film during the day and writing a film at night. I simply didn't have time to ask for peace and quiet or to say, "Well, now, wait a second, maybe you're being unreasonable." I didn't have the 30 minutes I felt the conversation needed. If the other person can't see that I haven't got the time right now, I can't explain it to her. I've blown a lot of significant relationships in my life because I was working and didn't have time to deal with a major crisis. Another source of trouble is that your increasing celebrity becomes a threat to your partner, and you can't turn the celebrity off to save the relationship. Nor should you. I'm not terribly thirsty for the limelight, but obviously you don't get into the movie business if you want to be a recluse.

PLAYBOY: Having had one failed marriage, would you be wary of getting married again?

NICHOLSON: I'm currently involved with somebody—Michelle Phillips—who has the same feeling about marriage as I do. I don't think either of us particularly wants to get married. As my feeling for Michelle deepened, I told her up front, "Look, I don't want to constantly define the progress of this relationship. Let's keep it instantaneous." And it's working beautifully.

PLAYBOY: What would your reaction be if Michelle—or a future spouse, for that matter—made it with someone else?

NICHOLSON: I'm not all that willing to

share, but my suspicion is that I wouldn't let something that incidental—if that's what it was—destroy something that's much more substantial to me. I don't know if I can live up to it. As I say, I'm not after all the women anymore. I've had days in my life, or three or four days at a time, or weeks, when I've been with more than four women. Everyone knows that's a pure ego trip. A couple of years ago I told a reporter that for years I'd balled all the girls I wanted to. Well, man, every chick I related to really resented that statement. I mean, no chick wants to be a part of some band of cunts. And I certainly don't blame 'em for that.

PLAYBOY: Does that make you feel some kind of need to explain what you're really like?

NICHOLSON: Not really. I've done enough of that.

PLAYBOY: Then why are you spilling your guts in this interview?

NICHOLSON: At this moment, I'm wishing I wasn't. Maybe because I know when the interview is read, it will add as much confusion as to who I am as it will reveal truth.

PLAYBOY: Don't you reveal as much of yourself in your performances as you do in an interview such as this one? Friends have suggested that in the scene in *Five Easy Pieces* where you break down and cry in front of your father, with whom you have not communicated for years, you were summoning up memories of your own father. Were you?

NICHOLSON: Of course; who wouldn't in a scene like that? I had never really had a relationship of any significant longevity with my father. He was very rarely around. He was involved in a personal tragedy of alcoholism, which no one hid from me. I just sort of accepted it as what he was like. He was an incredible drinker. I used to go to bars with him as a child and I would drink 18 sarsaparillas while he'd have 35 shots of Three Star Hennessy.

PLAYBOY: Did the absence of a father in the household leave any traumatic imprint on you?

NICHOLSON: I don't think so, no. If it did at all, it would be that I didn't have anybody to model myself on after my own child was born.

PLAYBOY: Why didn't you attend your father's funeral?

NICHOLSON: I was living in Los Angeles at the time and the financial aspects of the trip made it prohibitive—or at least gave me a reason for it to be prohibitive—and I didn't particularly want to fly east just to go to the funeral. I never attended any funeral until a couple of years ago, when my mother died and I went back to New Jersey.

PLAYBOY: Have you deliberately avoided funerals?

NICHOLSON: Yes. Well, none had ever come along that I felt I needed to attend out of respect for the deceased, and I certainly was never attracted to funerals as occasions. When my mother died, the funeral was a good experience for me. I was fully in touch with what was happening. I felt the grief, the loss. After I asked at a certain point for everyone to leave, when she was in the funeral home for what they call the viewing, I stayed for an hour or so sitting next to the casket. I

really tried to let it all come through me and see what my feelings were, and I was very enlightened by the experience. I felt that during her lifetime, I had communicated my love very directly to my mother. We had many arguments, like everyone does with any parent, but I felt definitely that I had been understood. There were no hidden grievances between us. I had always fulfilled whatever her expectations of me were, as she had mine of her. I didn't feel any sense of, "Oh, I wish I had done this or that," at the moment of bereavement. I felt as good as you could feel about the death of anyone.

PLAYBOY: Are you able to think ahead to your own death?

NICHOLSON: My mind has difficulty sinking into that. I always imagine myself locked in a casket underground, scraping at the inside of it, or I sense an incredible feeling of searing agony from being burned. I've never liked the idea of being dead, of short-circuiting out.

PLAYBOY: Then you have no particular regrets?

NICHOLSON: It's funny you should ask that, because with my 35th birthday coming up I've been thinking a great deal about what I've done with my life—the various successes and failures I've had in everyday living as well as in my career. One of my biggest regrets is that I'm not academically trained: It's hard for me to talk in intellectual terms because I'm not a high-powered intellectual. I also regret that I don't have more contact with my daughter. She's eight now. I hope to be having more success in that area. Turning 35 is a major milestone. It's probably the last time you can consider abandoning what you've started and getting into something totally new. I've thought recently about getting out of films and going into some other business, like maybe ranching—an alternative I've considered in the past. One of my problems is that I'm a romantic. I constantly allow myself to believe that things could be better. But one has to examine what one does with that romanticism. Do you try to enhance it? Or do you drop it and become more pragmatic? It's not that I feel I've done less than I'm capable of. I don't want to brand myself a failure. But in the future, I hope I have a little more peace of mind than I've had during my first 35 years.

PLAYBOY: Since you've given the prospect of your 35th birthday so much thought, how would you like to spend it?

NICHOLSON: If I'm in my regular groove, I'll be with a bunch of my friends uncorking a bottle of champagne and smoking a terrific joint. That would help a lot. And, of course, Michelle will be there. No music. Just nice and quiet. Very clean air. But I really don't want to project my 35th birthday, man. Better it should be a surprise—just like whatever I've accomplished in my first 35 years has been a surprise. That'll take the sting out of it and set things up nicely for the next 35. Come to think of it, maybe 35 isn't so old after all.

Excerpted from the April 1972 issue.



MARILYN

(continued from page 156)

She was all the things that I feared most being as a teenage girl."

I don't believe you, Gloria Steinem.

Further, in the same special, Steinem (who I do believe admired Marilyn) comments on Marilyn's final shoot with photographer George Barris—those gorgeous, timeless, casual shots on the beach, where she's wrapped in a green towel and smiling or walking along the water in a sweater, staring at the camera with such soulful ambiguity that we can only stare back and wonder what she's thinking; where she looks so modern, so ready for the 1960s in all her classic Pucci and slimmed-down frame and progressive ideas about sexuality. She's clearly enjoying the beach, enjoying life. But she's contemplative too. And this makes these photos poignant, not tragic. She looks so happy and womanly and alive: Who could believe she would die three weeks later? But Steinem, who sees Barris as a "kind man," felt Marilyn was not her true self in those pictures. "The photographs are rather mannered and female impersonating and pathetic and sad."

Pathetic? If there's one thing Marilyn Monroe was never pathetic in front of, no matter the quality of the shot or the quality of the movie, it was a camera. She was a master. She had the God-given talent and charisma to turn on that inner light, and she had the intelligence to dim that light as well, to create darker erotic images (like Milton Greene's *Black Sitting*), sad images, vulnerable images. And that is not pathetic. That's strong. That's brave. That's art. Marilyn's art.

And this instinct of her artistry came to her early. As chronicled by photographer André de Dienes, who shot some of her better-known youthful images, Marilyn yearned to express herself. She suggested ideas (as that other great M.M. photographer, Eve Arnold, could attest). In 1953 the rising star called De Dienes at two in the morning, sleepless, sad and distressed. And in this state, she wanted to take pictures. When he arrived she wore no makeup, her eyes tired, her hair disheveled, and she was on the verge of despair. He was hesitant to shoot, but she insisted he snap her just as she was, in the dark streets of Beverly Hills (all her idea). In one of the most compelling images, Marilyn is leaning against a tree near a garbage can, eyes closed, in a black coat, lit only by De Dienes's car headlights. If you didn't know it was Marilyn, you could mistake it for a Cindy Sherman film still (and Marilyn set it up just as Sherman would). But since she was in real pain, it's much more raw than Sherman's work and in line with the dark beauty of a Francesca Woodman. She said to De Dienes, "You usually write captions for your photos. You can put 'The end of everything' under these." The images are heartbreaking—depleted and scary and fascinating and, yet, beautiful. Not only for M.M.'s pain, but also for her modern approach to exposing it.

"I can't figure you out. You're silk on one 171

side and sandpaper on the other," Richard Widmark says to her mentally ill babysitter in *Don't Bother to Knock*, released a year before the "end of everything" photos and a movie that feels lost among her Technicolor dreamscapes. How many times had Marilyn heard similar versions of that male confusion? "What are you?" Her movie answer? A breathy "I'll be any way you want me to be." Does she mean it? I hope not. Marilyn is brilliant here: so young and sexually damaged and complex, simmering with erotic heat that flows naturally out of her. There's a prophetic sadness permeating her performance as this delusional young woman freshly released from an insane asylum. Knowing what we know about Marilyn's childhood—the mentally ill mother, foster homes, sexual assaults, the longing for a father—she certainly understood the pathology and despondency of her character. She was a woman who wanted to be normal. Normal and special. But mental illness—in real life Marilyn's greatest fear, that demon—just wouldn't allow it. The breach between reality and fiction bedeviled her as a walking work of art—no matter how effortlessly sensual she looked in a negligee.

Silk and sandpaper. Love and sex. And again sex. As women, may we just have sex without judgment? Marilyn may have been used early in her career (and all through it), and she certainly harbored anger and sickness over some of those rougher moments, but women like that survive it. And she did. It didn't destroy her creativity and it didn't destroy her sex. She may have discussed her background and heartache as a little girl, but she didn't let go of her carnality, healthy or unhealthy or a mixture of the two. I love what she said in her last interview, before the feminist movement, which often viewed her as a movie star trapped by the male gaze (a tired criticism that forgets how much women revere Marilyn): "We are all born sexual creatures, thank God,"

she said, "but it's a pity so many people despise and crush this natural gift. Art, real art, comes from it, everything."

Real art. Marilyn's innate acting ability and sexuality radiated in early pictures, like her unaffected, jeans-wearing charm in *Clash By Night*—a movie in which she utters Clifford Odets's dialogue with such naturalism you wish the movie were about the girl in those jeans. She held her own with the inimitable George Sanders in *All About Eve* and gave us more than a mere plum honey in *The Asphalt Jungle*. In front of the movie camera she was pure talent, pure instinct, pure sex and sympathy and strength, from her fantastically overripe voluptuousness in *Niagara* to her sweet playfulness in *The Seven Year Itch* to her impeccable comic timing in *Some Like It Hot*—transforming what could have been dumb blonde Sugar Cane into a soulful chanteuse who breaks our hearts and turns us on (that translucent dress!) with "I'm Through With Love." She is not only dreamlike but bursting through the celluloid with such humanity and temperature that you feel as if you could almost touch her.

In *The Misfits*, her bravura performance, the faded cowboys circle around a near-faded woman but one still so lovely that classic movie star Clark Gable, sitting on Marilyn's bed, just next to her exquisite bare back, is humbled by the sight of her. Yes, even Rhett Butler is honored to be touching that skin.

The Misfits was a notoriously tough shoot, but I don't care how many accounts I've read about her lousing up lines, showing up late or not showing up at all. She was worth it. Even Billy Wilder, who was deeply frustrated while working with her, cited her "elegant vulgarity" and her understanding of the camera: "She had a feeling for and a fear of the camera. She also loved the camera. Whatever she did, wherever she stood, there was always that thing that comes through. She was not even aware of it."

She must have been aware of it, at least sometimes. Watch *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*. Once you get to "Diamonds Are a Girl's Best Friend," with that famous pink dress and those black-clad sadomasochistic ladies hanging from chandeliers (what a fantastically kinky touch!) and Marilyn's "No, no, no, no, no," she is such a movie star and yet has such a sense of humor about herself and is just so damn glamorous that she brings you to your knees. And she *had* to have known that. She wasn't stupid.

And most self-respecting Marilyn biographers know she wasn't the dumb blonde. But as much as Marilyn has been written about, with all the usual facts emerging—her pain and her undeniable magic, her epic rise and fall—she still seems, through all these years, misunderstood. Good. For as ubiquitous as she is, she's still mysterious. She's still beguiling.

Her films are more layered, enchanting and intricate now. I recently took in Marilyn's powerful performance in *Bus Stop* and Lars von Trier's genius *Melancholia* back-to-back and thought to myself, My God, would Mr. Von Trier have gotten Marilyn! In *Bus Stop* she's the ultimate hillbilly beauty—broken down and abused and filled with all that excitable "Hollywood and Vine" hope that will never pan out. But she's an angel. Like one of Von Trier's tortured martyrs, she's a unique woman *because* she's so confused and frustrated, *because* she's willing to demean herself. Painted up in that gorgeous chalky white makeup that only M.M. could pull off so naturally, gyrating in that dive, donning costumes probably unwashed for weeks, standing onstage in sexily torn fishnets and bruised legs and sweetly warbling through "That Old Black Magic" (even though M.M. was a talented singer and dancer), she is a deity—a vision that man-child Don Murray sees right away. And he's right.

Yes, she's an earthly woman, a woman who sleeps in all day and probably bleeds on the sheets and spills liquor on her clothes and continually embarrasses herself, and a woman so lost or sacrificial that she just gives up her dreams and leaves with that insane cowboy. But that makes her even *more* interesting and almost guiltily desirable. As I've written about Von Trier's women, they live in hard, oppressive worlds filled with people who harbor little concern for their goodness or who at least attempt to understand their ugliness. I can imagine Marilyn, like Kirsten Dunst's Justine, basking under that doomsday planet, naked and pale and accepting—absorbing and eroticizing that pain—and, as Marilyn did in film, giving us the pleasure of looking at her beautiful body.

Because through it all, no matter what was happening in her life, Marilyn gave us that gift: pleasure. Pleasure in happiness and pleasure in pain and the pleasure of looking at her. And great artist that she was, looking at her provoked whatever you desired to interpret from her. Her beauty was transcendent. For that, we should do as Dylan instructs: "Bow down to her on Sunday, salute her when her birthday comes."



"My New Year's resolution is to have twice as much sex as last year!
Or do you think two times is an unrealistic goal?"



EBERT

(continued from page 152)

newspapers, which he tied up with string and kept in bundles in the basement for the annual paper drive.

Hal and I descended into the damp-smelling basement with its overhead lightbulbs, and his fingers walked with familiarity down the side of a bundle until he found what he knew was hidden there. It was the Marilyn Monroe cover issue. I had heard *PLAYBOY* mentioned but had never seen an issue. The cover sent electricity tingling through all my nerves, like when the marching band played "Illinois Loyalty" at halftime.

My mind struggled to comprehend what I was seeing. Marilyn Monroe, stark naked, smiling. Smiling! I knew it was her because of articles in *Life*, *Look* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. I must have seen her on TV, probably on *The Ed Sullivan Show* or a Bob Hope Christmas special. But here...in my hands...oh my God!

"She has great tits," I mumbled to cover my embarrassment and naivete. They were the first tits I had ever seen. Even at that moment, I sensed from her no leer or wink, no come-hither expression. She seemed utterly comfortable within her skin, happy to be herself, stretching luxuriously to share her magnificence so we could all enjoy it.

That famous photograph by Tom Kelley, with Monroe on the red velvet cloth, was purchased by Hugh Hefner, and it would not be going too far to say it was the making of his new magazine. It legitimized nudity by embodying it in arguably the most famous woman in America. With a crash of prudish sanctions and a hail of joyous trumpets, the beauty of the female form came into popular view.

She exuded a sense of perfect calm. "She was most in control when she was nude," Hef recalls on this anniversary. "What would be a position of vulnerability for others was a position of power for her."

By embodying that sense of control, she gave us permission to be invulnerable too. We could admire her and not be made to feel complicit in something shameful or sinful. Nudity was natural and beautiful. That was true from the red velvet shot to the swimming pool photos near the end of her life from *Something's Got to Give*, when she told photographer Lawrence Schiller to send the nude photos to *PLAYBOY*. Unlike some models who became great stars, she had no "image" to protect in retrospect. It was always the same image, as she was always the same Marilyn.

How did that work? "It was a combination of circumstances," Hef remembers. "Her initial appeal came from her beauty, of course, but also from the sexual yet vulnerable roles she played. But it extended beyond the movie roles to her life as well. We lived her real life with her."

"She topped it off by dying young. The sad reality is that dying young can

be a good career move for both female and male actors. Think of Jean Harlow or Rudolph Valentino. If Marilyn were still alive today, I don't think she would be such a big deal."

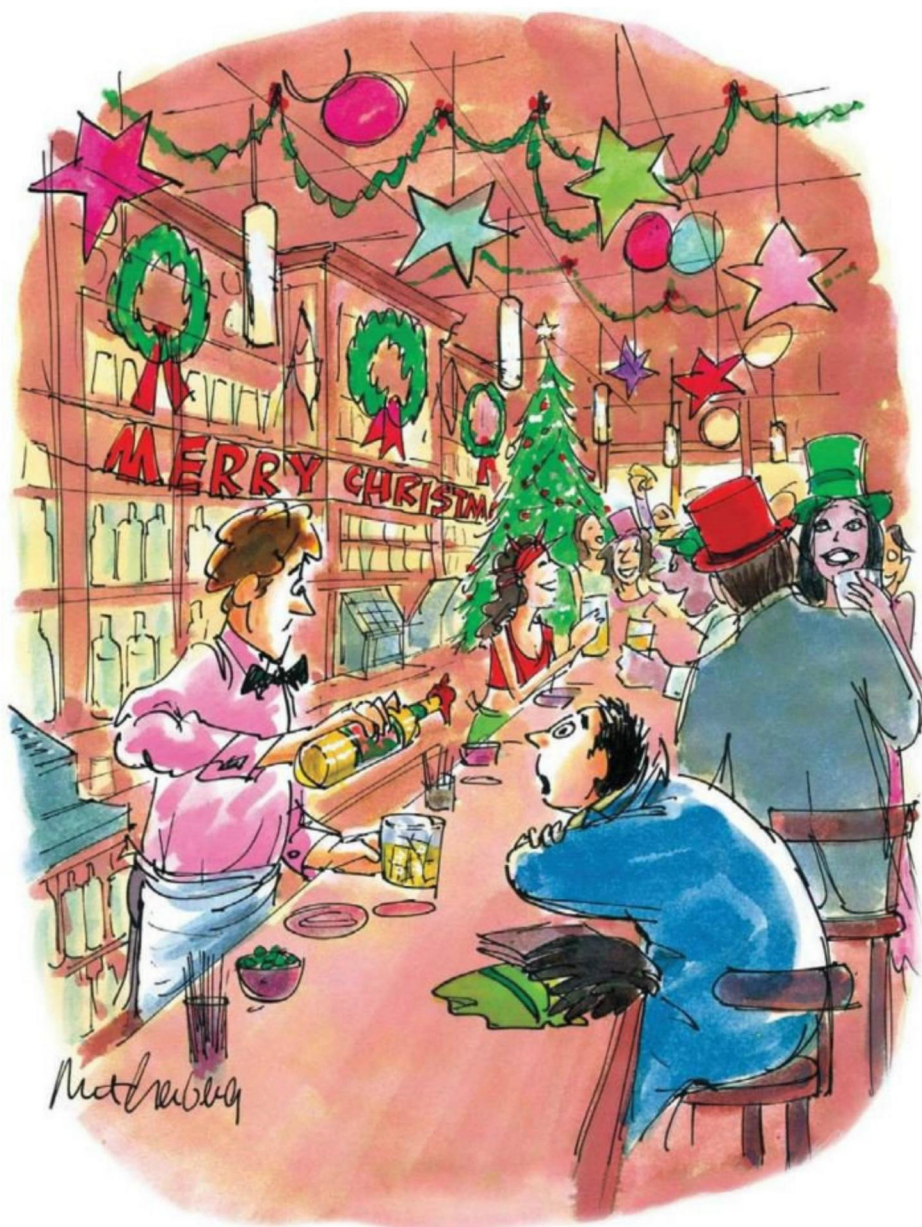
I'm not sure I agree. I believe her mystery and legend would have outlived her physical beauty, though it would have involved a prudent cultivation of her behavior and her visibility. Consider the lifelong fascination Greta Garbo inspired.

Brigitte Bardot was in no sense Monroe's equal, but she was a big deal in the 1950s, the real thing. Then she alienated her public by supporting the French fascist leader Le Pen and being photographed in disarray at various animal rights demonstrations. "Stardom destroyed me," she now says.

Marlene Dietrich continued to perform well into middle age, but at a certain point she simply drew a curtain

and disappeared behind it. For *Marlene*, Maximilian Schell's 1984 documentary, she "cooperated" with Schell but refused to allow either herself or her apartment to be filmed; he had to make do with building a set to resemble her apartment. "I've been photographed enough, thank you," she told Schell, who was an old friend.

If Marilyn had lived into old age, what might she have become? An elderly parody of herself? I believe she was too intelligent. I believe—or hope—she would have quietly disappeared, as another great star, Doris Day, has chosen to do. Her legacy would never die. From everything I sensed when I saw that first photo and all of her movies, I believe she would have become a sweet little old lady, and a good friend.



"I got a Christmas surprise from my new girlfriend—we're actually in a same-sex relationship."

AFRICA

(continued from page 106)

dollar, in some cases—goes to run the bureaucratic organization.

And then there are the celebrities. Four examples, wearing theatrical makeup, come to mind.

The modestly gifted, semi-educated but hugely popular movie star whose provable skills are purely thespian decides to become an ambassadorial presence in the Sudanese territorial struggle.

The aging dissolute singer visits Malawi, adopts both a posture of piety and a child or two and leaves with the promise of a new school.

The TV talk-show billionaire hobnobs with a head of state and founds a luxurious academy for girls in Johannesburg.

The scandal-plagued pair of superstars find seclusion from their fans in Namibia, the woman giving birth in a private hospital and thereafter providing two local hospitals with large endowments.

In each case the donors—professional performers, novices in Africa—are from faraway America. They seem weirdly euphoric—wild-eyed and deafened by the power their money has given them—for money can't buy belief or obedience in Hollywood the way it can in Africa. These stars act out their concern in public, their patronage rising to the level of performance, like giant infants fluttering money into a beggar's outstretched hands and pretending to ignore the applause. It is as though they have set out to prove that a person in such a shallow and puppetlike profession is capable of a conscience.

Does this improvisational charity do any good? History suggests not—that the countries are worse off for it. Zambian economist Dambisa Moyo says aid to Africa has discouraged investment, instilled a culture of dependency, created corruption and, taken together, impeded growth and retarded economies. A great deal of aid is plainly political, and much is pure theater, something that comes naturally to the performers and public figures who involve themselves in these efforts at improvement, which (when you look closely) are often efforts at improving irregularities in their own public images.

Still, a lack of human charity is an appalling defect, and so I am not condemning the efforts of these people, only questioning them and finding them misguided. The thought occurs that the ambiguous, self-indulgent or egomaniacal fame-hogger, speaking with the tongues of men and of angels, is never more a clanging cymbal, obviously acting, than when playing a starring role as philanthropist. And no one is a bossier moralizer than a dissolute celebrity.

"We live in a culture of aid," Moyo writes at the beginning of her book *Dead Aid: Why Aid Is Not Working and Why There Is a Better Way for Africa*. She says that the more than \$1 trillion in development assistance since 1959 has left Africa worse off. "Aid has helped make the poor poorer and growth

slower." One of the main reasons she gives is that much of the money has gone to corrupt regimes and kept dictators in power.

This is also the view of Sudanese telecom billionaire Muhammad Ibrahim, who in a *Wall Street Journal* interview was quoted as saying, "It's my conviction that Africa doesn't need aid." Corrupt African governments are the problem. "Without good governance there's no way forward." He is a philanthropist in Africa but refuses to give money to any badly governed country.

"Such intentions have been damaging our continent for the past 40 years," said Kenyan economist James Shikwati, speaking about donor countries in an interview in *Der Spiegel*. "If industrial nations really want to help Africans, they should terminate this awful aid. The countries that have collected the most development aid are also the ones in the worst shape. Despite the billions that have poured into Africa, the continent remains poor."

Nigerian American novelist Teju Cole writes in *The Atlantic* that what is driving American aid in Africa is "the white savior industrial complex" and adds, "If we are going to interfere in the lives of others, a little due diligence is a minimum requirement."

Given this dismissal of aid, I was struck by a bright, full-page (and expensive) ad in an April issue of *The New York Times Magazine*. It showed smiling African children—the humanized Africa of happiness and gratitude—under the headline NYIT STUDENTS HELPED BRING LIFESAVING MEDICAL CARE TO THE PEOPLE OF OWOROBONG. WE'RE OUT THERE. JOIN US. At the bottom of the page were listed the achievements of the New York Institute of Technology in Oworobong: "established the village's first health clinic," "trained health care workers," "developed an essential clean water system." And "Now, babies are delivered safely."

The reason I noticed this ad was that I had recently been in Africa, speaking to a director of the United States' Millennium Challenge Corporation. He mentioned MCC's successes in Ghana. He also said funding to Ghana, which amounted to \$547 million over five years, ended in February 2012.

The NYIT ad is of course selling virtue, a big "We Do Good" pitch for attracting students to this private institute and giving it the perverse glamour that celebrities have brought to their appearances in Africa's life. NYIT is relatively small (14,000 students), with campuses in Manhattan and Long Island, as well as Abu Dhabi, Jordan, Bahrain and China. But the ad made me curious to know less about NYIT and more about Oworobong, the object of this adopt-a-village philanthropy.

Oworobong does not exist on any but large-scale political maps of Ghana, which isn't surprising since it is obviously tiny. Typically a Ghanaian village numbers in the hundreds of people. This village is in Kwahu East in eastern Ghana. The provincial capital of Kwahu East, Abetifi, is about 70 miles from Ghana's second-largest city, Kumasi. Kumasi is a prosperous city of 2 million and the birthplace of Kofi Annan. In addition to a soccer stadium that seats

40,000 people, Kumasi boasts its own medical school and teaching hospital. If Kwahu East's capital is so near, it is easy to conclude that Oworobong cannot be much farther. But it is depicted in the NYIT ad as existing at the ends of the earth, its fate hanging in the balance and its only hope the efforts of sympathetic Americans and their medicine and money.

It so happens that the small village of Oworobong also figures heavily in the advertising of the Rohde Foundation, whose founder, Jesse Rohde, is described on its website as a "social entrepreneur, health advocate for the global poor and physician." Dr. Jesse Rohde, the site continues, "has dedicated his life to providing health care services to the world's poor." Perhaps daunted by "the world's poor" (estimated at almost a billion hungry people, according to WorldHunger.org), the site indicates, "Currently our focus is in Ghana, where there is an urgent need for basic infrastructure."

The foundation solicits money online in the "Make Cents" program and seems to be a slick fund-raising organization with a scattering of volunteers. But the testimonials posted on the internet have the tone of self-satisfied hype. "Through the NYIT Center for Global Health, several students went on a three-week Global Health fieldwork trip to Oworobong, Ghana," an NYIT student writes. "Our primary affiliate for this trip was the Jesse M. Rohde Foundation at the Oworobong Clinic. At this point, it is a child and maternal care clinic, which has been in development for the past four years."

The medical students who spent a mere three weeks in this village "realized that building a health care system goes beyond just practicing medicine. There are so many other factors involved. We all gained an appreciation for this after we came back from the trip."

An intern for a California newspaper also went to Oworobong. She wrote of her trip in *The Santa Ynez Valley Journal*: "Each participant in Rohde's two-week-long and work-oriented visit to the Ghanaian villages of Nteso and Oworobong—where Rohde's fledgling clinic is finally beginning to stretch its caregiving wings—was required to raise \$1,000 to contribute to Rohde's herculean effort to save Ghanaian lives."

Like celebrities—the role models for such efforts—none of these students stays very long in Africa. Nor is there any mention by the NYIT or the Rohde Foundation of the more than half a billion dollars from U.S. taxpayers that America has contributed in the past five years through Millennium Challenge Corporation to Ghana's welfare.

The Rohde Foundation and NYIT adopted Oworobong in the same spirit that Mrs. Jellyby adopts Borrioboola-Gha "on the left bank of the River Niger" in Charles Dickens's novel *Bleak House*. So much of aid is a system of adoptions—literally, in the case of celebrities (and the people they influence) who see aid in terms of rescuing children, and figuratively, in adopting villages like Oworobong. There is no shortage of potential adoptees among the world's poor. The United States is full of them; in Mexico there are even more. But Africa, the



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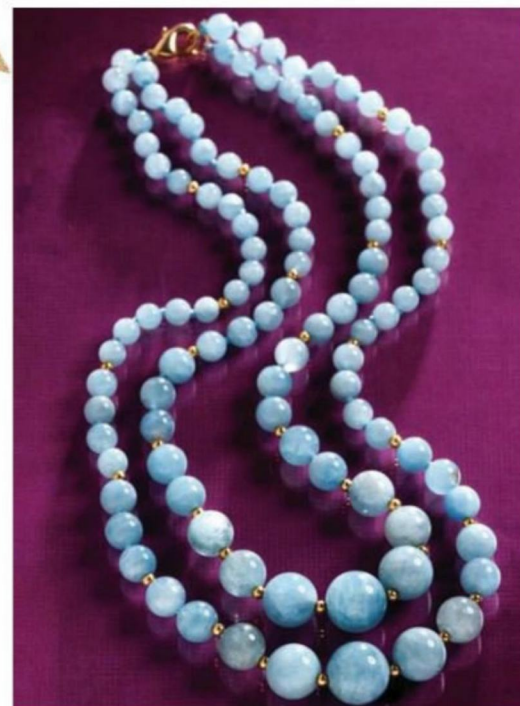
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world's greenest continent, holds a special allure for the adopter and the aid giver.

Namibia is a wonderful place to observe both sides of the aid process. Namibia—a vast, mostly desert country with a small population—receives the attentions of many charity-minded Americans, most notably Angelina Jolie, who has donated money to hospitals and to a nature conservancy. But, as I will describe, the American taxpayer, through Millennium Challenge Corporation, has committed more than \$300 million to Namibia's welfare.

There are only a few cities in Namibia, and the largest is hardly a city: Windhoek, the capital, has a quarter of a million people, roughly the same size as Newark, New Jersey. I can well believe that there are many visitors from Newark to Windhoek who make the journey with the idea of telling the locals how to live their lives.

But Newark and Windhoek face the same problems. Both of them struggle to alleviate illiteracy, poverty and unemployment. The main difference is that in Windhoek the high school graduation rate is higher than in Newark, where—as Governor Chris Christie attests—it is 29 percent. The Windhoekians are demonstrably more polite. Windhoek has a balmy climate than Newark and has access to diamond mines. It is not far from an unspoiled coast and near to prides of lions and herds of elephants. Windhoek's streets are cleaner than Newark's, which is perhaps why you don't find celebrity dogooders on the streets of Newark.

But I have had firsthand experience of the positive side of aid in Africa. While in Namibia I was invited to a high-minded, well-funded, foreign-sponsored event—the sort I had always either avoided or mocked. It was being held in Tsumkwe, a small town in the remote northeast of the country—an unpromising area, it seemed, for such an expensive and scholarly effort. Yet I knew such places to be the beating heart of Africa.

The event would be a full day's program of talks and films, billed as “Celebrating World Day for Audiovisual Heritage in Namibia,” organized by UNESCO. I was asked if I would be willing to speak at this Tsumkwe event, on “Preserving a Cultural Heritage.” The subject, however vague, interested me. I said yes, fighting my skepticism, and was glad afterward, because I learned how quiet, humble, noncelebrity aid was working.

Tsumkwe's community center was officially designated the Captain Kxao Kxami Community Learning and Development Centre. Far from being a Namibian government effort, the center had been built in 2005 with funds from the Namibian Association of Norway. This group of Norwegian well-wishers was also deeply involved in local village education projects. The Redbush Tea Company chipped in with money, a charity in South Africa donated books and the center was supplied with computers and an internet connection. In

2009 the Texas chapter of the Explorers Club collected money to construct the seminar room where I would give my talk.

On the face of it, Tsumkwe—solitary, remote, poor—was the classic example of a hard-up outpost in Africa, adopted by noncelebrity foreigners as a recipient of funds and the idealistic efforts of outsiders to improve education and health. Unlike in Oworobong this was all done quietly. No hype about “saving lives.” The Norwegians had been at it for 30 years, funneling money to the place and producing extensive and scholarly self-financed surveys of the hardships and goals of the local people.

In my talk I advocated that local people take down the oral histories of the elders in the region, making a database of folktales and proverbs, customs and traditions. The students and elders listened politely, but soon afterward I learned that such an effort was already in the works, thanks to a foreign-funded transcription project in Tsumkwe. Who knew?

The Ju'hoan Transcription Group had been active in Tsumkwe since 2002, but the tales had been collected since 1971. Much of this work was due to the Kalahari

*Fame itself is also a kind
of currency, spendable
all over the world. And
in Africa the contrast
is stark, literally in black
and white.*

Peoples Fund (based in Austin, Texas), which dated from the 1970s and operated through the apartheid era to create homegrown reading materials for local schools, among other projects.

Over the years the project became more ambitious. From afar came webmasters, tech assistants, linguists from Germany, donations of laptops and solar panels by foreign companies. Soon the Norwegian-funded Captain Kxao Kxami Community Centre became available with electricity and an internet connection.

In the foreign-funded center, with foreign-funded equipment—computers, digital recorders, video cams—the goal was “technological empowerment” to protect the culture, produce educational material for schools and build an archive. The mission was for the Ju'hoan people to tell their own stories. If these foreigners hadn't done it, no one would have. And if this history had not been preserved, it would have been lost forever, not just to the people in Namibia but to the world.

Most of the high-profile projects and efforts, such as those of the Rohde Foun-

dation, Oprah Winfrey, George Clooney, Madonna, Angelina Jolie, Brad Pitt and the evangelical churches, represent a pittance of the total foreign aid to Africa. The real money, in the hundreds of millions, is the quiet annual funding from governments in the First World, and they are giving it with greater scrutiny. When in 2002 Denmark got wind of corruption and misuse of aid money in the Malawian government, it suspended its program. This is happening more and more, because the great problem is oversight and monitoring. It was to counter corruption that Millennium Challenge Corporation was begun.

Millennium Challenge Corporation was started in 2004 by the Bush administration, a consequence of the frustration of people who saw the United States Agency for International Development and other agencies pouring money into countries with few tangible results. MCC keeps a close eye on how American taxpayer money is dispensed in efforts to improve other people's lives. The projects are spread all over Africa—indeed, all over the globe.

Oliver Pierson is resident country director in Namibia for MCC. Pierson is young, in his 30s, and quietly hearty. I liked his energy and admired his disposition. He biked and ran, even on the hottest Namibian days. He was married and lived in Windhoek when he was not traveling. He had been associated with MCC for four years.

In 2008 Pierson, with Peace Corps zeal, had started working for MCC in “project appraisal.” He became Namibia's resident country director in 2011. It was Pierson who told me that Namibia was getting more than \$300 million, and Tanzania got more than twice that, \$698 million.

“But let me explain,” Pierson said, because hearing the large numbers, I had started to snort. The grant is administered in stages over five years in what is called a compact. And before a country qualifies for a compact it has to pass the eligibility requirements.

Pierson said, “And we do audits. There's no evidence that contractors are misappropriating the funds. You wouldn't believe how much time we spend monitoring these grants and double-checking.”

For a country to get U.S. money from MCC it must go through an intensive process of measurement in three categories: just rule, economic freedom and investment in people. If these conditions don't exist, no money is given. Each category is further broken down into 22 indicators, such as land rights, civil liberties, control of corruption, freedom of information and so forth. And they have to be low- or middle-income countries. Botswana doesn't qualify because it has a brisk economy.

And, Pierson said, sometimes a compact is in place and something changes that queers a development deal. After the 2009 coup in Madagascar, its multimillion-dollar compact was terminated. The Malawian government had signed on to a \$350 million compact for investment in the energy sector, but not long after the signing there

were demonstrations in three cities, including the capital, against the government's human rights abuses. Nineteen demonstrators were shot dead by the army.

"So we put an operational hold on the compact," Pierson said. "And then the Malawians were going to host Sudan's Omar al-Bashir"—who is wanted by the International Criminal Court for crimes against humanity. And that was the end of Malawi's deal. No more money. (The compact was reinstated after President Joyce Banda's inauguration in April.)

Why do celebrities engage in high-profile philanthropy, especially in Africa? Obviously it is an expression of good-heartedness. It sometimes seems to me an act of atonement for all the bad karma and compromise accumulated in clawing to the top of celebrityhood. And for actors, musicians, performers, TV people—always at the mercy of directors, agents or bosses—it must be refreshing when they promote themselves to the role of world-traveling philanthropist, meeting a head of state on their own terms because they are holding a chunk of money. Fame itself is also a kind of currency, spendable all over the world. And in Africa the contrast is stark, literally in black and white.

But none of these donations begins to compare with the \$67 million in MCC money Namibia was getting to promote tourism. When I remarked on the size of the grant, Pierson elaborated by saying it was for the improvement and management of Etosha National Park and for the marketing of Namibian tourism. Tourism? Many tourist destinations in the United States, which get nothing from the U.S. government, would have been glad to get the millions Namibia had been awarded. Places I knew well got no money from the government to prop up their tourism industries—Hawaii got nothing, Cape Cod got nothing—but they struggled along. I thought particularly of the Maine tourist industry, which has been in serious trouble because of the economic slump, high unemployment, high gas prices and the lack of awareness outside of Maine of the delights of the Maine coast, one of the noblest and best preserved on earth.

And the hard-pressed and severely taxed residents of Maine, many of whom work in the Maine tourism industry at motels and restaurants, were contributing to the improvement of the Namibian tourism industry, to lure herds of (mainly) German safari-goers to Etosha National Park?

"Let's say I happened to be a Maine lobsterman," I said to Pierson. "I get up at 4:30 every morning and set off in my boat to haul hundreds of traps. Some days fuel is so expensive and there are so few lobsters that I lose money. But I keep hauling. I pay my taxes. I'm wet and cold most of the time." Pierson was smiling; he knew what was coming. "What would you have said to my late friend Alvin Rackliff of Wheeler Bay, Spruce Head, Maine about the use of his tax money to get tourists to Namibia?"

"I'd say we're trying to help create countries that are stable," Pierson said. "And it's less than one percent of the total U.S. budget."

"It's still a ton of money. Alvin was heavily taxed and worked very hard."

"It builds good relationships," Pierson said.

"Alvin would have wanted to know what Namibia is doing for itself."

"Each country contributes—up to half of the total," Pierson said. "Ghana is a good example of how loans and investment help. We had a successful compact there. Namibia has had regular elections since 1989. As well as tourist-based development, we're doing education and agriculture. Hey, it's five years, and we keep checking that no one steals."

What does all this mean to the average U.S. taxpayer? Not much, I felt. What would it have meant to sorely taxed and hardworking Alvin Rackliff in Maine? Up until he died, at 91, he was still fishing, still hauling traps. I can imagine him in his yellow slicker, wet gloves and rubber boots in the wheelhouse of his lobster boat, *Morning Mist*, as I told him what I'd heard, his mocking laughter ringing in my ears: "If you believe that, Paul, you're crazy as a shit-house rat!"

But of the foreign aid schemes I'd come across, Millennium Challenge Corporation seemed to be doing its work honestly and well. I liked the idea that it cut off funds to

countries that did not live up to their word and that tyrannies did not qualify. Still, the economists who denounce aid as harmful have a point.

For any organization to raise money, it needs to present a life-or-death struggle, which is why charities love crises. And crises perfectly suit celebrities, who are larger than life and for whom this drama of "saving lives" is a real-life reflection of the movies or songs they promote.

Still, the big-money aid in Africa seems bland compared with the vivid small-scale efforts of the celebrities and the highly publicized push to help villages like Oworobong. Anyone reading this in the United States can easily think of a needy or depressed neighborhood, slum area or dog town that would serve just as well for such an initiative. Brad Pitt is to be applauded for his work in post-Katrina New Orleans, but there are at least a hundred small towns in the United States where the annual per capita income is \$5,300 or less. New schools and hospitals could have been built in Allen, South Dakota or Lukachukai, Arizona, where the residents live way below the poverty line. You don't find celebrities in those places. You find them on TV, claiming, "I've just saved some lives in Africa."



"It's good to work with somebody who really gets into the Christmas spirit."

TARANTINO

(continued from page 70)

thank-you notes. When people do something nice for me, she would make me do something back—a note or a phone call—which I won't do on my own. [laughs] That would be a nice part of the bargain. I wouldn't be such a caveman. I might be a little less remote. Having said that, though, with the artistic, almost academic way I like to live my life when it comes to the movies I make and the research I do on them, I've got it pretty great. If I wanted to live in Paris for a year, what the fuck? I can. I don't have to arrange anything; I can just do it. If there is an actor or a director I want to

get obsessed with and study their films for the next 12 days, I can do that. The perfect person would be a Playmate who would enjoy that.

PLAYBOY: Well, they're out here.

TARANTINO: I know, and that's why I say it's not impossible.

PLAYBOY: We could probably throw a rock from your house here and hit one.

TARANTINO: Well, they have to be legitimately Playmate on that. They have to dig it. They have to be down with a J. Lee Thompson film festival.

PLAYBOY: How do you know if women you meet are into Quentin the guy and not Quentin the filmmaker? Does it matter?

TARANTINO: Well, I'm not Quentin the average guy. Expecting her to like me

the way she would like me if I were a plumber or if I worked at Why Not a Burger is not realistic. And why would you want that? Part of me is me and my life, and part of me is me and my artistic journey. That's all part of it.

PLAYBOY: Does that mean the woman should be a fan?

TARANTINO: No, it just means that if you like my work or respect what I do, it's conceivable that could be an attractive element if you meet me. And if you like me and I'm charming and sexy or whatever things you could be attracted to, that could be a plus. You can date this girl and that girl, but if you're going to get together and try to be girlfriend and boyfriend, me and my life and my artistic journey are part of the deal. And part of my life is my artistic journey. At a certain point it becomes overwhelming when you're doing a film. A girl needs her own life too.

PLAYBOY: But she has to understand your artistic journey comes first.

TARANTINO: Yeah.

PLAYBOY: You've threatened to retire at 60. Why put a timetable on it?

TARANTINO: Who knows what I'll do? I just don't want to be an old-man filmmaker. I want to stop at a certain point.

PLAYBOY: Why?

TARANTINO: Directors don't get better as they get older. Usually the worst films in their filmography are those last four at the end. I am all about my filmography, and one bad film fucks up three good ones. I don't want that bad out-of-touch comedy in my filmography, the movie that makes people think, Oh man, he still thinks it's 20 years ago. When directors get out-of-date, it's not pretty.

PLAYBOY: Stanley Kubrick was viable in his later years. Scorsese and Spielberg have made good movies in their 60s, and Woody Allen made *Midnight in Paris* in his 70s. Won't fans want to see what's on your mind as you continue to develop as a man?

TARANTINO: Maybe. If I have something to say, I'll do it. I haven't made any gigantic declarative statements. I just don't want to be an old filmmaker. I'm on a journey that needs to have an end and not be about me trying to get another job. Even if it's old and I'm washed up, I'd still want to do it. I want this artistic journey to have a climax. I want to work toward something.

PLAYBOY: When a director jumps the shark, doesn't it have more to do with him getting fat and happy and losing his edge or not listening?

TARANTINO: Could be, but it's also age. [laughs] The directorial histories don't lie for the most part, but I'll concentrate on a unique example: I hadn't thought about how old Tony Scott was until he checked out. And I knew him. I thought, Wow, Tony was close to 70?

PLAYBOY: As a director, how will you know when you're not capable of that anymore?



"And now if you're satisfied, my dear, we can focus on what I'd like for Christmas."

TARANTINO: Well, I guess that's what I'm trying to figure out.

PLAYBOY: You don't turn these things out once a year. How many films do you have left in you?

TARANTINO: You stop when you stop, but in a fanciful world, 10 movies in my filmography would be nice. I've made seven. If I have a change of heart, if I come up with a new story, I could come back. But if I stop at 10, that would be okay as an artistic statement.

PLAYBOY: When we did the interview last time—

TARANTINO: I reread that interview not long ago. Literally the next day I was asked, "Do you want to do another one?"

The thing that was cool about that first interview was that you made a big deal about me doing *Pulp Fiction* and then coming back with *Kill Bill*. So is he the real deal or not the real deal? And I thought, Well, if **PLAYBOY's** coming back, then I guess I passed the real-deal test.

PLAYBOY: You certainly have passed that test. Last time, you said you felt you could become a fine actor if that were your priority. Why did it stop being important to you?

TARANTINO: I just lost the bug. I think I got the bug from a combination of two things. I'd had a good experience doing *From Dusk Till Dawn*, and I started going out with Mira Sorvino. She's an actor and so is her father, Paul, and they talk about acting a lot. I got all into that. And there were old dreams and desires from when I was a little boy. Now it's the opposite. If I write a part for myself, I cut it down to nothing. Actors have said that now that I'm over myself, I can get down to doing good work. But it's more about the fact that when I did *Kill Bill*, I was going to play Pai Mei, and it was so hard—

PLAYBOY: Pai Mei is the teacher Daryl Hannah poisons.

TARANTINO: Yes. I was going to play him. I'd trained to do the fights and everything, but it was such a big-deal movie that it needed all my attention directing.

When I was done with it, I decided that if I'm going to be on a set, I want it to be my set, with me directing. I don't want to be an actor in somebody else's movie. I don't want people faxing call sheets to my house, and I don't want to get up in the morning for somebody else's movie.

PLAYBOY: The tragedy in Aurora, Colorado, where a gunman massacred moviegoers at a *Dark Knight Rises* midnight screening, led some filmmakers to do some soul-searching about how they depict on-screen violence. Did you?

TARANTINO: No, because I think that guy was a nut. He went in there to kill a bunch of people because he knew there would be a lot of people there and he'd

outsider who redefined the gangster-movie genre and spawned imitators. How do you see yourself now?

TARANTINO: Bob Dylan going into the 1970s; De Palma, Scorsese, Kubrick and Spielberg going into the 1980s. I would like to be thought of as one of the premier directors of his time, at the height of his powers, with his talents at his fingertips, with something to say, something to prove, just trying to be the best he can be.

PLAYBOY: No longer an outsider?

TARANTINO: Yeah. That's one thing that's actually kind of nice. I'm not a Hollywood outsider anymore. I know a lot of people. I like them. They like me. I think I'm a pretty good member of this community,

both as a person and as far as my job and contributions are concerned. Back in 1994 I think they were all pretty impressed with me, and that was cool, but I felt like an outsider, a maverick punk, and I was hoping I wouldn't fuck it up. I still do things my own way, but I didn't go away either. I still kind of feel like I'm always trying to prove I belong here.

PLAYBOY: When J.D. Salinger died, it was clear what a burden his early success had been. After *Pulp Fiction*, do you give a big sigh of relief when you make a movie and feel you have risen to the level of your earlier work?

TARANTINO: No. I like people to be excited and

think my best work's in front of me. That means you're trying to top yourself to one degree or another. I take that seriously. It's a subjective thing, but you are trying to make a big, bold, vital work that moves your artistic journey forward. I wouldn't have it any other way. I want there to be anticipation. I was actually quite proud when I read that *Django* is one of the most anticipated movies coming out this year. It's a black Western. Where's the anticipation coming from? I guess a lot of it is me. That's pretty fucking awesome.

make a tremendous amount of news doing it. That's no different from a guy going into a McDonald's and shooting up people at lunchtime because he knows a lot of people will be there.

PLAYBOY: When people point to movies for glorifying violence, what do you say?

TARANTINO: Well, I never get into this argument because no one has this argument with me. [laughs] They know where I'm coming from. I make violent movies. I like violent movies. I'm on record about how I feel there is no correlation between art and life in that way.

PLAYBOY: After *Reservoir Dogs* and *Pulp Fiction*, you were this raging, rule-breaking



WHITEY BULGER

(continued from page 76)

the Old Howard burlesque hall and running off with a traveling circus while most kids were still in school. But Connolly was closer in age to Billy Bulger, and they became friends. Connolly chose to follow Billy's lead. He got a good education before embarking on a career in law enforcement with the FBI.

As a young street agent in Manhattan, Connolly was walking along Third Avenue on a cold December day in 1972 when he recognized fugitive Boston mafioso Francis "Cadillac Frank" Salemme walking toward him. Salemme was a suspect in numerous gangland hits and had been indicted for planting a car bomb that blew one of the legs off a Boston attorney. After a foot chase that ended when Connolly tackled Salemme at the corner of 81st Street, Connolly took the fugitive into custody virtually single-handedly. With the Salemme arrest, Connolly got his wish: He was transferred back to his hometown to work the underbelly of Boston, where both the Irish and Italian mobs were thriving even as they warred for dominance.

By the time he retired, in 1990, John Connolly had received a distinguished service award, presented to him by then FBI director William Sessions. During his tenure with the Bureau, Connolly proved particularly adept at "flipping" ranking mobsters, getting them to roll over and snitch by providing vital secret information on organized crime. His FBI superiors ordered Connolly to cultivate top Irish gangsters as potential secret informers on the Italian Mafia. He was from the neighborhood and knew these guys from when they were kids, he was told, so why not give it a try? Through his old friend Billy Bulger, Connolly approached Whitey. As Connolly tells it, they arranged for a late-night meeting in a parked car overlooking Boston Harbor in September 1975.

In the car Connolly played Bulger a tape of a wiretapped phone conversation between Jerry Angiulo, head of Boston's arm of La Cosa Nostra, and a Mafia hit man. Angiulo had put out a contract to have Bulger killed. Bulger thanked Connolly for the tip, but he declined to help the FBI. He went back and talked to his partner Stephen Flemmi, a killer in the Winter Hill gang, and learned that the Rifleman had already signed on to the FBI's top-secret program. Bulger changed his mind and entered the rarefied, treacherous terrain of the Top Echelon criminal informant program.

The Italians had a contract on his head, and Bulger allegedly said to Connolly of his rival mobsters, "If they want to play checkers, we'll play chess. Fuck 'em." According to Connolly, the deal he was instructed to make with the rising crime boss was simple and clear-cut: Give us the guineas and you and your Winter Hill mick gang get a pass.

From that day forward, Connolly and Bulger were bound together in a secret covenant. They were shadowed by a neighborhood code of honor that holds informers, rats, snitches as the lowest form of life. The

secret interplay in that relationship is vital—if it becomes known, people die.

A November 1982 performance appraisal of Special Agent John Connolly for the rating period of November 15, 1981 to November 12, 1982 states, "[Special Agent] Connolly's performance in this area [the Top Echelon informant program]...is truly exceptional. He independently has developed, maintained and operated a corps of extremely high-level and productive informants. His direction and their resultant information has [sic] brought about results exceeded by none in the Boston Division's Organized Crime Program. Most significantly, he skillfully developed a high-ranking LCN [La Cosa Nostra] figure who is presently the only member source in New England and one of very few developed since enactment of legislation dealing with organized crime nearly two decades ago. His performance has been at the level to which all should aspire to attain but few will realistically reach."

As FBI assets, Whitey Bulger and Stevie Flemmi were Connolly's top performers. They supplied invaluable inside mob intelligence to the FBI for more than 15 years. That information often constituted the probable cause the feds needed to get warrants, plant bugs and mount wiretaps, which provided Department of Justice prosecutors evidence to indict and convict the entire hierarchy of the New England branch of La Cosa Nostra, the long indomitable Patriarca crime family, ruled by Mafia commission member Raymond L.S. Patriarca and later by his inept son Ray Junior.

As Connolly explains the Bureau's rationale in using TEs, it was only through the use of highly placed criminal informers that the FBI was able to penetrate the executive level of the Mafia. "The FBI, unlike state or local police departments, is responsible by statutory authority for protecting the internal security of the United States," Connolly says. "State and local law enforcement have no such statutory obligation from Congress. The FBI's domestic investigative responsibilities include addressing the threat posed by the international criminal conspiracy known as La Cosa Nostra—the Mafia—which is another investigative responsibility state and local law enforcement do not have. The Bureau's operational strategy of maintaining TEs to address the investigative mandate to bring down the Mafia was necessitated by statutory obligations the FBI was saddled with by Congress.

"The proof is in the pudding. The fact is, it was due in large measure to the probable cause furnished by my long-term TEs that allowed the Boston FBI office to degrade, destabilize and dismantle the New England Mafia in a series of highly publicized court-authorized wiretaps."

Conceived by FBI honcho J. Edgar Hoover and first known as the Top Hoodlum program, the Top Echelon informant initiative is still in wide use today. In essence, the TE program gives informers protection from prosecution for whatever crimes they may commit as long as they continue to provide valuable information to their FBI handlers—and as long as they do not commit murder or extreme violence. However,

the kind of informers these agents look to recruit—made members of organized crime, high-level dope dealers, members of violent terrorist cells—reach those lofty levels in their chosen field only by killing people. So the idea of the TE program is paradoxical, as perverse as the cross-dressing paranoid lawman who conceived it. Yet the program worked. It worked very well indeed.

In the winter of 1981, guided by Special Agent John Connolly and with information provided by Bulger and Flemmi, the FBI placed bugs in the Boston headquarters of Patriarca underboss Jerry Angiulo. Recordings of the foulmouthed Angiulo ordering hits and berating underlings in his far-flung criminal organization resulted in the indictment and conviction of dozens of high-ranking Italian gangsters—*Italian* being the operative word.

Eight years later, in October 1989, Bulger and Flemmi gave the FBI the tip that led agents to place the wiretap that recorded for the first time a traditional Mafia induction ceremony, presided over by Raymond Patriarca Jr. The gangsters met in the basement of a home in suburban Medford, Massachusetts. Four new members took the blood oath to kill anyone who violated the organization's rules. The tape and the transcript made from it were an unparalleled evidentiary bonanza for the feds. Prosecutors used the tape in a number of Mafia trials around the country to prove the existence of the secret criminal organization.

As the FBI shattered the Mafia's criminal organization in New England, the path was clear for Bulger and his Winter Hill gang to seize total control. Working out of their headquarters—Triple O's bar in South Boston and later a Lancaster Street garage in the shadow of tony Beacon Hill—Bulger now ran his criminal empire.

Although the deal the Department of Justice made with Bulger and Flemmi paid off, it had serious unintended consequences. People were murdered, and not only criminals. Girlfriends of criminals. Innocent people who got caught up in the cabal. Legitimate businessmen who unknowingly became involved with organized-crime figures.

TE informers are valuable only as long as their identity remains a highly classified secret. They are never required to testify at trial or wear a wire. The informers and their agent handlers walk a fine line between crime control and government-sanctioned criminal activity. The agent handlers need the intelligence provided by the informers in order to do their job and stay alive. In one case, dubbed Operation Lobster, an undercover FBI agent's life was saved thanks to information provided by Bulger. All too often, however, the question becomes, Who is handling whom?

When he retired, Connolly took a position as head of security at Boston Edison. He resumed a normal family life with his wife and sons—hockey games in winter, summer vacations on Cape Cod. He didn't miss the stress of handling a stable of violent, cagey criminal informants. Life was good.

Bulger, meanwhile, was planning his retirement—stashing money in safe-deposit boxes across the country and even in a

London bank, acquiring false identification, driver's licenses in dead people's names, Social Security cards. And he was managing long-term relationships with three different women. Always with his finger on the quickening pulse of the heat, Bulger knew that with the changing of the guard in New England's federal law-enforcement chain of command it was time to get out of town. He scooped up his main squeeze, a single mother named Teresa Stanley, and together they set off on a leisurely cross-country motor trip.

New assistant U.S. attorney Fred Wyshak had arrived in Boston with an agenda: Take down Bulger and Flemmi, even if it meant exposing the FBI's secret TE program in the process. Wyshak teamed with prosecutor Brian Kelly, and soon they were making cases against low-level bookmakers and loan sharks, with their sights set on the Winter Hill gang's bosses. The prosecutors called on Bulger and Flemmi's former handler, who by then had already retired from the Bureau. When Connolly was told the prosecutors were investigating his TE informers for crimes including bookmaking and loan sharking, Connolly maintained that the FBI and higher-ups in the Department of Justice had given the informers immunity for "anything but murder." Wyshak informed Connolly that that deal was now off the table. They were going to take down Whitey and his partner, the Rifleman.

The new regime in the Boston federal prosecutor's office urged Connolly to go along with the program and deny there had ever been an arrangement with Bulger and Flemmi. Connolly was adamant: no deal. He refused to lie about the arrangement, which had been underwritten and ratified by his superiors, including the former U.S. attorney in Boston, Jeremiah T. O'Sullivan. If Connolly lied and Bulger went down, the former FBI man (not to mention his family) could find himself in Bulger's crosshairs. Besides, Connolly says, both his direct FBI supervisor in the 1980s, John Morris, and O'Sullivan asked Connolly to arrange meetings for them with the crime boss. O'Sullivan and Bulger met in a Boston hotel room. Bulger and Flemmi went to dinner at FBI supervisor Morris's suburban home, where they enjoyed a lavish wine-soaked meal together. Morris later admitted to taking cash and gifts from the gangsters. The fine line between cops and criminals became obscured. Their mandate: Do whatever it takes to bring down the Italian Mafia.

When the indictments against Bulger and Flemmi were unsealed in 1995, Flemmi was arrested in a restaurant he was renovating near Faneuil Hall in downtown Boston. But where was Bulger? He had vanished.

The FBI was forced to admit Bulger and Flemmi had been informants. But the prosecutors and Department of Justice higher-ups were loath to acknowledge that as TEs they had been given immunity from prosecution in exchange for their intelligence. Connolly refused to play along, and as a result he became the DOJ's whipping boy, its scapegoat.

By October 2000 Connolly had been charged with nine counts of criminal action, including racketeering, obstruction of justice and making false statements to law enforcement officials. Essentially the government

prosecutors attempted to prove that instead of merely handling his Winter Hill informants, Connolly had joined Bulger as an active member of his gang. The trial had the city of Boston riveted. Connolly was found guilty of racketeering, obstruction of justice and making false statements. Bulger was gone, and the feds needed to save face. Using testimony from a Winter Hill gang insider (testimony that was later discounted by another witness), a jury found Connolly guilty of tipping off Bulger to the impending indictments so he could flee before the law came for him. The judge sentenced Connolly to 10 years in federal prison.

Seven years later, Connolly was wrapping up his federal bid when he was charged in Miami with conspiring with Bulger and others to murder a shady Boston businessman named John Callahan. The former president of World Jai Alai, Callahan was involved in a scam with Bulger—until he was found riddled with bullet holes at the Miami airport in the trunk of his Cadillac. The charge claimed that Connolly had tipped Bulger off that Callahan was going to drop a dime on him for the murder of World Jai Alai owner Roger Wheeler. Callahan's body had been found with one dime facing up on his chest. Connolly was transferred from the federal prison in Butner, North Carolina to the Turner Guilford Knight Correctional Center in Dade County, Florida. He was held in the hole on 24-hour-a-day lockdown.

At the Miami trial, prosecutors trotted out a rogues' gallery of hit men and snitches to testify; it was in all of their best interest to take Connolly down. Connolly's former supervisor

John Morris again took the stand and wept through his testimony. Although he admitted to accepting thousands in cash and a case of fine wine from Bulger (Bulger called him Vino for his fancy palate), Morris testified against his underling Connolly and walked without ever spending a minute behind bars. Hit man turned government witness John Martorano—who admitted to committing the murder and placing the dime on the victim's chest after shoving the body into the trunk of the Cadillac—testified against Connolly. Today Martorano, known as the Basin Street Butcher and with more than 20 confirmed notches in his belt, is a free man often seen dining in fine Boston restaurants. Another admitted murderer who testified against Connolly in exchange for a lesser prison sentence is Bulger's partner Flemmi.

Connolly was convicted of second-degree homicide with a firearm and sentenced to 40 years in prison—a virtual life sentence. His Miami lawyers belatedly pointed out that in cases involving the crime for which he was convicted—second-degree murder with a firearm—Florida statute requires that it be proved beyond a reasonable doubt that the firearm used in the murder was in the personal possession of the defendant during the commission of the felony. That element of the crime was never proven; in fact it was never even alluded to in the state's case. The only firearm in Connolly's possession would have been his FBI-issued weapon, which was with him in Massachusetts, hundreds of miles from the scene of the crime.

The trial judge agreed with Connolly's attorneys that the jury's verdict, and therefore



"Mr. Claus, you're named in a class-action lawsuit for discriminating against the 'naughty.'"

Connolly's conviction, was flawed. But, he pointed out, the lawyers had filed their motion for arrest of judgment several days beyond the 10-day period allowed by law. Because the motion had not been filed in a timely manner, the judge ruled that the conviction and 40-year sentence would stand. And the appellate court in Miami denied the appeal without issuing an opinion.

As Connolly watched his life slip away in a Florida prison, FBI agents maintained their command center in Boston and spent millions on one of the most elaborate and expensive criminal manhunts ever mounted. All the while, Whitey Bulger and his lady, Catherine Greig, were living quietly in Santa Monica, hiding in plain sight.

On the eve of the Bulger trial, it seemed a worthy endeavor to travel to Boston to interview some of the people who had been closest to him back in the day when he was assuming control of the underworld and conniving with FBI agents.

Theresa Stanley was in a relationship with Bulger for 30 years. She was on a road trip around the country with Bulger in January 1995 when they heard the news on the car radio that Flemmi had been arrested. In her early 70s, Stanley sat for an interview over lunch at Legal Sea Foods. A delicate woman still mourning the drug-overdose death of her son—a son Bulger had helped raise (“Jim was very strict,” she remembered of Bulger’s parenting skills)—Stanley was also still suffering from Bulger’s betrayal: All the while he was with her, he had two other mistresses, Catherine Greig and long-time girlfriend Lindsey Cyr, with whom he had a child, a boy named Douglas.

“It’s hard to understand,” she said over a bowl of lobster bisque. “I don’t know how a man can live so many different lives and keep up so many lies. It must not be easy.”

Reminded that Bulger, given his dual role as informer and mobster, was adept at living multiple realities, Stanley gained little solace. She had resisted telling her story because the whole thing brought up too many unhappy memories. She agreed to meet only after her son-in-law Chris “Knuckles” Nilan, a former enforcer for the Montreal Canadiens hockey team and a Bulger confidant, had put in a good word.

Stanley confirmed that Bulger had planned for his flight long before he learned of the indictments and Flemmi’s arrest. “He was traveling under his own name while we were together,” she recalled. “But he was aware something was going on back in Boston.”

Once they heard about Flemmi and the warrant for Bulger’s arrest, Stanley said, Bulger immediately stopped using his real name and assumed the identity of Thomas F. Baxter, who had died in January 1979. In 1990 Bulger had obtained a driver’s license in Baxter’s name and had renewed the license again in 1994, a year before he went on the lam.

“Connolly never tipped Jim,” Stanley said. “We weren’t even in Boston at the time. Jim heard the news on the car radio.

It’s not right what was done to Connolly. Jim should clear Connolly. He should do that. He should do one good thing before he dies.” Stanley succumbed to lung cancer and died just months after our interview.

It is well established that Bulger had already planned his flight and left town by the time the Boston indictments were unsealed. He had phony IDs and cash at the ready. Connolly had retired from the FBI four years before the indictments. As another Connolly supporter, former FBI agent Joe Pistone, known as Donnie Brasco while working undercover for the FBI, explains, “No one is calling a retired agent to tell him they have an indictment against one of his former informants. It ain’t happening. They keep that information close to the vest.”

Pistone knew Connolly when they were both on the job. “All John Connolly did was his job, what he was hired and sworn to do,” Pistone says.

Hockey player Nilan believes that in addition to clearing Connolly, Bulger wants to set the record straight on several of the killings attributed to him. “Jimmy said to me, ‘The last guy to come in always gets blamed for everything,’” Nilan says. In particular, Nilan and others close to Bulger

“There’s trouble,” Whitey Bulger said. “I’m going away for a while. But everything’s under control. I’ve got insurance, and it’s gold-plated.”

believe that Flemmi’s testimony against Connolly was self-serving in the extreme, that he lied about several murders Bulger supposedly committed, that he heaped the blame for killing two of Flemmi’s ex-girlfriends on Bulger and that government prosecutors knew Flemmi lied and therefore committed perjury.

“Jimmy’s very smart,” Nilan says. “I’m sure he’s still got a few cards he can play. Believe me, they don’t want to hear what he has to say.”

Lindsey Cyr—mother of Bulger’s only child, Douglas, who died of complications from Reye’s syndrome when he was six years old—has stories of Bulger few except those closest to him ever knew. Cyr met Bulger when she was 19 and had a second job as a waitress in a restaurant Bulger frequented while he was working for a construction company soon after his release from prison.

“Jimmy was very quiet and well-behaved,” Cyr told me in a television interview, “a gentleman, at least with me. He had beautiful manners and was so handsome—the blond hair and those blue eyes. You couldn’t help but notice him.”

Cyr’s boyfriend got rough with her one

day in the restaurant while Bulger was there having breakfast. “Jimmy took him outside, talked to him for a second and then folded him up with four straight shots,” said Cyr, remembering how Bulger became more than just another customer. Bulger returned to his seat and told her, “That won’t happen again. If it does, I will be forced to become unpleasant.”

She started dating the older man. He took her to a cookout at Billy Bulger’s South Boston home, where she met Billy’s wife and their many kids, as well as the brothers’ mother, Jean Bulger, to whom Whitey was devoted.

“He was still living at home, taking care of his mother,” Cyr said. “I guess that’s something Irish men do.”

Other dates were not so relaxed. Twice while out with Bulger, Cyr said, they were caught in gun battles with shooters trying to take him out. “He explained he was reorganizing Southie,” she recalled. There was a mob war raging in Boston at the time, and Bulger had landed himself in the middle of it.

Cyr remembers him as an “incredible,” well-endowed lover. “First time I saw him naked, I was shocked,” she said. “I told him, ‘No way you’re going to put that in me!’ But he was very gentle. Sex was a major item for Jimmy. I mean, it was like breathing. And he had to have it when he wanted, and that meant any time I was in the vicinity.”

Inevitably she became pregnant and gave birth to a baby boy. Cyr remembers Bulger as a doting father who was crazy about Douglas, his look-alike towheaded little boy. But Bulger was concerned about the exposure having a wife and child could mean to his enemies during his “reorganizing” of the underworld. He chose not to give the child or Cyr his name and kept them as much as he could out of harm’s way. She says Bulger changed after the boy’s death. “Jimmy became very cold. He said to me, ‘I can’t hurt like this. I don’t think I can go through life just as we always have with the exception of no Douglas.’ That was the one time he mentioned his name after Douglas died.”

Eventually they drifted apart. Cyr remembers the last time she heard from Whitey was in January 1995. He called at three in the morning and told her, “There’s trouble. I’m going away for a while. But everything’s under control. I’ve got insurance, and it’s gold-plated.”

“I don’t know what kind of insurance he’s got,” Cyr said, “but I honestly believe that several of the people who are walking around should be in jail, and certainly not the FBI agent. John Connolly, they threw him to the wolves.”

Bulger is now being held in solitary confinement in the maximum-security unit of a prison in Plymouth, Massachusetts. He’s made more than a dozen appearances in federal court in Boston, shuttled in and out by helicopter or in a caravan of armored black Suburbans. He smiles and nods to the media entourage that flocks to his every

appearance. He waves and greets his loyal family members, in particular his brother Billy, who shows up at every hearing. His companion, Catherine Greig, was sentenced to eight years in prison after pleading guilty to harboring Bulger. She is serving her sentence in a low-security women's penitentiary.

Bulger's upcoming trial is the most anticipated public airing of the biggest law enforcement scandal of our time. Through his court-appointed attorney, J.W. Carney, Bulger declared that he intends to take the stand and name names, to tell of the higher-ups within the Department of Justice who authorized him as an informant and granted him immunity. He has insisted on only person-to-person communications with his lawyers, claiming that all his calls are monitored, even the protected attorney-client calls, and asserting his belief that all law enforcement is corrupt.

But the trial may never happen. Bulger turned 83 in September. He has a heart ailment. People held in custody with medical conditions tend to die. And already the feds are making moves to ensure that the full dimension of Bulger's complex relationship with Connolly and his superiors in the Department of Justice is never brought to light.

Upon Bulger's return to Boston to face the charges, prosecutors handling the case announced he would not be tried for any of the offenses in the original racketeering indictment that covered the period when he was a TE informant. A superseding indictment charges him only with the 19 murders he and Flemmi allegedly committed.

The judge imposed a tight gag order on Bulger's attorney Carney, who has complained to the court that the order prevents him from talking to potential witnesses and is hampering his ability to prepare a defense. Given the machinations on both sides, it's fair to assume that whatever comes out during the trial—if it takes place—will be a highly attenuated version of what really happened. The judge can simply rule that areas of Bulger's evidence the government does not want made public are irrelevant, outside the purview of the current indictment or a threat to national security. End of story.

As Connolly says from prison, "It is my understanding that the many FBI agents who have been fighting to prove my innocence have been alerted by FBI officials in Washington, D.C. to evidence indicating Whitey Bulger has exonerated me and confirmed I was framed. I was also told he has implicated my admittedly corrupt former FBI supervisor, John Morris, in additional criminal wrongdoing, which proves Morris perjured himself both in his plea agreement and at both my trials. It is my further understanding these statements by Bulger have been documented in official FBI reports, but the reports are placed under seal by the Department of Justice and have not been provided to my attorneys. This comes as no surprise in light of all the other exculpatory evidence they concealed. Bulger has always kept his own counsel, for only he knows what he intends to do. Obviously it is my fervent hope that he will be allowed to take the stand and tell the truth and exonerate me."



Blind Call

(continued from page 130)

a tricky thing, however. The last thing the investigator wanted to do was give family members false hope or needlessly have them revisit the trauma of losing a loved one. The initial notification was always handled with finesse, and that meant approaching a selected family member with carefully chosen and vetted information.

In the Jespersen case, Bosch had only one family connection, back in Copenhagen. The victim's brother, Henrik Jespersen, was listed in the original reports as the family contact, and a 1999 entry in the chronological report noted an e-mail address for him. Bosch sent off an e-mail to that address, having no idea if it would still be good after 13 years. The message was not kicked back, but it also wasn't answered. Two days after sending it he re-sent it, but again it was not replied to. Bosch had then put the contact issue aside as he investigated and prepared to meet Rufus Coleman at San Quentin.

Coincidentally, one of Bosch's reasons for his early arrival at the office was to attempt to get a phone number for Henrik Jespersen and place a call to him in Copenhagen, which was nine hours ahead of Los Angeles.

Henrik had beaten Bosch to the punch and answered his e-mail, the reply landing in Harry's e-mail basket at two A.M. L.A. time.

Dear Mr. Bosch, I thank you for your e-mail which mistakenly diverted to my junk file. I have retrieved now and wish to answer promptly. Many thanks to you and LAPD for seeking the killer of my sister. Anneke is still very missed in our lives here in Copenhagen. The BT newspaper where she work has brass plaque in place to commemorate this brave journalist who is a hero. I hope you can catch this bad people who kill. If we can talk to one another my job phone is best to call at the hotel where I work every day as direktor: 00-800-11-20-11-40 is the number you will call.

I hope you can find killer. It means very much to me. My sister was a twin of mine. I miss very much.

Henrik

PS: Anneke Jespersen was not on vacation. She was on th story.

Bosch stared at the last line for a good long while. He assumed that Henrik had meant "vacation" instead of "vaction." His postscript seemed to be a direct response to something in Bosch's original e-mail, which was copied at the bottom of the message.

Dear Mr. Jespersen, I am a homicide detective with the Los Angeles Police Department. I have been assigned to continue the investigation of your sister Anneke's murder on May 1, 1992. I do not wish to disturb you or cause you any further grief, but it is part of my duty as investigator to inform you that I am actively pursuing new leads in the case. I apologize for not knowing your language. If you are able to communicate in English, please respond to this message or call me at any of the numbers below.

It has been 20 years since your sister came to this country for a vacation and lost her life when she diverted to Los Angeles to cover a city in flames for her newspaper in Copenhagen. It is

my hope and obligation to finally put this case to rest. I will do my best and look forward to communicating with you as I go.

It seemed to Bosch that Henrik's reference to vacation and "th story" was not a reference to the riots but to something else. Bosch took it to mean that his sister had come to the United States to pursue a story and had diverted from that to the riots in Los Angeles.

It was all semantics and conjecture until Bosch actually talked to Henrik directly. He looked up at the wall clock and did some calculating. It was shortly after four P.M. in Copenhagen. He had a good chance of catching Henrik at the hotel.

His call was answered right away by a front-desk clerk who told him that he had missed Henrik, who had just gone home for the day. Bosch left his name and number but no message. After hanging up he sent an e-mail to Henrik asking him to call as soon as possible, day or night.

Bosch pulled the case records out of his battered briefcase and started a fresh read-through, this time with everything filtered through a new hypothesis—that Anneke Jespersen was already working a story when she came to the United States.

Soon things started to fall into place. Jespersen had packed light because she wasn't on vacation. She was working and she brought work clothes. One backpack and that was it. So she could travel quickly and easily. So she could keep moving, chasing the story—whatever the story was.

Tilting the angle brought to light other things he had missed. Jespersen was a photographer and journalist. She shot stories. She wrote stories. But no notebook was found with the body or among the belongings from her hotel room. If she was on a story, shouldn't there be notes? Shouldn't there be a notebook in one of the pockets of her vest or in her backpack?

"What else?" Bosch said out loud, then looked around the squad room to make sure he was still alone.

What else was missing? What should she have been carrying? Bosch carried out a mental exercise. He envisioned himself in a hotel room. He was leaving, pulling the door locked behind him. What would he have in his pockets?

He thought about this for a while and then something came to him. He quickly turned pages in the file until he found the coroner's property list. It was a handwritten list of all items found on the body or in the victim's clothing. It listed the clothing items as well as a wallet, loose money and jewelry consisting of a watch and a modest silver neck chain.

"No room key," he said aloud.

This meant one of two things to Bosch. One was that she had left her room key in her rental car and it had been taken when the car was broken into. The other, more likely conclusion was that someone had murdered Jespersen and taken her hotel room key from her pocket.

He double-checked the list and then went to the plastic sleeves containing the Polaroid photos he had taken himself 20 years before. The faded photos showed various angles of the crime scene, the body as it had been

found. Two of the shots were close-ups of the torso and clearly showed the victim's pants. The top of the left pocket showed the white lining. Bosch had no doubt that the pocket had been pulled out when someone had rifled the victim's pockets and taken her hotel room key while leaving behind jewelry and cash.

The hotel room had then most likely been searched. For what was not clear. But not a single notebook or even a piece of paper had been found among the belongings turned over by the motel staff to the police.

Bosch stood up because he was too tense to keep sitting. He felt he was onto something but he had no idea what and whether it ultimately had anything to do with Anneke Jespersen's murder.

"Hey, Harry."

Bosch turned from his desk and saw his partner arriving at the cubicle.

"Morning."

"You're in early."

"No, the usual time. You're in late."

"Hey, did I miss your birthday or something?"

Bosch looked at Chu for a moment before answering.

"Yeah, yesterday. How'd you know that?"

Chu shrugged.

"Your tie. Looks brand new and I know you'd never have gone for bright colors like that."

Bosch looked down at his tie and smoothed it on his chest.

"My daughter," he said.

"She's got good taste then. Too bad you don't."

Chu laughed and said he was going to the cafeteria to get a cup of coffee. It was his routine to report to the squad room each morning and then immediately take a coffee break.

"You want anything, Harry?"

"Yeah, I need you to run a name for me on the box."

"I mean do you want a coffee or something?"

"No, I'm good."

"I'll run the name when I get back."

Bosch waved him off and sat back down at his desk. He decided not to wait. He went on the computer and started with the DMV database. Using two fingers to type, he plugged in the name Alex White and learned there were nearly 400 licensed drivers with the name Alex, Alexander or Alexandra White in California. Only three of them were in Modesto, and they were all men ranging in age from 28 to 54. He copied down the information and ran those three through the NCIC data bank, but none of them carried criminal records.

Bosch checked the clock on the wall of the squad room and saw it was only 8:30. The John Deere franchise where the Alex White call had originated from 10 years earlier didn't open for a half hour. He called directory assistance for the 209 area code, but there were no listed numbers for an Alex White.

Chu came back, entering the cubicle and placing his coffee cup on the same spot where Lieutenant O'Toole had sat the day before.

"Okay, Harry, what's the name?" he asked.

"I already ran it," Bosch said. "But you could run it through TLO and maybe get me phone numbers."

"No problem. Give it to me."

Bosch rolled his chair over to Chu's side and gave him the page where he had written down the info on the three Alex Whites. TLO was a database the department subscribed to that collated information from numerous public and private sources. It was a useful tool and often provided unlisted phone numbers, even cell numbers, that had been provided on loan and employment applications. There was an expertise involved in using the database, knowing just how to frame the request, and that was where Chu's skills far exceeded Bosch's.

"Okay, give me a few minutes here," Chu said.

Bosch moved back to his desk. He noticed the pile of photos stacked on the right side. They were three-inch-by-five-inch shots of Anneke Jespersen's press-pass photo that he

had ordered from the photo unit so he could distribute them where needed. He held one up now and studied her face again, his eyes drawn to hers and their distant stare.

He then slid the photo under the sheet of glass that topped his desk. It joined the others. All women. All victims. Cases and faces he wanted always to be reminded of.

"Bosch, what are you doing here?"

Bosch looked up and saw it was Lieutenant O'Toole.

"I work here, Lieutenant," he said.

"You have qualifying today and you can't delay it again."

"Not till 10 and they'll be backed up anyway. Don't worry, I'll get it done."

"No more excuses."

O'Toole walked off in the direction of his office. Bosch watched him go, shaking his head.

Chu turned from his desk, holding out the page Bosch had given him.

"That was easy," he said.

Bosch took the paper and checked it. Chu had written phone numbers under all three names. Bosch immediately forgot about O'Toole.

"Thanks, partner."

"So who's the guy?"

"Not sure, but 10 years ago somebody named Alex White called from Modesto to ask about the Jespersen case. I want to find out why."

"There's no summary in the book?"

"No, just an entry in the chrono. Probably lucky somebody even took the time to put that in there."

Bosch went to work on the phone, calling the three Alex Whites. He got both lucky and unlucky. He was able to connect with all three of the men, but none of them acknowledged being the Alex White who had called about the Jespersen case. All of them seemed thoroughly confused by the call from Los Angeles. The closest Bosch got to a connection was with the last call, which was to the oldest Alex White. With each call he had not only asked about Jespersen but also about what the men did for a living as well as whether they knew the John Deere dealership where the call supposedly originated.

The eldest Alex White, an accountant who owned several plots of undeveloped land, said he had purchased a tractor-mower from the Modesto dealership about 10 years earlier but could not provide the exact date without searching through his records at home. He happened to be golfing when Bosch called him but promised to get back to Harry with a date of purchase later in the day. Being an accountant, he was sure he still had the records.

Bosch hung up. He had no idea whether he was just spinning his wheels, but the Alex White call was a detail that bothered him. It was now after nine and he called the dealership from where the 2002 call had come.

Blind calling was always a delicate skill. Bosch wanted to proceed cautiously here and not blunder into something or give a potential suspect a heads-up that he was on the case. He decided to run a play instead of being up-front about who he was and where he was calling from.



"I thought we didn't celebrate the holidays?!"

The call was answered by a receptionist and Bosch simply asked for Alex White. There was a pause at first.

"Do you know which department he's in?"

"I'm sorry, I don't."

"Well, I don't seem to have an Alex White on the employee list. Are you sure you want Cosgrove Tractor?"

"Well, this is the number he gave me. How long have you been in business?"

"Twenty-two years. Please hold."

She didn't wait for his reply. Bosch was placed on hold while she presumably handled another call. Soon she was back.

"We don't have an Alex White. Can anyone else help you?"

"Can I speak to the manager?"

"Yes. Who should I say is calling?"

"John Bagnall."

"Hold please."

John Bagnall was the phony name used by all members of the Open-Unsolved Unit when they were working phone plays.

The call transfer went through quickly.

"This is Jerry Jimenez. How can I help you?"

"Yes, sir, this is John Bagnall and I am just checking an employment application that says Alex White was an employee of Cosgrove Tractor from 2000 to 2004. Is that something I can get confirmed?"

"Not through me. I was here then, but I don't remember any Alex White. Where did he work?"

"That's just the thing. It doesn't say specifically where he worked."

"Well, I don't see how I can help you. Back then I was sales manager. I knew everybody who worked here—just like now—and there was no Alex White. This isn't that big an operation, you know. We've got sales, service, parts and management. It only adds up to 24 people including myself."

Bosch repeated the phone number Alex White had called from and asked how long the dealership had had it.

"Since forever. Since we opened in 1990. I was here."

"I appreciate your time, sir. Have a good day."

Bosch hung up, more curious than ever about the Alex White call of 2002.

Bosch lost the rest of the morning to his prescheduled semiannual weapon

qualification and policy training. He first sat through an hour of classroom work where he was updated on the latest court rulings pertaining to police work and the LAPD policy changes that resulted. The hour also included reviews of recent police shootings with discussion of what went wrong or right in each incident. He then made his way to the range where he had to shoot in order to keep his weapon qualification. The range sergeant was an old friend who asked about Harry's daughter. It gave Bosch an idea for something to do with Maddie over the weekend.

Bosch was crossing back through the parking lot, heading to his car and thinking about where he would grab lunch

call down here from the dealership to ask about a murder case?"

White laughed uneasily before answering. "This is the craziest thing," he said. "No, I did not call the LAPD. I have never called the LAPD in my life. Someone must have used my name and I can't explain why, Detective. I'm at a loss."

Bosch asked if there were any names on the paperwork he had checked for the date of purchase. White gave Bosch two names. The salesman was listed as Reggie Banks and the sales manager who signed off on the deal was Jerry Jimenez.

"Okay, Mr. White," Bosch said. "You have been very helpful. Thank you very much and I'm sorry if I messed up your golf game today."

"No problem, Detective. My tempo was way off anyway. But I'll tell you what, if you ever solve this mystery of who called down there using my name, let me know, okay?"

"Will do, sir. Have a nice day."

Bosch thought about things as he unlocked his car. The Alex White mystery had now gone from a detail that needed clarification to something more. It was apparent someone had called from the John Deere dealership to inquire about the Jespersen case but had given a false identity, borrowing the name of a customer who had been in the dealership that very day. For Bosch that changed things about the call in a big way. It was no longer an unexplained blip on his radar. There was now something solid there and it

needed to be explained and understood.

He could not put his finger on what was happening with the case, but things had shifted. Little more than a day earlier he believed the investigation was going nowhere and that he would soon be repacking the archive boxes and sending Anneke Jespersen back to the depths of the warehouse of unsolved cases and forgotten victims. But now there was a spark. There were mysteries and irons in the fire. There were questions to be answered and Bosch was still in the game.

From the book The Black Box, to be published this month by Little, Brown and Company.



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SUGAR

(continued from page 146)

she happens to be his wife. Then Jodie puts on her plaid flannel jammies and buckles down to do her homework.

Everyone's happy: a man, his wife and their college-age girlfriend, who is definitely being compensated in a manner commensurate with her abilities. Or in SD/SB lingo, a sugar daddy, a sugar mama and their beautiful sugar baby. No jealousy, no lingering questions—except those pertaining to *Meditations* of Dez-car-tez.

Fortunately for Jim, Kelly and Jodie, we live in a revolutionary time when the internet has turbocharged the ancient concept of concubines and courtesans. There exists today a subculture of sugar daddies and sugar babies, complete with their own web-based meeting grounds and notions of morality. The basic tenet of sugar culture: There are wealthy men (and sometimes women) who love beauty and sex, and there are beautiful young women with a special feeling for older men willing to pay their college tuition or mortgage. It's as simple as supply and demand as defined by economist Adam Smith.

The visionary entrepreneur who got this rolling was a guy named Brandon Wade, an extremely nerdy MIT software engineer who found himself in deep romantic pain as the 21st century began. Remembering the advice of his mother, who always told him he'd have more success with women if he worked hard and could afford to be "generous," he noticed some sugar-daddy groups cropping up on Yahoo and decided to start a site of his own. His timing was brilliant. Two years after launching SeekingArrangement.com in 2006—in the midst of TV shows such as *Millionaire Matchmaker* and *The Bachelor* introducing mainstream America to the idea of attractive women competing for wealthy geeks—the financial crisis drove tens of thousands of young women to the website, looking for "arrangements" with wealthy men.

Today scores of other websites have jumped into the game, but Wade's remains on top, with more than 250,000 active monthly members—30,000 sugar daddies and about 220,000 sugar babies. Sugar culture has caught mainstream attention; it has been covered by CNN, *The Wall Street Journal*, *Dr. Phil*, *New York* magazine, *The New York Times* and the Huffington Post. The headline in *U.S. News & World Report* even found a microeconomic angle—SUGAR DADDY DATING: A VERY PERSONAL STIMULUS. As Wade expands his multimillion-dollar empire, he is hosting sugar parties in posh hotels and launching new websites, including SeekingMillionaire.com and MissTravel.com.

"In the past, you had to be quite wealthy," he says. "Now you just have to make six figures and have enough left over for a lavish dinner and a weekend trip."

All of this beams an X-ray through the vexing question of money and its relationship to sex. As Jim puts it, when you grow up rich, you learn there's a financial aspect

to every relationship. "The only difference is that in sugar relationships," he explains, "the negotiation occurs up front."

Jim is a pillar of his community; only his closest confidants know of his taste for sugar, which is fine by him.

"I've got it pretty good," Jim says. "I can't complain."

"Yeah, you got a pretty good lifestyle," his sugar baby, Jodie, says.

"It's not bad," his wife, Kelly, says.

"It's not bad," Jodie says.

"It's not bad," Jim agrees.

Fun is the operative word. Jodie loves it when they pull up to a restaurant in the Rolls. The door pops open, she says, and out comes sugar mama Hot Kelly with her long legs. Then the seat flips down and out comes sugar baby Jodie. And the valets go nuts.

Kelly laughs. "See, I like her because she always refers to me as Hot Kelly. This girl is better than a Brazilian butt lift. She makes me feel like a million bucks."

"I love it," Jodie says.

"I love it," Kelly says.

"I get off on it," Jodie says.

"I get off on it," Kelly says.

Jim sits there like a pasha on his throne. Yes, he gets off on it too. He explains: "If I walk into a popular bar in Atlanta as a normal person, there are going to be 10 or 20 gorgeous women there. What chance do I stand to attract them? None. In the normal world, they're in short supply. But in the sugar-daddy world, how many multimillionaires are there who are looking for those girls? One or two. So for one multimillionaire there are 10 or 20 beautiful girls." He smiles. "I'm in short supply."

How did Jodie, a college student who had a "strict, strict, strict" upbringing, arrive at this place?

Jodie grew up in the suburbs of Boston, the daughter of a computer programmer who stayed on Jodie's back all the time about making good grades. Her dating life was limited to a single boy who had to submit to an old-fashioned paternal interrogation. "My family's like, 'You need to find one and just stick with him and that's it,'" Jodie says. When her parents told her they couldn't afford another year of college, she knew she'd have to get a job to help pay for tuition. Jodie takes her pre-med studies seriously.

Shortly afterward, she met a girl who had a sugar daddy. The girl said all she did was walk around in her underwear and read books to a rich guy, and Jodie couldn't help thinking, God, that sounds so nice; maybe I'll find some really old guy and read him books in my underwear. When she got home, she went straight to Google and typed, "Where can I find a sugar daddy?"

She found the Seeking Arrangement website. It can't hurt to sign up, Jodie told herself. It would be her secret, a dirty little secret nobody would guess in a million years, so glamorous and...*bad*.

She says her friends joke, "I wish I had a sugar daddy," and she thinks to herself, Ha-ha, I *do* have one.

"And a sugar mommy too," Kelly adds.

Jim and Kelly pay her tuition, from \$3,000 to \$5,000 a month.

Jodie says she loves the secret life. "Everybody wants to know what I do. Like, 'Where does Jodie go? Where is she sneaking off to? Why is Jodie talking about the Opus One she drank last night? Where did Jodie get that Lilly Pulitzer dress?'"

"And they'll never know," Jodie says. "It's my little secret."

The secrecy is especially delicious because Jodie belongs to a sorority where Lilly Pulitzer dresses are *the* thing, and she could never afford one on her own. So Kelly took her shopping and bought her a Lilly dress, and when she got back, her sisters just died. *How did Jodie get a Lilly dress?* She was so thrilled she sent Kelly a text message: "You turned me into a Lilly whore!"

Kelly smiles, almost like a proud mother. "Her first Lilly dress."

Their initial meeting was on Skype. Jodie had sent Jim and Kelly a note through SeekingArrangement.com because their profile seemed normal and safe and especially because Kelly had once been a sugar baby on Seeking Arrangement herself. She wasn't some wife who was pissed off because she had to do this to save her marriage. And Jodie liked how honest Jim was. From the beginning he said, "Here's my name; google me. You know I come from a semifamous family, and you'll see my pictures and all the committees and boards I've served on."

Kelly teases Jodie for showing up for that first Skype call directly after a workout, hair still sweaty. "It's all slicked back and greasy and she has this sports-bra uniboob going on," Kelly says. "She's like, 'Yeah, I just got back from the gym. Do you think I'm hot?'" Jim's like, "Oh my God, I don't know. She looks a little too—"

"Sporty," Jodie supplies with a giggle.

Flat-chested would be another word. Jim likes curvy, but Kelly liked her.

"I'm not attracted to somebody my age," Kelly says. "It's a fantasy for me—I don't want to fuck myself. I wanna be with some hot young thing. That's my fantasy."

After the Skype meeting, they met at a hotel near Jodie's college. Jim and Kelly seemed so normal. They were a family, raising a child together. Other than that, it was just like any other blind date. They ordered wine. They ordered dinner. Kelly gave Jodie advice on how to avoid creeps and how to cut her meat.

Jodie had a million questions. What do you guys do in bed? How many sugar babies do you have at once? How many have you had? Am I going to be hanging out with other girls?

Kelly laughs, remembering the evening. "Oh, if only Jim was 18 again." She turns to Jim. "I don't think you can handle yourself in a large group."

He laughs. "In my dreams."

She also teases him about wearing plaid. "All you need is the pocket protector and you'd be all set, babe."

Jodie joins in. "It's best when he pairs it with the short shorts and the high socks."

Jim takes the abuse as gracefully as he carries his big gut, confident in his manliness.

The arrangement is especially nice, Jodie says, because Jim and Kelly don't care if she dates other people. Instead they say, "Tell us about it." Like this guy Jodie dated who was 36. Kelly said he was too old but not old enough.

"Young and hot or old and wealthy," Kelly explains. "I mean, really, there's no in-between."

Jim's pied-à-terre is on a high floor of a building right in the heart of Atlanta's Buckhead district. As Jim finds a suitable wine, the conversation steers to Kelly. How did she end up a sugar mama?

Kelly grew up a math nerd in Connecticut with strict Catholic parents who had sex only three times to produce each of their three children. Or at least that's Kelly's theory. Her dad was an engineer, her mom a school administrator. Both were very frugal. College was paid for, but she never had a designer dress. That was wasteful. What's wrong with JCPenney?

Sex was Kelly's rebellion. She had three-ways in college. She went to sex clubs. Most of all, she fantasized about being a geisha. One night a rich boyfriend gave her a roll of bills and told her to buy a new bed for them to fuck in. "Like, that was just *hot* for me." Next time, he gave her \$500 to buy a bottle of wine. "Think of me when you drink it," he said.

But the pull of convention was too strong. Kelly graduated from a respected college and went to work for a legendary computer company. She married an age- and income-appropriate guy and paid her mortgage six months in advance—until the day when she became fed up with her husband's drinking problem. After the divorce, she went looking for a man who would treat her the way her rich boyfriend had.

"Even though I was making a lot of money, I was banking it," she explains. And if a rich boyfriend offered her money? "I'm still making Mom and Dad happy," she says, "because I can use *his* money to get that designer dress. I can use *his* money to get Jimmy Choo shoes."

Now Kelly is like a missionary for the sugar lifestyle. She sees the college boy with his shirt open showing off his abs and thinks nothing at all. But an older guy with a briefcase and a hint of gray? *Hot*. With summer break coming, she's even planning to fly Jodie to the coast to introduce her to a distinguished older gentleman (we'll call him the Executive). This is because sugar relationships have a shelf life of about six months, says Kelly. Then it's often on to the next thing for all involved.

After all, Jodie's used to the lifestyle now. "It's like a special thing," Jodie says. "Pretty much helping me out." Jodie is very happy to get Kelly's advice. "Kelly knows everything in this industry," she says.

Kelly's eyebrows go up. "Industry?"

"I mean lifestyle," Jodie says. "I don't

even know what to call it. She knows what she's talking about. I mean, they even go so far as to tell me, 'Do not cut up all your meat before you eat it. Cut it one slice at a time.'"

"Yeah, I'm teaching her: Put your napkin in your lap; don't suck down your wine in one gulp.... I'm teaching her, like, 10 years' worth of knowledge in one month," Kelly says.

This is fundamental to the sugar experience, Jim says. "When you read some of the traditional literature about sugar daddy-sugar baby relationships, one of the big attractions for young women is the mentoring aspect. That sounds trite until you experience it. It is actually one of the more valuable parts of the relationship to the young lady. And it's fun for us too."

Of course, the lessons extend to sex. They don't go into detail about this, but Jim gives a hint in a smile that speaks of satisfaction with a solemn responsibility properly discharged. "I can tell you, the next guy she meets is going to be much happier than the last guy she dated," he says.

"I tell her things that maybe her mother should but would never," Kelly says.

"We just don't have, like, boundaries," Jodie says. "I mean, in the eyes of society we're all sinners; we've all just thrown our morals out the window. So everything's just out on the table."

Back in Boston, Jodie has a serious boyfriend who wants to marry her. She doesn't feel she's cheating, because they have a no-tell rule while she's at school. But it would be the end if he ever found out. At the same time, she feels really close to Kelly and Jim. "Hopefully when I'm married and I'm older," she says, "I'll still keep in touch with you guys."

At lunch the next day Jim finally gets a chance to tell his own story. He grew up relatively middle-class, he says.

"Jim's version of middle-class is my version of upper-class," Kelly says.

"We lived in a very middle-class house."

"You lived in the nicest neighborhood in town."

"No, no, no, we didn't, actually."

"He's lying."

Jim rolls his eyes. "Anyway, I was middle-class my whole life, but I was very happy."

He ended up making millions in banking and marrying a beautiful woman who didn't much care for sex. They had kids. She got depressed. Life turned gray. Counseling failed. Finally Jim felt he had two choices. "I could stay in the marriage and be miserable, or get a divorce, which I didn't want to do for the kids," he says.

A third choice occurred to him, but his wife caught him and initiated divorce proceedings.

Free at last, he was ready to fulfill his fantasies. A friend advised him to play the field, but Jim quickly found that a 50-year-old man with a taste for plaid was something less than a sex magnet. He went back to his helpful friend.

"Well, the first thing is you're driving a Ford Taurus," his friend said. "Go buy a nice car."



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Ridiculous, Jim insisted. Women aren't that shallow. They'll see through that right away.

But he tried it. "What I found is if I picked a woman up in a Rolls and was wearing a nice suit, I was going to get laid." Fancy cars and expensive clothes were the male version of big boobs.

Then he discovered *Sugar Daddy 101*, a guidebook that turned his insight into an entire philosophy of modern, eyes-open intimate relationships. There was a price on everything, it argued, and wise women learned what it was. From the book he found his way to the Seeking Arrangement website, which certifies the assets of its sugar daddies and sugar couples so potential sugar babies know what they're getting into.

Jim got certified to \$10 million and began to experiment. He became obsessed with beauty, and, man, was it a rush. But like all rushes it faded, and he found himself stuck with too many vacuous beauties. So he started focusing on personality.

This led to an unexpected pleasure when one young woman he dated, someone he genuinely liked, admitted that she'd gotten deep into money problems that even Jim's monthly sweetener couldn't resolve. He got out his calculator and spreadsheets and helped her restructure her finances.

After that, mentoring became a large part of his pleasure in the sugar lifestyle. "I really do feel like I'm making a positive contribution to society and to these girls in particular," he says.

Jim and Kelly insist there's a difference between a college girl paying her tuition and a full-time sex worker paying her rent. "Because then it becomes prostitution," Jim says. (Alas, the cop who answered the phone at the Atlanta Police Department snorted in derision at this notion. "You can't pay for sex for any monetary gain," he said.)

"The idea that someone I'm going to be with has been with five guys already, that's just gross to me," Kelly says.

"We're in a difficult position to be judging anyone," Jim says, "but that's not attractive. It's just not attractive."

"I'm very much a feminist," Kelly says. "I think women should support themselves, not rely on a guy."

And what about the idea that for someone as young as Jodie, being a sugar baby might be a formative experience that will warp her life?

"She was on the website already," Kelly says. "We didn't go drag her on the website."

In Jim's mind, that's one more reason

to like college girls. They're smart enough to make thoughtful decisions. Jodie knows what she wants from life and is taking pragmatic steps to achieve it. Jim admires that. "If she thought we were taking advantage of her," he says, "she wouldn't be doing this."

Let's get a little more comfortable, shall we? Into the Rolls! Oh, how beautifully money expresses itself in stitched-leather seats and a hammered-aluminum dashboard. "Nothing bad ever happens in a Rolls-Royce," says Jodie.

An hour's drive brings us to Jim and Kelly's gorgeous home in an Atlanta suburb. There's a sitting room with a family portrait, a dining room centered around an antique mahogany table, four large bedrooms and a magnificent kitchen: elegant yet homey.

Kelly's daughter's room is an explosion of pink with castles and butterflies but no TV. Except for prescreened Disney movies, Jennifer has never watched TV. "I don't want her to watch commercials and say commercial things and want things," Kelly says.

Soon Jennifer comes home from school, a Hummel figurine in a white shirt and black skirt, her straight hair pulled back with a black headband. Kelly asks what she learned in school.

"Nothing."

"Nothing? I want to talk to your teacher!"

At dinner, Vivaldi plays as Jim talks about his kids from his first marriage, how they're sending out résumés, looking for jobs, how tough things are now. The housekeeper sits with them. Then Kelly takes Jennifer off to bed and Jim sits down to explore the latest offerings from Seeking Arrangement. Since these relationships tend to fade out and Kelly wants a date night once a week, Jim does a little bit of this every day. Right now he's looking for Jodie's summer replacement. His in-box has 182 messages.

"Oh, it's just never-ending," he says. "We get four or five e-mails a day, on the weekends 20 or 30 a day. There's no way you could meet all these girls."

Here's a 20-year-old hardbody from Turks and Caicos. "Hi, I am a young pretty sweetheart and would love to meet someone older, confident and kind."

Jim likes her body, but she's not educated.

Here's Nikki, a 21-year-old from New Jersey who specifically requests a sugar couple. That's unusual, though less unusual than it used to be. And she's a college student who says she's been through tough times, which is good because she's being honest. Jim cuts and pastes one of his prewritten responses: "Hi, I'm Jim, an old-school Southern gentleman...."

Here's a prospect from San Francisco with an amazing body. "I'm a lusty, petite and curvy woman of passion and pleasure," she begins.

She's overselling. Jim deletes her.

When Kelly comes in, the delete rate soars. First to go is a 28-year-old who says she wants no less than \$20,000 a month. "This is crazy talk," Kelly says. "I wouldn't even give this girl the time of day."



"Honey, where should I hang this mistletoooooh?!?!"

Here's Taylor, a beauty from a small town in Alabama who "has some stresses a pretty girl shouldn't have to fret over."

"She's a little chunky," Kelly says. She stops at a young blonde. "She looks hot. I go for blondes. How old is she?"

Twenty-six. Which means she's probably 32, Kelly says.

Delete.

A professional musician strikes Jim as the perfect girl next door. Kelly disagrees. "I think this girl is a man."

The next one's willing to relocate. "This girl needs a place to live," Kelly says.

Should Kelly be a little more sensitive? Is it weird for a woman who calls herself a feminist to judge her sisters so harshly?

"We just have our pick," says Kelly. "It sounds wrong and it's not very feminist, but it's a fact of life. And as the recession gets worse, it gets better."

Finally they find a prospect who looks as though she walked out of a Victoria's Secret catalog. "If that's really her," Kelly says, "she's hot."

Jim scans the profile. "Look, there's a comma after 'whoever.' And there's an ellipsis, and it's actually in the correct place. She can punctuate!"

"This one will never go for us," Kelly says. "She's gorgeous, she's smart, she writes coherent sentences. She'll be going for a billionaire."

This is where Jim takes over. "We'll find out," he says, executing a quick cut-and-paste, sending a blast of desire along with the hydraulic *whoosh* of outgoing e-mail: "Hi, I'm Jim, an old-school Southern gentleman...."

In the morning Kelly comes down to the kitchen in a pair of pink Hello Kitty pajamas. Slicing strawberries for Jennifer's cereal, she announces her plans. "Mama's going to be gone tonight."

"That's twice this week," Jennifer says.

"I'll be back."

"I don't know if you will," Jennifer says.

"When do I not deliver on what I say? Your mom's a rock. If I say something, it happens. You don't have one of those flaky moms. The only thing that could keep me from making your soccer game is if there's a delay in flights, which I can't control."

After good-bye kisses, Kelly heads out in the Navigator to pick up Jodie; today they're flying to the coast so Kelly can introduce Jodie to the Executive. This will probably lead to a three-way, which would be Kelly's first three-way without Jim since they got engaged.

On the way, she tells her version of their story. She met Jim on Seeking Arrangement five years ago. At first she dated other sugar daddies, and Jim had other sugar babies. It was just fun, and Jim's secret kink tickled her fantasy. "The idea that my dorky boyfriend was banging these hot girls with huge tits," she says, "that turned me on."

Gradually it became clear there was serious potential in the relationship. They clicked. Kelly is fire and Jim is earth, Kelly the hard-charger and Jim the quiet force who keeps everything in balance. Even

their relatives thought so. Her mother told Jim, "Usually Kelly runs right over men, but you know when to shut her down."

So Jim got serious about Kelly. How serious? As serious as the \$150,000 Tiffany diamond that now glitters on her left hand. Serious enough to give up sugar and commit to a normal life as a normal couple.

But when Kelly finally felt secure, finally felt sure she could trust Jim, she said, "I kind of miss the lifestyle, don't you?"

Enter sugar babies and, eventually, Jodie.

As Kelly gets closer to the college to pick up Jodie, she begins to get nervous. "Isn't it weird?" she says. "I'm picking up my girlfriend at her dorm."

Jodie comes out with her bag and some homework. "I'm going to be really lame on this plane and work on a paper," she says.

She's wearing a perfume called Victoria's Secret Bombshell. She also has a bottle of Chanel Mademoiselle. "One is my sexy scent, and one is my fun, flirty scent."

That's good, Kelly says, because "happy and fun" is the theme of the weekend. The Executive doesn't like drama.

At the airport Kelly gets disoriented in the parking lot and can't figure out where the terminal is. The momentary lack of control visibly upsets her. "Where the freak is the terminal?"

"It says Delta right there," Jodie says patiently.

The truth is, Kelly is nervous. A three-some? Without Jim? She and Jim came up with the idea over a bottle of wine and it sounded fun, but now it seems wrong. The Executive is richer than Jim and fitter too. Jim doesn't say anything, but she knows it bothers him. I'm not a sugar baby anymore, she thinks.

Maybe she'll just do stuff with Jodie.

In the meantime, a sugar mama has her responsibilities. Where was she? "The Executive is not married, he has two grown children...."

Jodie thinks he's handsome, but clearly he has had work done. Kelly laughs. Jodie says, "You think I don't know what plastic surgery looks like?"

"And that's the reason the Executive is a perfect choice for Jodie," Kelly says, "because Jodie wants to get her boobs done."

Really? A beautiful girl like her?

"I stunted my growth in gymnastics," Jodie says. "Four hours a day, including Saturday and Sunday. I didn't hit puberty until I was, like, 16."

Kelly's eyes narrow. She turns her focus on Jodie. "Can you, like, do the splits?"

"Yeah. Maybe. I haven't tried in a while."

Perhaps it's the slight flaring of her nostrils or a sudden flush to her skin, but somehow Kelly gives off a flash of sexual heat that could light up an airport terminal. "I'd like to see that," she says.

"I'll try," Jodie says.

And off they go, bad and beautiful in their Lilly Pulitzers and Jimmy Choos, chasing glamour and moonlight and money while Jim surfs the web at home, waiting patiently for another chance to raid the sugar bowl.



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JON GRUDEN

(continued from page 86)

show Gruden's *QB Camp* for ESPN, to be the lead analyst for *Monday Night Football*—he brings insight and knowledge that can be gleaned only from spending those long nights by himself in that hot little office, obsessively studying football.

He is our national football nerd, our biggest football geek in a nation gone hyper-geeky for pro football. And he does it with what his *MNF* producer Jay Rothman calls "the Chucky factor," after the nickname Gruden picked up while coaching the Oakland Raiders. (Chucky is the name of the murderous doll in the *Child's Play* slasher films. In 1998, after Gruden chewed out Raiders running back Harvey Williams for blowing a play against Seattle, Williams told reporters that when Gruden yelled he looked like Chucky. The nickname stuck because he does look a little like Chucky—*People* magazine once naming him among the 50 most beautiful people notwithstanding.) Rothman says that when Gruden gets in the Chucky zone—when all that intense football study combines with his playful, ballbuster persona and he becomes more than just another football broadcaster—he becomes a character, the larger-than-life Chucky who adds excitement and edge to a football broadcast without distracting or alienating fans. (Yes, we're talking about you, Dennis Miller and Tony Kornheiser.) "He has the qualities of a preacher, coach, motivational speaker and guy sitting at the bar next to you all rolled into one, and he plays those characters while dispensing deep football knowledge. It's unique packaging," says his broadcasting partner Mike Tirico. Gruden may already be the most recognizable football broadcaster, and though he is quick to downplay any comparisons to fellow former Raiders head coach and color commentator John Madden, his ESPN bosses are not shy about declaring him "Madden Y2K."

In recognition of Gruden's huge potential—"Q-rating off the charts," says Rothman—the *Monday Night Football* telecast has been reconfigured this season. Gone is Ron Jaworski, Gruden's foil and fellow color analyst for the past three seasons. The decision was made, in part, to unleash the Chucky. "You have 25 seconds between plays, and you don't want guys talking over plays. This gives Jon room to grow," says Rothman. Jaworski, for his part, says he was disappointed with the decision but understands it. "I think that's the rationale, that Jon can become a bigger and bigger personality."

It's been three years since John Madden retired from *Sunday Night Football*, leaving a void in the national psyche for everyone's big, cool, zany football pal. Madden, with his smashing through walls on beer commercials, best-selling books and humorous doodlings on the telestrator, filled that role perfectly and lucratively, earning hundreds of millions from endorsements and his eponymous computer game. Gruden is the only broadcaster with the personality, swagger and natural sense of humor—and

Super Bowl-winning credibility—who can fill that gap. "I don't know about any of that stuff," Gruden says when asked about it. "I'm trying to get better at this right here, at watching Andy Dalton and the Bengals' red-zone offense. I'm just a guy in a dark room studying tape, a fired football coach trying to keep up with the game."

It's a curious sight, this stocky man with freckled legs, tan shorts, tennis socks and black New Balance sneakers, a video clicker in hand and three Dell notebook computers spread on a glass table before him and a Samsung 42-inch monitor set up next to him. At this hour, four A.M., he is the only person awake within a square mile, the only soul within a half-mile, the only tenant of this strip mall who turns up before dawn, parks his white Mercedes next to the swamp, tears open a pack of spearmint Dentyne and begins grinding through eight straight hours of parsing football plays with Talmudic intensity.

A strange thing happens when you spend time with Gruden. You start to talk like him, even to think like him. He wears you down with his steady football banter, and after a few hours he has you memorizing formations and plays. What are the strong-side flanker formations? (East, west, far west, trips and far trips.) What are the weak-side formations? (South, north, wing, far double-wing and lurk. I actually remember the answers from my hours in his office.) And you start trying to memorize these terms and to recognize formations in part to try to please him, because he takes such evident pleasure in explaining the technical aspects of football—he feels he is sharing with you some profound wisdom that he does not understand how you got this far in life without possessing.

When you're on the receiving end of his football lectures, when he gets into the Chucky zone, it's almost hard to keep a straight face as he leans toward you while he talks, an evil grin on his face, waving his hands around, taking off his reading glasses and pointing them at you; he's mugging and pulling a rat face and his jaw is clenching and he is squinting and crinkling his eyebrows and then scrunching his nose and then smirking and widening his eyes and—I swear—wiggling his ears. His straw-colored hair is flapping up and down on his pink forehead and he is frowning, angry, frustrated, depressed, defeated, deflated, pissed off and then, suddenly, delighted because you have finally memorized the correct flanker formations.

Gruden prepares for his *Monday Night Football* telecasts with the same intensity. "I'll wake up and look at my phone, and there will be texts from him time-stamped 4:13 A.M. telling me to go back and watch the New Orleans tape for something he's found," says Tirico. "On game day, in production meetings it's like he's getting ready to coach the Super Bowl."

MNF producer Rothman adds, "He's wound so tight, he's a difficult dude to talk to before we go on the air. He gets in the Chucky zone—he's pacing around; he doesn't want

anyone near him. He's as intense and fired up as if he were on the sideline again."

Jim Gruden, 75, recalls the five-year-old Jon waking up at 3:30 A.M., coming down and standing by his and his wife Kathy's bed and staring at his sleeping parents. "It was strange," says Jim Gruden. "I'd open my eyes and he'd be right there, sort of watching us. I'd grab him and bring him back up to his room."

The middle of three brothers, Jon wasn't as smart as his older brother, Jim, or as athletic as his younger brother, Jay. Jim was a straight-A student at Clay High School in South Bend, Indiana who would go on to become a radiologist. Jay, a few inches taller and a few steps faster, would be a Division I record-setting quarterback at the University of Louisville. "It got under my skin a little bit," Jon says of competing with his younger brother. "One time, after I lost a mile race to him, he said to me, 'You're nothing but a Division III backup scrub.' That's what he said! Oh, he was always a better athlete than I was. That burned me a little. Still burns me up."

Jay Gruden, who is the offensive coordinator for the Cincinnati Bengals, laughs when he hears Jon's confession. "I think what bothers him the most was that as hard as he worked—and nobody worked out harder or threw more footballs—I was the better athlete and didn't work nearly as hard as Jon."

Jon recalls being a distracted student. "I was always thinking about football. And I didn't see how history or algebra was going to further my understanding of football." Yet when he took the SAT, he surprised his classmates by outscoring his A-student peers. "He's always had this photographic memory," his father says.

Combine all those attributes and environmental factors—good but not great athlete, son of a coach, fantastic memory, insomnia—and you just may have created the single human being most perfectly suited to becoming a football coach. So when Gruden was a senior in high school and told his father that's what he wanted to do, his dad was not in any way surprised. He gave him the best advice a coaching father could give a coaching son: Don't be a running-backs coach; be a quarterbacks coach. Those are the guys who develop an understanding of the whole offense and can become offensive coordinators—the usual path to a head-coaching position.

When Jon was wrapping up his career as a "Division III backup scrub" quarterback at the University of Dayton, his father called Walt Harris, offensive coordinator at the University of Tennessee, and urged him to interview his son for a graduate assistant position. Jon was hired. He asked his professors in Dayton to accelerate his courses so he could graduate early, and he moved to Tennessee for the first of nine coaching positions as he commenced the migratory life of an American football coach. After two seasons in Knoxville he moved on to Southeast Missouri State and then to the University of the Pacific in

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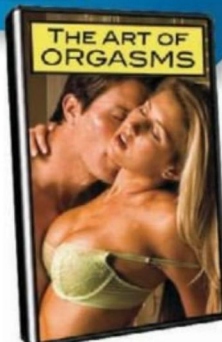
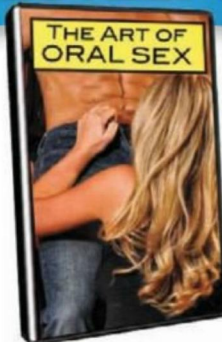
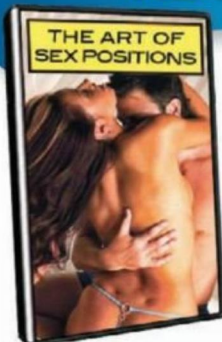
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Stockton, California. He had met Cindy in Tennessee while she was on the cheerleading squad, and they managed to keep their long-distance relationship going through each of Jon's far-flung coaching jobs, with Jon driving back to Knoxville from Cape Girardeau, Missouri or Cindy flying out to see him in Stockton, California.

In 1990 Mike Holmgren, who at the time was offensive coordinator for the San Francisco 49ers and would go on to coach a Super Bowl-winning Green Bay Packers team, was looking for a quality-control assistant just a couple of hours away from Stockton. Gruden's father, Jim, was then a scout for the 49ers and asked Holmgren to meet with his son. "You could say I'm trying to give nepotism a good name," Jon Gruden jokes about his career.

Holmgren met with the 26-year-old assistant and hired him for \$800 a month. "I asked him if he knew how to use computers," says Holmgren. "It was 1990 and we were going to start drawing plays on the computer, but nobody knew how to do that. I told Jon he had to learn. I was going on vacation and told him he had one month."

By the time Holmgren came back, Gruden was, Holmgren says, "a whiz kid."

But Gruden was sleeping in his car out in the parking lot. Or on a sofa outside owner Eddie DeBartolo's office. Holmgren was worried about his young charge. "I didn't think any human being could survive that long like that, without sleeping."

Gruden was too excited to sleep. These were the 49ers built by Bill Walsh and quarterbacked by Joe Montana and Steve Young. Gruden spent every waking hour, and there were a lot of them, soaking up the West Coast offense pioneered by Walsh. He was the young, eager apprentice in the engine room of the greatest offensive juggernaut ever. And his job, inputting the plays Holmgren devised after meetings with Joe Montana, put him in a unique position to understand the most sophisticated passing offense ever. "For a kid who wanted to be a football coach, it was like going to Harvard," says Gruden.

Gruden left the 49ers to become an assistant coach at the University of Pittsburgh, heeding his father's advice to work with quarterbacks. After a year in Pittsburgh, Gruden joined Holmgren as he took on his first head-coaching job in Green Bay, where as a wide-receivers coach Gruden worked with Sterling Sharpe and a young quarterback named Brett Favre. It was a star-studded coaching staff, including future head coaches Ray Rhodes, Andy Reid and Steve Mariucci. When Rhodes was hired to take over the Philadelphia Eagles, he tapped Gruden to become his offensive coordinator.

After a few years in Philadelphia, Gruden got a call from the legendary Al Davis to meet with him about a head-coaching job with the Oakland Raiders. Gruden, who does very good impersonations, can do a pitch-perfect Al Davis Brooklyn accent. Davis nicknamed Gruden "Butch."

"Butch," Gruden says, doing his Davis impression, "who is the third cornah-back fuh the San Diego Chahge-ahs?"

And Gruden, who had memorized

every player in the league, could answer, "Terrence Jones."

"Where's he from?"

"Tulane."

In Davis, Gruden had met someone as obsessive about football as he was. The two spent entire days—and nights—at the whiteboard, diagramming plays. Gruden had the habit of using a blue marker for the offense, red for the defense and green for the blocking schemes. (Gruden also prides himself on being able to draw perfect circles, these being the basic symbol used when drawing up plays on the board.) At one point Davis stopped Gruden while he was explaining how his offense would pick up a corner blitz.

"Lemme ask you somethin', Butch. Why are you changin' crayons? Is there somethin' wrong with them?"

Gruden explained he was using different colors for different sides of the ball.

"Doncha know I'm color-blind, Butch?"

Davis eventually gave Gruden his first head-coaching job. The two men were a perfect match of like-minded football freaks. In fact, Davis was the only person who seemed to sleep less than Gruden, calling up the coach at nine P.M. or later to

"If you want to be dominant, you have to go into an enemy city and take what you want. If you want to be the man, you don't ask, you just do."

talk about what he had seen in practice that day. "I finally had to tell him enough, okay, enough," says Gruden. "I'm in my underwear, my wife is pregnant, we've got kids in the bed with us, and he wants me to go downstairs and turn on the practice film." By then Jon and Cindy had had the first two of their three sons—Jon the second, or Deuce, as he's nicknamed, and Michael.

In Oakland Gruden really entered the Chucky zone, casting his famous sour-faced looks when a player blew an assignment or a referee blew a call, and mouthing a stream of steady, salty banter. CBS analyst Rich Gannon, then a Raiders quarterback, recalls a film session with Gruden and backup quarterbacks Bobby Hoying and Rodney Peete. The three of them were watching tape of Seahawks running back Ricky Watters shredding a defense with a series of cutbacks. Gruden started praising Watters, saying how the Raiders could use a runner like him. "How do you like that Watters? What do you think, Bobby? Would you like to see Watters in a Raiders uniform?"

"Sure would, Coach," said Hoying.

Gruden continued, "What would you do to get Ricky Watters to come to the Raiders? How bad do you want him, Bobby?"

"What do you mean?"

"Would you suck Ricky Watters's dick to get him in a Raiders uniform?"

"What?"

"Would you suck his dick to get him in a Raiders uniform? I would. That's how bad I want Ricky Watters on my team. That's your problem, Bobby. You don't want it bad enough to suck his dick." By then, the three quarterbacks were hunched over laughing.

"He sort of used humor to loosen us up," says Gannon.

It worked. Gruden thrived in Oakland, taking the Raiders to back-to-back AFC West titles, losing to Tom Brady and the Patriots on the famous tuck-rule call in the Snow Bowl of 2002.

Gruden's departure from Oakland, however, was controversial, and he became the last coach in NFL history to be traded. After Oakland's loss to New England, Davis and Gruden's agent, Bob LaMonte, had agreed to a contract extension, but when LaMonte received the faxed copy of the contract to look over, he had to tell Gruden it wasn't what they had agreed to. The Raiders had changed the terms, giving Gruden less money and less job security. "My agent recommended I didn't sign it," Gruden says. "I figured I would coach my option year and then see what happens."

At midnight Davis called Gruden and said he had traded him to Tampa Bay for two first-round picks, two second-round picks and \$8 million.

Gruden, who remained fond of Davis (who passed away last year), believes he angered Davis by talking to Notre Dame about the possibility of becoming head coach of the Fighting Irish. For Gruden, whose parents were living in Tampa Bay, the disappointment of leaving the Raiders, a team he helped build into a contender, was offset by taking over a winning Tampa Bay Buccaneers team that already had perhaps the best defense in the NFL—loaded with veterans Warren Sapp, John Lynch, Derrick Brooks and Simeon Rice—but had not yet made it to the Super Bowl.

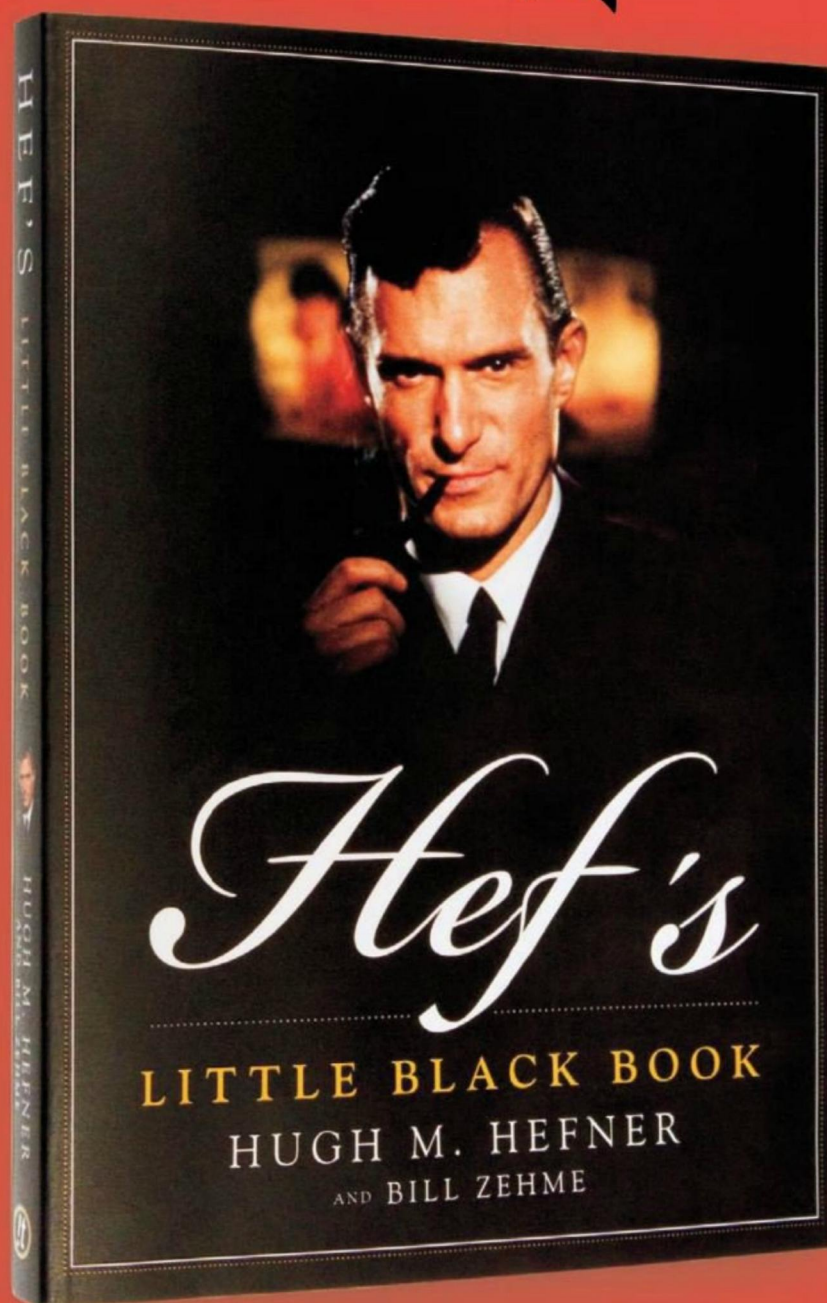
"He won our respect pretty damn quickly," says Brooks, a captain on the 2003 Super Bowl-winning squad. "He came in and said, 'You guys are good, you guys are dominant, but you know what? You haven't won squat.' And he said from now on it was going to be a war between his offense and the defense. He just attacked us. We loved that."

He also brought a much-needed dose of humor to Tampa Bay. At one point, before a flight to Charlotte to play the Carolina Panthers during that Super Bowl campaign in 2002, he told his players, "If you want to be dominant, you have to go into an enemy city, into their backyard, and take what you want. If you want to be the man, you don't ask, you just do. We're going to eat in their restaurants and leave without paying the check. We're going to take their best-looking women and load 'em onto our plane and take 'em back to Tampa. We're...we're going to park in their best parking spaces!"

"Coach was always cracking us up like that," says Brooks.

Gruden is not a vindictive man, but Chucky is certainly competitive, and he

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gained some satisfaction from demolishing Al Davis's Raiders in the 2003 Super Bowl.

Gruden steers his five-year-old Mercedes out of the parking lot and heads down North Florida Avenue, pulling into a gas station and noting the police car idling in the lot. The police stopped by his office once, suspecting a drug deal when they saw his car there in the middle of the night.

He parks and walks into the minimart, and the guy behind the counter shoots him a way-too-cheery-for-five A.M. "Hey, Coach!"

Gruden, who was fired as coach of the Tampa Bay Buccaneers nearly four years ago, smiles back. The firing came as a shock to him. He had won the Super Bowl in 2003, was coming off a winning season in 2008, had a career coaching record of 95 wins and 81 losses and had just signed a three-year extension. Nonetheless, the Buccaneers let him go.

He describes that period of being fired as "going into the ditch. I got a little bit lost there. I sulked. I felt a little bit worthless. Here was this thing that I was more passionate about than anything else in the world, and it was taken away from me. I was sort of embarrassed, ashamed."

He did what he always does when he gets down on himself: He called his dad. "I told him two things," says Jim Gruden. "Save your money, and you're not a real coach until you've been fired."

"My mental toughness was tested," says Jon Gruden. "I loved football, and it was taken away from me. You turn in your dealer car, your office keys. And you can't watch your tapes anymore."

Gruden came home and became a regular presence at his kids' Little League games and pee-wee football practices. But how does a man who doesn't need much sleep fill 20 or so hours a day? "It was strange to finally get to know my husband," jokes Cindy Gruden.

There was no football-related issue too small for Gruden's consideration. When his friend and former Buccaneer quarterback Brad Johnson found himself coaching fifth-grade football, he began sending Gruden his game plans. "He would send back plays we should run. 'Weak left west U shift F short 2 U banana Z over, and then audible 358 slow or H 2 Miami, and if you don't like what you see, you got a time-out in your pocket.' That's what he's telling me to run," says Johnson. "And these are fifth-graders."

When the NFL Network called Gruden in 2009 and asked him to cover the scouting combine, he initially refused, still too embarrassed to be around fellow coaches who would all know he had been fired. But he went, and his honest evaluations of talent were immediately noticed—by NFL Network's competitors over at ESPN. "Oh, I wanted him badly," says Jay Rothman. Over several hours of drinks at Gramercy Tavern in New York, Rothman wooed Gruden, telling him he believed Gruden could be the next superstar in the booth. For a trial run, they put Gruden in a booth alongside Mike Tirico and Ron Jaworski for mock telecasts of taped games. Rothman reviewed the tapes and sent Gruden his critique.

"He was honest with me," Gruden says. "He told me, 'Look, you called plays for 15 years in this league. Don't hold back. Don't talk when the quarterback is over the ball. Lay off after a scoring play. Don't be over-the-top technical.' But the main thing was they told me I would get to study film, all the film I wanted. I can study the Bengals and the Ravens all day if I want. I can look at tapes all day."

He signed the contract.

The only requirement for membership in the FFCA is to be an active or fired football coach—because active coaches will eventually be fired coaches. Gruden jok-

ingly plays up the support-group aspect of the FFCA, but what is remarkable is how grateful the various members are for Gruden's tutelage. His remarkable success as a coach gives him credibility as a mentor to fired coaches, but his post-coaching success makes him a hero to fired sideline generals. "The fact that Jon is succeeding at broadcasting, at being a former coach, is interesting to a former coach," says Ron Zook, fired coach from Illinois and Florida.

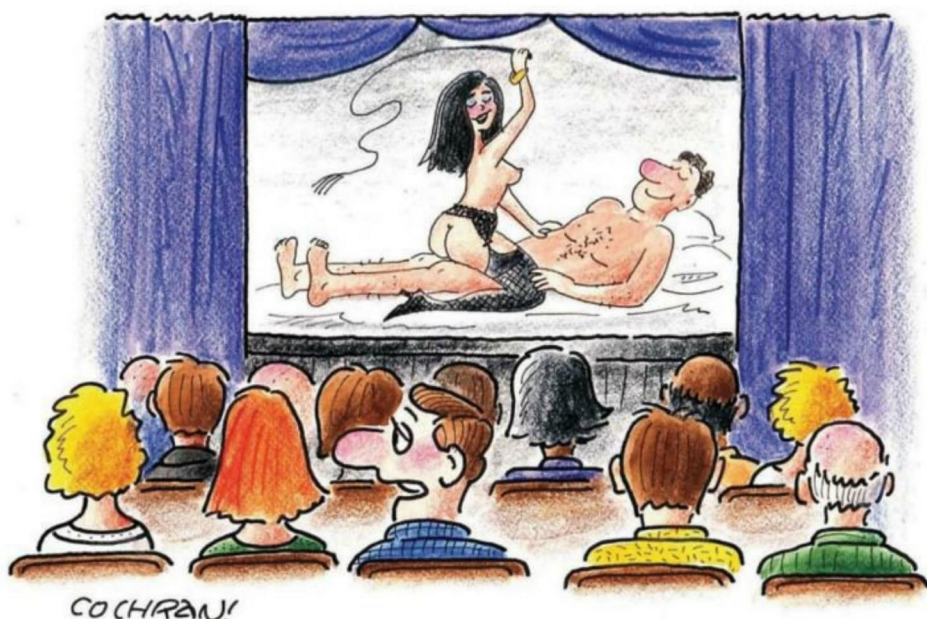
It was Gruden's way of dealing with a genuine emotional and intellectual need for fired coaches to stay in touch with football, to have a place to watch film and talk about the game, that inspired him to set up the FFCA. It has become an essential tool for some coaches to deal with the career mortality that is a part of the game.

"It gave me this opportunity to stay busy," says Zook. "You're getting up early in the morning, you're watching film, you're doing the things you're familiar with—but you are also learning a ton. He's like a philosopher, and that place is like a black hole. You are having this constant, very high-level dialogue about football and offensive systems that keeps you totally up on the game."

Plenty of coaches have emerged from their time in the FFCA to regain employment as coaches, including Leavitt, who is now a linebackers coach with the 49ers, and former Buccaneers assistant (and Super Bowl MVP) Doug Williams, who is now head coach at Grambling State University. Gruden, who keeps a stack of boxes of FFCA hats and visors next to the toilet, explains, "Hey, when I was fired, I wanted to disappear for a while. I needed a place like this, so I had to make it up."

"It's a place to come to refresh, to release all the things that have happened to you," says Rick Venturi, former Northwestern head coach and interim head coach for the New Orleans Saints and Indianapolis Colts. "He created this safe place for fired coaches."

But after spending a few days at the FFCA it becomes clear that Jon Gruden has also devised a perfect system for keeping up-to-date on the game. He has a parade of college and professional coaches—and college quarterbacks—passing through, talking about how their offenses work, discussing the nuances of their play calling. The list of active coaches who have come through is staggering: Chip Kelly of the University of Oregon, Urban Meyer when he was at the University of Florida, Derek Dooley of the University of Tennessee, Jim Haslett of the Washington Redskins. The FFCA has become, in the words of Venturi, "the best think tank in football." Gruden now knows more about college football, after nearly four years of working with fired and active college coaches, than he ever has, and he keeps a close watch on the NFL draft for ESPN's coverage every year. In other words, as a noncoach, he knows more about football than most active coaches—and he doesn't have to travel the country to stay informed, because the greatest football minds come to him. "If Gruden gets a job in the NFL tomorrow, he is prepared right



"In the book she just gave him a hand job."



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now," says Doug Williams. "He is there every day at four A.M. Ready? How can you be more ready?"

Jon and Cindy are sitting at a square table on the clubhouse patio of the golf course behind their home. They live on the 11th hole, and Jon usually drives a golf cart from the house up to the first tee. "After I play nine, I like to have a few beers, take the cart out for a spin."

Their youngest son, Jayson, has made his way over to the driving range for a lesson. The two older boys, Deuce and Michael, have just finished a workout in the weight room. Deuce is built like his father, short and stocky, and he can bench-press double his own weight. A powerful athlete, he's attending Lafayette College, where he plays football.

"Hey, you guys want to go to the Poison concert tonight?" Gruden asks his sons.

They return blank expressions. "Um...." "Come on! Poison!" Gruden likes his hair metal, and tonight Def Leppard, Poison and Lita Ford have brought their Rock of Ages tour to Tampa. "And Lita Ford! Oh man, we gotta get there early. I don't want to miss Lita Ford."

Deuce nods. He's mastered letting his father's rare enthusiasms for anything besides football bounce off him. He mumbles something about being invited to Adventure Island, a local water park.

The boys retreat, and Jon and Cindy order lunch. Cindy runs the Gruden household; Jon, according to Cindy, can't even change a water filter. She likes to joke that her husband does football, "and I do everything else."

That's why she had to banish him to his strip-mall office, which she admits is not the most luxurious environment. "But at least there's toilet paper over there now," she says, smiling. Then she looks at Jon. "Right? There is, right?"

Gruden nods in a manner evocative of his sons' response to the Poison invitation.

Almost every head-coaching vacancy in the NFL or with a major college football team is accompanied by speculation that Gruden is under consideration for the job. He is coy when asked about a return to coaching, predictably saying he wants to become as good at broadcasting as he can so that's what he's focusing on. Gruden seems aware there may be more of an upside, and a far more comfortable lifestyle, to reaching the top of the broadcasting profession, at least while his boys are still around. Still, if the right team with the right quarterback came calling at the right time, America might lose Chuckie as an announcer for a few seasons.

When asked if her husband is happier broadcasting than he was coaching, Cindy pauses and then says, "Sometimes I think Jon has two monsters on his shoulder. One is go back to coaching, and the other is stay with this, have a nice life with his family. He'll always have those two monsters."

Gruden nods, seems to think it over and shrugs. "At least, no matter what happens, I'll have tape to watch—and a seat at the FFCA."



PADMA

(continued from page 104)

make a killing training men how to be more understanding. It's just not what I need to be attracted to someone. I want someone who's a challenging adversary, who can tease me and get away with it, who can flirt and make me think and laugh and blush. But there's an art to that. You either have it or you don't.



PLAYBOY: And the sex must be good.

LAKSHMI: Yes. But sex is good when the attraction is good. It's not a technical skill. If my mind is engaged, the body will follow.



PLAYBOY: You were married to Salman Rushdie for three years. Did it bother you when people said, "I don't get this relationship"?

LAKSHMI: It didn't, because comments like that came out of ignorance. If you saw us together you would know exactly why we were together. Now *there* is somebody who has great wit and is a great flirt. I don't regret a day I spent with Salman, but it was tiring. He has a big life, and it only got bigger when we were together. I'm happy to have stood next to him holding his hand, but we were in very different parts of our lives.



PLAYBOY: At the time, he was winning literary awards and you were known for your modeling career.

LAKSHMI: I was doing other things too, but yes, from modeling bikinis in Seychelles to skiwear at Timberline, I did it all. Fortunately I avoided the fast life that's often associated with models. Having grown up in an Indian home, I'm quite conservative and risk-averse in many ways. I would have been too embarrassed for my mom and my grandparents in India to read some salacious thing about me. But having said that, I was also lucky because my mother instilled a really healthy attitude about my body. She taught me that the female form is one of the most beautiful, natural shapes on earth.



PLAYBOY: Was it hard posing nude for the first time?

LAKSHMI: Yes, it was. In fact, I canceled on Helmut Newton at first. And no one ever canceled on Helmut. I got cold feet. He called to book me again six or seven weeks later. This time he said it wasn't going to be nude—just topless. He said I could put my hair in front, which I did. What he was most interested in was my scar.



PLAYBOY: That scar on your upper right arm is a result of a car accident when you were 14. How do you feel about your scar now that you're an adult?

LAKSHMI: It's a mark of survival, and I definitely think it made me who I am. Beautiful girls are a dime a dozen, and everybody wants to work with a photographer like Helmut. It was the scar that made him notice me. He loved my scar, and by extension he made me think differently about myself. All of a sudden it was something to celebrate or at least not to be ashamed of. Everything in life shapes you.



PLAYBOY: Why did you decide to move on from modeling?

LAKSHMI: The thing is, beauty is no accomplishment on its own. It's what you do with it. Have you ever met a girl and she's really pretty, but then you talk to her for 15 minutes and she's not that pretty anymore? She's kind of boring. Or else you'll meet a girl who's okay-looking but makes you laugh and says something saucy. Suddenly her beauty shines through. A lot of people I see in magazines or on TV bore me. I don't ever want to be boring. I want to do something. I want to be someone who stimulates people in their thinking or viewpoint. If you watch *Top Chef* on a very surface level, it's just a reality show. It's a competition about food. But if you actually watch the show, it's really serious—about the food, about mastery, about people vying to be the captains of their industry. Being passionate about what you do is never boring.



PLAYBOY: And yet you co-starred opposite Mariah Carey in *Glitter*, one of the greatest "worst movies" of all time. What made you do that?

LAKSHMI: Oh, the money. Had Steven Spielberg called me with the script to a modern *Citizen Kane*, I'd have done that, but as an actress starting out, you don't get to choose. The thing is, it was fun. What's important to know about Mariah Carey is that nobody can sing the way she does. Watching her close up is like swimming alongside Michael Phelps at the Olympics. Girl's got some lungs.



PLAYBOY: Speaking of lungs, we read somewhere that you require three sports bras while jumping rope. Urban myth?

LAKSHMI: Oh, that. I think sports bras have improved a bit since I said that in *Vogue* or somewhere. But it's an odd thing. A regular bra doesn't work alone,

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and sometimes I need more support, so I'll put a sports bra over it. And I like to have a runner's tank top over that. It's my cross to bear, I guess. Sometimes I think I'm one of the last women with real boobs.



PLAYBOY: Quick-fire challenge: What's a dish every man should know how to cook? **LAKSHMI:** A beautiful roast chicken. The key is to leave it on a dinner plate in the fridge for 24 hours uncovered. Really wash it and dry it inside and out first, and then let it sit so the skin dries out—just like in Chinatown. Then I put it on my counter to temper it. You don't want to put a cold chicken in a hot oven. Inside the cavity I put a quartered orange, garlic cloves, rosemary and bay leaves, and some black peppercorns and sea salt rubbed inside. Then I tie it tight. On the outside I just rub on some pink Himalayan salt. Put the whole thing in an oven at

450 degrees for about 45 minutes, turning it down to 400 as it browns. The last 15 minutes I do a spread in a bowl: a stick of butter, two tablespoons of honey and a teaspoon of cayenne whisked together at room temp. I just slather that all over and let it cook for the last 15 minutes like that. It's heaven.



PLAYBOY: Is it true you once ate a testicle in Spain?

LAKSHMI: I did try a bull's testicle, yes. It wasn't terrible. I'm an omnivore. Part of being good at my job is trying everything at least once. So in that sense I am adventurous. I'll eat anything. I have no food snobbery.



PLAYBOY: Who's your favorite chef?

LAKSHMI: Eric Ripert never gets it wrong.



PLAYBOY: How are men different from women in the kitchen?

LAKSHMI: Of course I'm generalizing, but I think when men cook it tends to be an event. I don't mean professional chefs, but I think men can sometimes cook as a statement. It's like, "I'm making this food for you. It's an accomplishment." Whereas when women cook, they do it as a service: "I've produced something that I hope you'll love and I hope is comforting, nourishing, yummy, sensual and decadent."



PLAYBOY: Have you ever run into Rachael Ray in a dark alley?

LAKSHMI: No. I think she's really nice, and we don't have a beef. With all these channels, there's room for all of us. If you like catfish noodling, there's a channel for you. But TV food personalities aren't interesting to me. Bobby Flay, I'm sure, is a great guy, but I don't watch him. I don't watch *Iron Chef*. I don't even watch *Top Chef*, to be honest. It freaks me out sometimes how obsessed people are with the show. I appreciate the audience, certainly, but there seems to be no middle ground. Either they've never heard of the show or they're obsessed. I'm somewhere in between. What I love about *Top Chef* is it doesn't define me.



PLAYBOY: How do you want to be defined?

LAKSHMI: I don't want to be beholden to anyone or anything. I have my daughter and the people I love in my family. But what I value most is freedom. This may sound lame, but when I first came to this country I was four years old. I flew alone as an unaccompanied minor on Air India. In those days, you made a million stops—Cairo, Rome, London and then New York. I'm sure my mom got me a cheap ticket since we were broke. But I remember wanting to be like those airline hostesses. They were so glamorous. They wore these beautiful saris. They had these big bouffant hairdos and little Samsonite beauty cases. They got to travel the world and were independent and did whatever the fuck they wanted. They didn't answer to anybody. They knew what was important in their lives, and they had the opportunity to see the world and do what they wanted. That's what I wanted, and now that I say it, I guess that's what my life is. I can't really complain.



"I'd like something that says Christmas, that says love and affection, but doesn't say commitment."





PLAYBOY NEWS



PMOY 1982

SHANNON TWEED IN A PINUP CALENDAR *for* VETERANS

In the spirit of the holidays, we highlight PMOY 1982 Shannon Tweed. She gave her all when she posed for the 2013 Pin-Ups for Vets calendar. For each calendar sold, money is donated to improve patriots' health care. Gina Elise, founder of Pin-Ups for Vets, enlisted Shannon, her sister Tracy Tweed and daughter Sophie Tweed-Simmons for the shoot, which was shown on an episode of *Gene Simmons Family Jewels*. "I don't know how I feel about your mom doing pinups," Gene told his son, Nick. "You met her at the Playboy Mansion," Nick responded. The girls modeled for photographer Austin Young. As Shannon says, "It was like playing dress-up in your mom's stuff." She and Tracy even re-created their May 1991 *PLAYBOY* cover. In the end Gene was thrilled with the result. "I could pin it up by your toilet if you like," Shannon told him. "Very romantic," he said. "Well, that's where you spend all your time," she answered. Buy one to put where you spend all your time, or donate it to a vet. You could even buy one for the Mayans—we hear they're out of calendars.



PLAYMATE NEWS



PAM ANDERSON

As the Baywatch theme song has it, "Forever and always, I'm always here." Miss February 1990 first rocked her legendary bathing suit 20 years ago, and while filming a commercial in Rio de Janeiro she demonstrated that red is still her best color.



MISS NOVEMBER

'74 BEBE BUELL looks rocker chic in a crystal Bunny outfit.



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This is not an exact photo of Miss May 2010 Kassie Lyn Logsdon—it's a mirror image.

girlTALK

Miss February 2009 **Jessica Burciaga** hosted a Mexican Independence Day soiree at Crazy Horse III (a piñata was harmed during the photo shoot).

Miss August 2001 **Jennifer Walcott** and her husband, former football player Adam Archuleta, welcomed their second child in September. Hawk Adam Archuleta was born at home.



PMOY 2005

TIFFANY FALLON stars in the **RASCAL FLATTS** video for "Come Wake Me Up."

“Some of the smartest women I know are blondes.”



MISS NOVEMBER 2002
SERRIA TAWAN



MISS OCTOBER 2003

AUDRA LYNN is a top breeder of Chinese Cresteds, having won at the Westminster Kennel Club dog show.



*PLAYMATE FLASHBACK

Fifteen years ago this month Miss December 1997 **Karen McDougal** warmed up our pages. She became PMOY 1998, and our readers later voted her the second-most-popular Centerfold of the 1990s. Karen, who also appeared in Italian *Vogue* and was the first *Men's Fitness* cover model, still makes dogs bay at the moon.



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MATT DAMON GETS PERSONAL.



THE CENTERFOLD AS MUSEUM MATERIAL.

NEXT MONTH



MISS OCTOBER PAMELA HORTON: WILL SHE BE OUR PMOY?

PAZ DE LA HUERTA—BEST KNOWN AS THE SEX-CRAZED LUCY DANZIGER ON *BOARDWALK EMPIRE*, THE WILD-CHILD ACTOR POSES FOR A SPECTACULAR PICTORIAL.

MATT DAMON—THE LOW-KEY, VERSATILE STAR OF *PROMISED LAND* AND THE SCI-FI THRILLER *ELYSIUM* GETS UNCHARACTERISTICALLY PERSONAL IN A REVEALING *PLAYBOY* INTERVIEW WITH **STEPHEN REBELLO**.

PLAYMATE REVIEW—WE HATE HAVING TO MAKE TOUGH DECISIONS AS MUCH AS ANYONE, BUT IT'S TIME TO SELECT ONE—JUST ONE—PLAYMATE OF THE YEAR. WE'LL SHARE A DOZEN PHOTOS TO JOG YOUR MEMORY.

SALE OF THE CENTURY—THROUGH A SERIES OF COMPLICATED REAL ESTATE SCAMS, MATTHEW COX POCKETED A COOL \$25 MILLION. HE REVEALS TO **DAVID KUSHNER** THE INNER WORKINGS OF A CRIME THAT HOLDS UP A CRACKED MIRROR TO THE HOUSING CRASH.

CARS OF THE YEAR—**KEN GROSS** AND **A.J. BAIME** REVEAL THE BEST WHEELS FOR THE YEAR TO COME. AND **NEAL GABLER** REPORTS ON JAY ROGERS, WHO HOPES TO SHAKE UP THE AUTO INDUSTRY; THE FIRST VEHICLE RELEASED BY HIS COMPANY WAS DESIGNED BY VISITORS TO HIS WEBSITE.

ZOMBIE KILLER—AFTER A STRANGE ATTACK IN MIAMI THAT INVOLVED ONE MAN EATING ANOTHER MAN'S FACE, POLICE WARNED OF A DRUG THAT COULD TURN HUMANS INTO FLESH-EATING ZOMBIES. **FRANK OWEN** INVESTIGATES, IN PART BY PARTAKING HIMSELF.

BEFORE THE ROAD—WITH *ON THE ROAD* SOON TO BE SHOWING IN YOUR LOCAL CINEPLEX, WE TAKE A TRIP BACK DOWN THE ROAD TO GET THE LINE ON DEAN MORIARTY. FICTION BY **JACK KEROUAC**.

SMUGGLING HUEY NEWTON—DISGUISED IN DRAG TO ESCAPE THE FBI, THE BLACK PANTHERS LEADER TURNED TO AN OLD FRIEND, PRODUCER BERT SCHNEIDER, TO SPIRIT HIM TO CUBA. **JOSHUA BEARMAN** RECOUNTS THE UNUSUAL TALE.

PLAYMATE FOR THE AGES—EIGHT OF THE WORLD'S BEST-KNOWN ARTISTS—FROM **TRACEY EMIN** TO **RICHARD PRINCE** TO **CINDY SHERMAN**—REINTERPRET THE CENTERFOLD.

PLUS—HAIL TO THE CHEF, 20Q WITH **SCOTT SPEEDMAN** OF *LAST RESORT*, **LAWRENCE BLOCK**'S HIT MAN COMES OUT OF RETIREMENT, THE HILARIOUS YEAR IN SEX, MISS JANUARY **KARINA MARIE**, MISS FEBRUARY **SHAWN DILLON** AND MUCH, MUCH MORE IN A SPECIAL HOLIDAY DOUBLE ISSUE.

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Gold-Medal 2010 Bordeaux

Eric Gonfrier made the most of "an exceptional year for Bordeaux" (James Suckling) and won gold in Paris for his velvety, barrel-aged 2010. Expect lots of ripe plum, plus classic cigar box notes. **Château Haut Terrasson 2010, Bordeaux**

Blockbuster Spanish Cabernet

Welcome to Cariñena — "home to some of the best value reds in Spain, if not the world." (*Decanter*) Aged in fine U.S. oak, this sumptuous Cab pairs very well with red meats and mature cheeses. **Castillo de Aguaron 2011, Cariñena**

Luxurious French Grande Réserve

The Bonfils family's 2009 gets its delicious bramble intensity from 60-year-old vines and its spicy complexity from 18 months in oak. A big favorite of French wine bible *Le Guide Hachette*. We think you'll love it too. **Château Millegrand 2009, Minervois**

Malbec with Serious Altitude

Acclaimed Malbec from Argentina's oldest winery and some of the world's highest vineyards. At over 3,000 ft, bright sun yields dark colors and deep, smoky black fruit flavors. Made for steak. **Ascención 2010, Salta**

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**'Brilliant'
Washington Cab**

Charles Smith is "a brilliant winemaker who knows where the best fruit is hidden." (Parker) This exclusive release has everything Cabernet fans look for: mouthfilling cassis and lovely toasty oak.
The Black Crown 2010, Columbia Valley

**Gold-Medal
Côtes-du-Rhône**

Head to the Rhône Valley for France's most generous reds. From a top Châteauneuf producer, this gold-medal find offers layers of ripe blackberry flavor and an attractive wild herb edge. So easy to drink.
Le Prince de Courthézon 2011, Côtes-du-Rhône

**Top-Rated Italian
Montepulciano**

Robert Parker has called Farnese's Montepulciano "a steal at the price." Today you'll pay just \$5.84 for their cherry-packed, pasta-perfect 2011. It's so good, we're sending you two bottles.
Villa Farnia di Farnese 2011, Montepulciano d'Abruzzo

**'Stunning' Aussie
Pinot Noir**

The grape that inspires unique devotion. As you'll soon taste, Tom Carson is "a serious producer making stunning Pinot" (Dr. Jamie Goode). His 2011 bursts with fragrant cherry and ripe strawberry.
Spotlight 2011, Strathbogie Ranges

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